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Materialien zur Kunde  
des älteren Englischen Dramas

VERFASST VON DR. WILHELM  
MÜLLER, DOZENT FÜR ENGLISCHES  
AN DER UNIVERSITÄT ZÜRICH.  
ZWEITAUFGABE. VON DR. WILHELM  
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LONDON  
DAVID BENTLEY

OF HARRINGTON

1800



# Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas

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BEGRUENDET UND HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

**W. BANG**

o. ö. Professor der Englischen Philologie an der Universität Louvain

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ZWEIUNDZWANZIGSTER BAND

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LOUVAIN  
A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG  
O. HARRASSOWITZ

||  
1908

LONDON  
DAVID NUTT



BEN JONSON'S  
THE  
FOUNTAIN OF SELF-LOVE  
OR  
CYNTHIAS REVELS

NACH DER QUARTO 1601 IN NEUDRUCK

HERAUSGEGEBEN VON

W. BANG UND L. KREBS



LEIPZIG  
O. HARRASSOWITZ  
LOUVAIN  
A. UYSTPRUYST  
||  
1908

LONDON  
DAVID NUTT

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1908



## VORBEMERKUNG

---

Der von Walter Burre besorgte Druck der hier veröffentlichten Quarto wurde am 23 Mai 1601 ins SR eingetragen :

Entred for his Copye vnder the handes of master PASFEYLD  
and master warden **whyte** A booke called NARCISSUS the  
fountaine of self loue. . . . . vjd

Unser Neudruck wurde hergestellt nach dem Exemplar in  
der Bodleian (Malone 193).

---







THE  
FOUNTAIN  
OF SELFE-LOVE.

Or  
CYNTHIAS  
REVELS.

As it hath beene sundry times  
*privately acted in the Black-*  
Friers by the Children  
of her Maiesties  
Chappell.

Written by BEN: JOHNSON.

Quod non dant Proceres, dabit Histrio.

Haud tamen inuideas vati, quem pulpita pascunt.

---

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Imprinted at London for *Walter Burre*, and are to be  
*solde at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe*  
of the Flower de-Luce and Crowne, 1601.

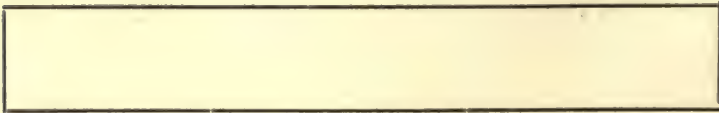




The number and names of  
*the Actors.*

---

|    |                |                |  |
|----|----------------|----------------|--|
|    |                | 1. Cynthia.    |  |
|    | 2. Mercury.    | 3. Cupid.      |  |
| 5  | 4. Hesperus.   | 5. Echo.       |  |
|    | 6. Criticus :  | 7. Arete.      |  |
|    | 8. Amorphus.   | 9. Phantaste.  |  |
|    | 10. Asotus.    | 11. Argurion.  |  |
|    | 12. Hedon.     | 13. Philautia. |  |
| 10 | 14. Anaides.   | 15. Moria.     |  |
|    | 16. Prosaites. | 17. Cos.       |  |
|    | 18. Morus.     | 19. Gelaia.    |  |
|    | 20. Phronesis. |                |  |
|    | 21. Thaum.     | } Mutes.       |  |
| 15 | 22. TimE.      |                |  |



## A D L E C T O R E M

Nasutum volo, nolo polyposum.

---

### Praeludium.

---

Enter three of the *Children*.

- 20    1. **P**Ray you away ; why Children ? Gods so : what doe you    49  
          meane ?
2.    *Mary that you shall not speake the Prologue Sir.*
3.    *Why ? do you hope to speake it ?*
2.    *I, & I thinke I haue most right to it ; I am sure I studied it first.*
- 25    3.    *Thats all one, if the Author thinke I can speake it better.*
1.    *I plead possession of the Cloake : Gentles, your suffrages for  
              Godssake.*
- Why Children, are you not ashamd ? come in there. } Within.*
3.    *'Slid, Ile play nothing i'the Play : vnlesse I speake it.*
- 30    1.    *Why ? will you stand to most voyces of the Gentlemen ? let that  
              decide it.*
3.    *O no Sir Gallant ; you presume to haue the start of vs there, and  
              that makes you offer so bountifully.*
1.    *No, would I were whipt, if I had any such thought ; trye it by*
- 35    *Lots eyther.*
2.    *Faith, I dare tempt my Fortune in a greater venter then this.*
3.    *Well said resolute Iack : I am Content too ; so we draw first.  
              make the Cuts.*
1.    *But will you not snatch my Cloake while I am stooping ?*

A 2.

3.



40 3. *No, we scorne trechery.*

2. *Which Cut shall speake it?*

3. *The shortest.*

1. *Agreed: Draw. — The shortest is come to the shortest.*

*Fortune was not altogether blind in this: Now Children, I hope I shall*  
45 *go forward without your Enuy.*

2. *A spight of all mischeiuous lucke: I was once plucking at the other.*

3. *Stay Iacke: 'Slid Ile do somewhat now afore I goe in, though it be nothing but to reuenge my selfe of the Author; since I speake not his*  
50 *Prologue. Ile goe tell all the Argument of his Play aforehand, and so stale his Inuention to the Auditory before it come forth.*

1. *O do not so.*

2. *By no meanes.*

{ At the breaches in this speech following,  
the other two Boyes interrupt him.

3. *First the Title of his Play is CYNTHIAS Reuels, as*  
55 *any man (that hath hope to be sau'd by his Booke) can witnesse; the Scene, G A R G A P H I A: which I do vehemently suspect for some Fustian Countrey; but let that vanish. Here is the Court of Cynthia; whither he brings Cupid (trauailing on foote) resolu'd to turne Page: By the way Cupid meetes with Mercury, (as that's a thing to be no-*  
60 *ted, take any of our Play-bookes without a Cupid, or a Mercury in it, and burne it for an Heretique in Poetry) — Pray thee let me alone: Mercurie, he, (in the nature of a Coniurer) rayses vp Echo: who weepes ouer her Loue, or Daffodill Narcissus, a little; sings; cursses the Spring wherein the pretty foolish Gentleman melted himselfe away: and ther's*  
65 *an end of her — Now, I am to enforme you, that Cupid, and Mercury do both become Pages: Cupid attends on Philautia, or Selfe-loue, a Court-Lady: Mercury followes Hedon the voluptuous Courtier; one that rankes himselfe euen with Anaides, or the impudent Gallant, (and, that's my part :) a Fellow that keepes*

90

\*Gelaia.

\*Moria.

*\* Folly (a wenche in Boyes attire) to wayte on him — These, in the Court, meete with Amorphus, or the Deformed, a Trauailer that hath drunke of the Fountaine, and there tels the wonders of the Water; they presently dispatch away their Pages with Bottles to fetch of it, and themselves goe to visit the Ladyes: But I should haue tolde you — Looke,*  
75 *these Emets put me out here: that with this Amorphus, there comes*  
along

along a Citizens heire, Asotus, or the Prodigall, who (in Imitation of 107  
 the Traueller, that hath the \* Whetstone, following him) entertaines \* Cos.  
 the \* Begger, to be his Attendant. — Now the Nymphes, who are \* Prosaites  
 Mistresses, to these Gallants, are Philautia, Selfe-loue ; Phantaste,  
 80 A light Wittnesse ; Argurion, Money ; and their Guardian, Mo-  
 ther Moria ; or Mistresse Folly. —————

2 Pray thee no more.

3. There Cupid strikes Money in loue with the Prodigall ;  
 makes her doate vpon him, giue him Iewels, Bracelets, Carkanets, &c.  
 85 all which (he most ingeniously) departs withall, to be made knowne to  
 the other Ladyes, and Gallants ; and in the heate of this, encreases his  
 traine with the \* Foole to follow him, as well as the Begger ——— By \* Morus.  
 this time your Begger begins to waite close, who is return'd with the  
 rest of his fellow Bottle-men ——— There they all drinke saue Arguri-  
 90 on, who is falne into a sodaine Apoplexy ———

1. Stop his mouth. 121

3. And then there's a retir'd \* Scholler there, you would not \* Criticus.  
 wish a thing to be better contemn'd of a Society of Gallants, then it is :  
 and he applyes his seruice (good Gentleman) to the Lady Arete, or  
 95 Virtue, a poore Nymph of Cynthias traine, that's scarce able to buy  
 her selfe a Gowne, you shall see her play in a Blacke Roabe anone : A  
 Creature, that (I assure you) is no lesse scorn'd, then himselfe. Where  
 am I now ? at a stand ?

2. Come, leaue at last yet.

100 3. O, the Night is come, ('twas somewhat darke, me thought)  
 and Cynthia intends to come foorth : That helps it a little yet. All  
 the Courtiers must prouide for Reuels ; they conclude vpon a Masque,  
 the deuise of which, is ——— what will you rauish me ? that each of these  
 Vices, beeing to appeare before Cynthia, would seeme other then  
 105 indeed they are : and therefore assume the most neighbouring Vir-  
 tues as their masquing Habites — I'd crye a Rape but that you are  
 Children.

2. Come, wee have no more of this Anticipation ; to giue them  
 the Inuentory of their Cates aforehand, were the discipline of a Ta-  
 110 uerne, and not fitting this Presence.

A 3.

1. Tut,



1. *Tut, this was but to shew vs the happinesse of his Memory; 140*  
*I thought at first hee would haue playde the Ignorant Critique*  
*with euery thing along as hee had gone; ƒ expected some such De-*  
*uise.*
- 115 3. *O you shall see me do that rarely; lend me thy Cloake.*  
 1. *Soft Sir, you'le speake my Prologue in it?*  
 3. *No, would I might neuer stirre then.*  
 2. *Lend it him, lend it him :*  
 1. *Well, you haue sworne ?*
- 120 3. *ƒ haue. Now Sir ; suppose ƒ am one of your Gentile Audi-*  
*tors, that am come in (hauing paide my money at the Doore with*  
*much adoe) and here I take my place, and sit downe : I haue my three*  
*sorts of Tabacco, in my Pocket, my Light by me ; and thus ƒ Begin.*  
*By Gods so, ƒ wonder that any man is so madde, to come to see these*  
 125 *raskally Tits play here — They doe act like so many Wrens or Pis-*  
*mires — not the fifth part of a good Face amongst them all — And*  
*then their Musique is abhominable — able to stretch a mans Eares*  
*worse, then ten — Pillories, and their Ditties — most lamentable*  
*things, like the pittifull Fellowes that make them — Poets. By Gods*  
 130 *lid, and 'twere not for Tabacco — I thinke — the very stench of*  
*'hem would poyson me, I should not dare to come in at their Gates —*  
*A man were better visit fiftene Iayles — or a dozen or two of*  
*Hospitals — then once aduenture to come neare them. How is't ?*  
*well ?*
- 135 1. *Excellent ; giue me my Cloake. 162*  
 3. *Stay ; you shall see me do another now : but a more sober, or*  
*better-gather'd Gallant ; that is (as it may be thought) some Friend,*  
*or well-wisher to the House : And here I Enter.*  
 1. *What ? vpon the Stage too ?*
- 140 2. *Yes : and I step foorth like one of the Children, and aske*  
*you ; Would you haue Stoole Sir ?*  
 3. *A Stoole Boy ?*  
 2. *ƒ Sir, if you'le giue me sixe Pence, I'le fetch you one.*  
 3. *For what I pray thee ? what shall ƒ doe with it ?*
- 145 2. *O God Sir ! will you betraye your Ignorance so much ?*  
*why,*

*why, throne your selfe in state on the Stage, as other Gentlemen vse Sir.*

3. *Away Wag : what wouldst thou make an Implement 174  
of me ? Slid the Boy takes me for a peice of Prospectiue (¶ holde my  
150 life) or some silke Curtine, come to hang the Stage here : Sir Cracke  
I am none of your fresh Pictures, that vse to beautifie the decay'd dead  
Arras, in a publike Theater.*

2. *Tis a signe Sir, you put not that Confidence in your good  
Clothes, and your better Face, that a Gentleman should do Sir. But I  
155 pray you Sir, let me be a Sutor to you, that you will quit our Stage then,  
and take a Place, the Play is instantly to begin.*

3. *Most willingly my good wag : but I would speake with  
your Author, wheres he ?*

2. *Not this way, I assure you Sir, we are not so officiously be-  
160 friended by him, as to haue his Presence in the Tiring-house, to  
prompt vs aloud, stampe at the Booke-holder, sweare for our Pro-  
perties, curse the poore Tire-man, rayle the Musique out of tune, and  
sweat for euery veniall trespassse we commit, as some Author would, if  
he had such fine Ingles as we : well, 'tis but our hard Fortune.*

165 3. *Nay Crack be not dishartned.*

2. *Not ¶ Sir : but if you please to conferre with our Author by  
Attorney, you may Sir : our proper selfe here stands for him.*

3. *Troth, I haue no such serious affayre to negotiate with him ; 194  
but what may very safely be turn'd vpon thy trust : ¶t is in the gene-  
170 rall behalfe of this fayre Society here, that ¶ am to speake ; at least the  
more iudicious part of it : which seemes much distasted with the im-  
modest and obscene writing of many, in their Playes. Besides, they could  
wish, your Poets would leaue to be Promooters of other mens Iests ;  
and to way-lay all the stale Apophthegmes, or old Bookes, they can  
175 heare of (in Print or other wise) to farce their Scenes withall : That they  
would not so penuriously gleane wit, from euery Landresse, or Hack-  
ney-man ; or deriue their best grace (with seruile Imitation) from  
Cōmon Stages, or Obseruation of the Company, they conuerse with ;  
as if their Inuention liu'd wholly vpon another mans Trencher. A-  
180 gaine ; that feeding their friends with nothing of their owne, but what  
they haue twise, or thrise Cook'd) they should not wantonly giue out, how*

*soone*



*soone they had drest it; nor how many Coaches came to cary away the broken-meate, besides Hobby-horses and Foote-cloth Nags.*

2. *So Sir, this is all the Reformation you seeke?*

210

185 3. *It is: do not' you thinke it necessary to be practisd, my little wag?*

2. *Yes; where there is any such ill-habited Custome receiv'd.*

3. *O, I had almost forgot it too: they say, the Vmbræ, or Ghosts of some three or foure Playes, departed a dozen yeares since, haue been*  
 190 *seene walking on your Stage here; Take heed Boy, if your House be haunted with such Hob-goblins, 'twill fright away all your Spectators quickly.*

2. *Good Sir. But what will you say now, if a Poet (vntoucht with any breath of this disease) finde Gods Tokens vpon you, that are of*  
 195 *the Auditory? As some one Ciuet-Wit among you, that knowes no other Learning, then the price of Satten and Veluets; nor other Perfection, then the wearing of a Neate Sute; & yet will censure as desperately as the most profest Critique in the house: presuming, his Cloathes should beare him out in't. Another (whome it hath pleas d Na-*  
 200 *ture to furnish with more Beard, then Brayne) prunes his Mustaccio; lispes; and (with some score of affected Oathes) sweares downe all that sit about him; That the olde Hieronimo, (as it was first acted) was the onely best, and Iudiciously-pend Play, of Europe. A thirde*  
 205 *great-bellied Iugler talkes of twenty yeares since, and when Monsieur was here; and would enforce all Witte to be of that fashion, because his Doublet is still so. A fourth mis-calles all by the name of Fustian, that his grounded Capacity cannot aspire too. A fifth only shakes his Bottle Head, and out of his Corky Braine, squeezeth out a pittifull-learned Face, and is silent.*

210 3. *By my Faith, Iack, you haue put me downe: I would I knew* 232  
*how to get off with any indifferent Grace: Here take your Cloake, and promise some satisfaction in your Prologue, or (Ile be sworne) we haue mard all.*

Exit.

2. *Tut feare not Sall: this will neuer distaste a true Sence. Be not*  
 215 *out, and good inough: I would thou hadst some Sugar Candyed, to sweeten thy Mouth.*

Exit.

Prolo-

*Prologus.*

- 220 I *F* gracious silence, sweete Attention, 240  
 Quick sight, and quicker apprehension,  
 (The lights of iudgmēts throne) shine any wher;  
 Our doubtful author hopes, this is their Sphære  
 And therefore opens he himselfe to those,  
 To other weaker Beames, his labor s close;  
 As loathe to prostitute their virgin straine,  
 225 To euery vulgar, and adulterate braine.  
 In this alone, his Muse her sweetnesse hath,  
 Sheshuns the print of any beaten path;  
 And prooues new wayes to come to learned eares:  
 Pied ignorance she neither loues, nor feares.  
 230 Nor hunts she after popular applause,  
 Or fomy praise, that drops from common Iawes;  
 The garland that she weares, their hands must twine,  
 Who can both censure, vnderstand, define  
 What Merrit is: Then cast those piercing rayes,  
 235 Round as a crowne, instead of honor'd Bayes,  
 About his Poesie; which (he knowes) affoords,  
 Words aboue Action: matter, aboue wordes.

*Exit.*

B

*Actus*



## Actus Primus, Scena prima.

260

240

*Cupid. Mercurie.*

245

W

Ho goes there ?

*Mer.* Tis I, blinde Archer.*Cup.* Who ? *Mercurie* ?*Mer.* I.*Cup.* Farewell.*Mer.* Stay *Cupid.**Cup.* Not in your company *Hermes*, except your hands were riueted at your backe.*Mer.* Why so my little Rouer ?250 *Cup.* Because I know, you ha' not a finger, but is as long as my quiuer, (cousin *Mercurie*,) when you please to extend it.*Mer.* Whence deriue you this speach Boy ?255 *Cup.* O ! tis your best policie to be Ignorant: you did neuer steale *Mars* his sworde out of the sheath ; you ? nor *Neptunes* Trident ; nor *Apolloes* Bowe ; no, not you ? Alasse your palmes (*Iupiter* knowes) they are as tender as the foote of a foundred Nag, or a Ladies face new *Mercuried* ; theyle touch nothing.*Mer.* Go to (Infant) youle be daring still.260 *Cup.* Daring ? O *Ianus*, what a word is there ? why my light fether-heeld *Cousse*, what are you, any more then my vncl  
265 *Iones* Pandar, a Lackey that runs on errands for him, and can whisper a light message to a loose wenche with some round volubility, waite at a table with a Trencher, and warble vpon a Crowde a little ; One that sweepes the Gods drinking roome  
270 euery morning, and sets the Cushions in order againe which they threw one at anothers head ouernight ? Heere's the Catalogue of all your Imploiments now. O no, I erre: you haue the Marshalling of all the Ghostes too, that passe the *Stigian* ferry ; and I suspect you for a share with the olde Sculler there, if the  
truth were knowne ; but let that scape : one other peculiar vertue you possesse, in lifting or *Lieger-du-maine* (which few of the house

house of Heauen haue else besides) I must confesse ; But (me 295  
 thinks) that should not make you set such an extream distance  
 twixt your selfe and others, that we should be said too ouer-  
 275 dare in speaking to your nimble Deity : So *Hercules* might  
 challenge a priority of vs both, because he can throw the Barre  
 farther, or lift more Ioyndstooles at the armes end then we. If  
 this might carry it ; then we (who haue made the whole body  
 of Dininity tremble at the twange of our Bowe, and inforste  
 280 *Saturnius* himselfe to lay by his curld front, Thunder, and three  
 forkd-fiers, and put on a Masking sute, too light for a reueller  
 of eighteene to be seene in —————

*Mercu.* How now my dancing Braggart in *Decimo sexto* ?  
 charme your skipping tounge, or Ile —————

285 *Cup.* What ? vse the vertue of your Snakie Tipstaffe there  
 vpon vs ?

*Mer.* No Boy, but the stretcht vigor of mine arme about  
 your eares ; you haue forgot since I tooke your heeles vp into  
 ayre, (on the very hower I was borne) in sight of all the  
 290 benche of Deities, when the siluer rooffe of the *Olympian*  
 Pallace rung againe with the applause of the fact.

*Cup.* O no, I remember it freshly, and by a particular in- 311  
 stance ; for my mother *Venus* (at the same time) but stoutp to  
 imbrace you, and (to speake by Metaphore) you borrowed a  
 295 Girdle of hers, as you did *Joues* Scepter (while he was laugh-  
 ing) and would haue doone his thunder too, but that, twas too  
 hote for your itching fingers.

*Mer.* Tis well sir.

*Cup.* I heard you but lookt in at *Vulcans* Forge the other  
 300 day, and intreated a paire of his ncwe Tongs along with you  
 for company : Tis ioy on you (I faith) that you will keepe  
 your hook'd tallons in practise with any thing. Slight, now  
 you are on earth, we shall haue you filche Spoones and Candle-  
 sticks rather then faile : pray *Joue* the perfum'd Courtiers keepe  
 305 their *Casting-bottles*, *Pick-toothes*, and *Shittle-cockes* from you,  
 or our more ordinary Gallants their *Tabaco-boxes*, for I am  
 strangely iealous of your nayles.



*Mer.* Nere trust me *Cupid*, but you are turnd a most acute 325  
gallant of late, the edge of my wit is cleere taken off with the  
310 fine and subtile stroake of your thin-ground tounge, you fight  
with too poinant a phrase, for me to deale with.

*Cup.* O *Hermes*, your craft cannot make me confident, I know  
my owne steele to be almost spent, and therefore intreate my  
peace with you in time : you are too cunning for me to in-  
315 counter at length, and I thinke it my safest warde to close.

*Mer.* Well for once, Ile suffer you to come within me wag,  
but vse not these straines too often, theile stretch my patience.  
Whether might you marche now ?

*Cup.* Faith (to recouer thy good thoughts) Ile discover my  
320 whole project. The Huntresse and queene of these groues,  
*Diana* (in regarde of some black and enuious slaunders howlerly  
breathd against her for her deuine iustice on *Acteon* as shee  
pretêds) hath here in the vale of *Gargaphy* proclaimd a solemne  
reuels, which she will grace with the full and royall expence  
325 of one of her cleerest moones : In which time it shall be lawfull  
for all sorts of ingenuous persons, to visite her pallace, to court  
her Nymphes, to exercise all varietie of generous and noble pa  
stimes, as well to intimate how farre she treads such malicious  
imputations beneath her, as also to shew how cleere her beau-  
330 ties are from the least wrinkle of Austerity, they may be  
chardgd with.

*Mer.* But what is all this to *Cupid* ?

*Cup.* Here do I meane to put off the title of a God, and take 348  
the habite of a Page, in which disguise (during the Interim of  
335 these reuels) I will get to follow some one of *Dianas* maides,  
where (if my bowe holde, and my shafts flye but with halfe  
the willingnesse and ayme they are directed) I doubt not but  
I shall really redeeme the minutes I haue lost by their so long  
and ouer-nice proscription of my Deity, from their court.

340 *Mer.* Pursue it (diuine *Cupid*) it will be rare.

*Cup.* But will *Hermes* second me.

*Mer.* I am now to put in act an especiall designement from  
my father *Ioue*, but that performd, I am for any fresh action  
that

that offers it selfe.

345 *Cup.* Well then we part.

*Exit.*

358

*Mer.* Farewell good wag,

Now to my charge, *Eccho*, faire *Eccho* speake,

Tis *Mercurie*, that calles thee ; sorrowfull Nimphe:

Salute me with thy repercussiuue voyce,

350 That I may know what cauerne of the earth,

Contains thy ayery spirit : how, or where,

I may direct my speech, that thou maist heare.

S C E N A. 2.

*Echo, Mercury.*

355 *Echo.* Here.

*Mer.* So nigh.

*Echo.* I.

*Mer.* Know (gentle soule) then, I am sent from *Ioue*,

Who (pittyng the sad burthen of thy woes,

360 Still growing on thee, in thy want of wordes,

To vent thy passion for *Narcissus* death)

Commaunds that now (after three thousand yeares,

Which haue bin exercisde in *Iuno*s spight,)

Thou take a corporall figure and ascend,

365 Enricht with vocall, and articulate power,

Make haste sad Nymph : thrise doth my winged rod,

Strike th' obsequious earth to giue thee way,

380

Arise, and speake thy sorrowes, *Eccho* rise,

Heere, by this Fountaine where thy loue did pine,

370 Whose memory liues fresh to vulgar fame,

Shrin'd in this yellow flower, that beares his name .

*Ech.* His name reuiues and lifts me vp from earth.

*Ascendit*

O which way shall I first conuert my selfe ?

Or in what moode shall I assay to speake,

375 That (in a moment) I may be deliuered,

Of the prodigious grieve I go with all ?

See, see, the morning fount whose spring weepes yet,



Th'vntimely fate of that too-beauteous boy,  
 That Trophæe of selfe loue, and spoile of nature,  
 380 Who (now transformd into this drooping flower)  
 Hangs the repentant head, back, from the streame ;  
 As if it wish'd : Would I had neuer lookt,  
 In such a flattering mirror. *O Narcissus,*  
 Thou that wast once (and yet art) my *Narcissus,*  
 385 Had *Eccho* but beene priuate with thy thoughtes,  
 She would haue dropt away her selfe in teares,  
 Till she had all turn'd water ; that in her,  
 (As in a truer glasse) thou mightst haue gaz'd,  
 And seene thy beauties by more kinde reflection :  
 390 But *Selfe loue* neuer yet could looke on trueth,  
 but with blear'd beames ; Slieke flatterie and she:  
 Are twin-borne sisters, and so mixe their eyes,  
 As if you seuer one, the other dies.  
 Why did the Gods giue thee a heauenly forme,  
 395 And earthy thoughtes to make thee proude of it ?  
 Why do I aske ? tis now the knowne disease  
 That beautie hath, to beare to deepe a sence,  
 Of her owne selfe-conceiued excellence.  
 O hadst thou knowne the worth of heauens rich giift,  
 400 Thou would'st haue turn'd it to a truer vse,  
 And not (with leane and couetous ignorance)  
 Pin'd in continuall eying that bright *Gem*,  
 The glance whereof to others had bine more,  
 Then to thy famisht minde the wide worldes store ;  
 405 „So wretched is it to be meerely ritch:  
 Witnes thy youths deare sweetes, here spent vntasted;  
 Like a faire *Taper*, with his owne flame wasted.  
*Mer.* *Eccho* be brieft, *Saturnia* is abroad ;  
 And if she heare, sheele storme at *Joues* high will:  
 410 *Eccho.* I will (kinde *Mercury*) be brieft as time,  
 Vouchsafe me I may do him these last *Rites*,  
 But kisse his flower, and sing some mourning straine:  
 Ouer his watry hearse.

391

415

*Mer.*

*Mer.* Thou dost obtaine,

426

415 I were no sonne to *Ioue* shoulde I denie thee ;  
 Beginne, and (more to grace thy cunning voyce)  
 The humourous ayre shall mixe her solemne tunes,  
 With thy sad wordes : strike Musique from the spheares,  
 And with your golden raptures swell our eares.

420

Cant.

*S* Low, Slow Fresh fount, keepe time with my salt teares ;  
 yet slower, yet, o faintly gentle springs ;  
 List to the heavy part the Musique beares,

„ Woe weepes out her diuision when she sings :

425 Droope hearbes, and flowers,  
 fall grieffe in showers ;

„ Our beauties are not ours :

*O I could still*

(*Like melting snow vpon some craggy hill,*)

430 drop, drop, drop, drop,

*Since Natures pride, is now awither'd Daffadill.*

*Mer.* Now ha' you done ?

*Eccho.* Done presently (good *Hermes*) bide a little ;

Suffer my thirsty eye to gaze a while,

435 But eene to tast the place, and I am vanisht :

*Mer.* Forgoe thy vse and libertie of tongue,

And thou maist dwell on earth, and sport thee there ;

*Eccho.* Here young *Acteon* fell, pursu'd, and torne

450

By *Cynthias* wrath (more egar then his houndes ;)

440 And here, (ay me the place is fatall) see,

The weeping *Niobe*, translated hether

From *Phrygian* mountaines : and by *Phæbe* rear'd

As the proude *Trophæe* of her sharpe reuenge.

*Mer.*



*Mer.* Nay but heare,

456

445 *Ech.* But here, oh here, the *Fountaine of selfe loue*:

In which *Latona*, and her carelesse *Nimphes*,  
(Regardles of my sorrowes) bath themselues,  
In hourelly pleasures.

*Mer.* Stint thy babling tongue ;

450 Fond *Echo*, thou prophanst the grace is done thee:

So idle worldlings(meerely made of voyce)  
Censure the powers aboue them. Come away,  
*Ioue* calls thee hence, and his will brookes no stay.

*Ech.* O stay : I haue but one poore thought to clothe,

455 In ayery garments and then (faith) I go :

Henceforth, thou treacherous, and murdering spring,  
Be euer cald the *Fountaine of selfe loue*:

And with thy water let this curse remaine,  
(As an inseperate plague) that who but tastes,

460 A droppe thereof, may (with the instant touch)

Grow dotingly enamour'd on themselues.

Now *Hermes* I haue finish'd.

*Mer.* Then thy speach,

Must here forsake thee *Echo*, and thy voyce :

465 (As it was wount) rebound but the last wordes, Fare well.

*Echo.* Well. *Exit.*

Now *Cupid* I am for you, and your mirth,

To make me light before I leaue the earth.

### SCENA. 3.

470

*Amorphus. Echo. Mercury.*

480

*Amo.* Deare sparke of beauty make not so fast away:

*Echo.* Away.

*Mer.* Stay let me obserue this portent yet.

*Amo.* I am neither your *Minotaure*, nor your *Centaure*, nor  
475 your *Satyre*, nor your *Hyæna*, nor your *Babion*, but your meere  
traueler, beleaue me :

*Echo.*

*Echo.* Leane me. 486

*Mer.* I gest it should be some traueelling Motion pursu'de  
*Echo* so.

480 *Amo.* Know you from whom you flye ? or whence ?

*Echo.* Hence. *Exit.*

*Amo.* This is somewhat aboue strange : a Nimphe of her  
feature and lineament to be so preposterously rude ; well ; I  
will but coole my selfe at yon' Spring and follow her.

485 *Mer.* Nay then I am familiar with the issue ; Ile leaue you  
too. *Exit.*

*Amo.* I am a *Rhinoceros*, if I had thought a creature of her  
*Symmetry* would haue dard so improportionable and abrupte  
a digression. Liberall and deuine Founte, suffer my prophane  
490 hand to take of thy bounties. By the puritie of my taste, heere  
is most *Ambrosiack* water ; I will sup of it againe. By thy fauor  
sweete Founte. See, the water (a more running, subtile, and hu-  
morous Nimphe then shee) permits me to touche, and handle  
her : what should I inferre ? If my behaiours had beene of a  
495 cheape, or customary garbe, my Accent, or phrase, vulgar ; my  
Garmets trite ; my Countenance illiterate, or vnpractizd in the  
encounter of a beautifull and braue-attirde Peice, then I might  
(with some change of coullor) haue suspected my faculties : but 505  
knowing my selfe an Essence so sublimated, and refin'de by  
500 Trauaile : of so studied, and well exercisde a gesture, so alone  
in fashion, able to make the face of any *States-men* liuing, and  
to speake the meere extraction of language : One that hath  
now made the sixth returne vpon venter ; and was your first  
that euer enricht his countrey with the true laws of the *Duello* ;  
505 whose *Optiques* haue drunke the spirit of beauty, in some eight  
score and eighteene Princes Courts, where I haue resided,  
and bin there fortunate in the *Amours* of three hundred,  
fortie, and fiae Ladies (all nobly discended) whose names I haue  
in Catalogue : to conclude ; in all so happy, as euen Admiration  
510 her selfe dooth seeme to fasten her kisses vpon me : Certes I do  
neither see, nor feele, nor taste, nor sauor, the least steame, or  
fume of a reason, that should inuite this foolish fastidious



Nymph so peeushly to abandon me : well let the memory of  
her fleete into Ayre ; my thoughts and I am for this other Ele-  
515 ment, water.

## S C E N A. 4.

520

*Criticus. Asotus. Amorphus.*

*Crit.* What ? the well-dieted *Amorphus* become a Water-  
drinker ? I see he meanes not to write verses then.

520 *Asot.* No *Criticus* ? why ?

*Crit.* *Quia nulla placere diu, nec viuere carmina possunt, quæ scri-  
buntur aquæ potoribus.*

*Amor.* What say you to your *Helicon* ?

*Crit.* O, the *Muses*, well ! that's euer excepted.

525 *Amor.* Sir, your *Muses* haue no such water I assure you ;  
your *Nectar*, or the Iuice of your *Nepenthe* is nothing to it ; tis  
about your *Metheglin*, beleeue it.

*Asot.* *Metheglin* ! what's that Sir ? may I be so Audacious  
to demaund ?

530 *Amo.* A kinde of Greeke Wine I haue met with Sir in my  
Trauailes : it is the same that *Demosthenes* vsually drunke, in the  
composure of all his exquisite and Mellifluous Orations.

*Crit.* That's to be argued, (*Amorphus*) if wee may credit 536  
*Lucian*, who in his (*Encomium Demosthenis*) affirmes, he neuer  
535 drunke but water in any of his Compositions.

*Amo.* *Lucian* is absurde, he knew nothing : I will beleeue  
my owne Trauels, before all the *Lucians* of *Europe* ; he doth feed  
you with fictions, and leasings.

*Crit.* Indeed (I thinke) next a Traueller he do's prettily  
540 well.

*Amo.* I assure you it was Wine, I haue tasted it, and from  
the hand of an Italian *Antiquary*, who deriues it authentical-  
ly from the Duke of *Ferrara's* Bottles. How name you the  
Gentleman you are in ranke with there, Sir ?

545 *Crit.* Tis *Asotus*, sonne to the late deceased *Philargyrus*  
the Cittizen.

*Amo.*

*Amorphus.* Was his Father of any eminent place, or  
meanes ? 549

*Crit.* He was to haue bin *Prætor* next yeare.

550 *Amo.* Ha ! A pretty formall young Gallant (in good  
soothe) pittie, hee is not more gentilely propagated. Hearke  
you *Criticus* : you may say to him what I am, if you please ;  
though I affect not popularity, yet I would be lothe to stand  
out to any, whome you shall vouchsafe to call friend.

555 *Crit.* Sir, I feare I may doe wrong to your sufficiencies in  
the reporting them, by forgetting or misplacing some one ;  
your selfe can best enforme him of your selfe Sir, except you  
had some Catalogue or Inuentory of your faculties readye  
drawne, which you would request me to shew him for you,  
560 and him to take notice of.

*Amo.* This *Criticus* is sower : I will thinke Sir.

*Crit.* Doe so Sir. O heauen, that any thing (in the likenesse  
of man) should suffer these rackt extremities, for the vttring of  
his Sophisticate good parts.

565 *Asot. Criticus*, I haue a sute to you ; but you must not de-  
nie me : pray you make this Gentleman and I friends.

*Crit.* Friends ! Why ? is there any difference betweene you ?

*Asotus.* No : I meane acquaintance, to knowe one ano- 567  
ther.

570 *Crit.* O now I apprehend you ; your phrase was without  
me before.

*Asot.* In good faith hee's a most excellent rare man I  
warrant him.

*Crit.* Slight, they are mutually enamor'd by this time :

575 *Asot.* Will you sweete *Criticus* ?

*Crit.* Yes, yes.

*Asot.* Nay, but when ? youle deferre it now, and forget  
it ?

*Crit.* Why, ist a thing of such present necessity, that it re-  
580 quires so violent a dispatch ?

*Asot.* No, but (would I might neuer stir) hee's a most rauish-  
ing man ; good *Criticus* you shall endeare me to you, in good  
faith law.



*Crit.* Well your longing shalbe satified Sir.

578

585 *Asot.* And withall, you may tell him what my father was, & how well he left me, and that I am his heire.

*Crit.* Leaue it to me, Ile forget none of your deare graces I warrant you.

*Asot.* Nay I know you can better marshall these affaires then  
590 I can. — O Gods i'le giue all the world (if I had it) for abundance of such acquaintance.

*Crit.* What ridiculous circumstance might I deuise now, to bestow this reciprocall brace of Cockscombes, one vpon another?

595 *Amor.* Since I trod on this side the *Alpes*, I was not so frozen in my inuentiō, let me see : to accost him with some choise remnant of *Spanish*, or *Italian*? that would indifferently expresse my languages now, mary then, if he would fall out to be Ignorant, it were both hard, and harshe. How else? step into

600 some discourse of *State*, and so make my induction? that were about him too; and out of his element I feare. Faine to haue seen him in Venice? or Padua? or some face neare his in simillitude? tis too pointed, and open. No; it must be a more quaint, & col-  
laterall deuise: As — stay; to frame some encomiastique speech

595

605 vpon this our *Metropolis*, or the wise Magistrates thereof, in which polittique number, tis ods but his father fild vp a rome? descend into a perticuler admiration of their Iustice; for the due measuring of Coales, bnrning of Cans, and such like? As also their religion, in pulling downe a superstitious Crosse, and ad-  
uancing a *Venus*; or *Priapus*, in place of it? ha? twill do well, Or

to talke of some Hospitall, whose walls record his father a *B E-  
N E F A C T O R*? or of so many Buckets bestowd on his parish church in his lifetime, with his name at length (for want of  
armes) trickt vpon them; Any of these? or to praise the cleannesse

615 of the streete wherein he dwelt, or the prouident painting of his posts against he should haue beene *Pretor*, or (leauing his parent) come to some speciall ornament about himselfe, as his Rapier, or some other of his accoutrements? I haue it: Thankes gracious *Minerua*.

*Asot.*

620 *Asot.* Would I had but once spoke to him, and then ——— 610

*Amor.* Tis a most curious and neatly-wrought band this same, as I haue seene Sir.

*Asot.* O God Ssr.

*Amor.* You forgiue the humor of mine eye in obseruing it?

625 *Asot.* O Lord Sir, there needs no such Apology I assure you.

*Crit.* I am anticipated : theyle make a solemne deede of guift of themselues you shall see.

*Amor.* Your Rose too do's most grace-fully in troath.

*Asot.* Tis the most gentile and receiu'd Weare now Sir.

630 *Amor.* Beleeue me Sir (I speake it not to humor you) I haue not seene a young gentleman (generally) put on his cloathes with more iudgement.

*Asot.* O, tis our pleasure to say so, Sir.

*Amor.* No, as I am vertuous (being altogether vntrauel'd) it 635 strikes me into wonder.

*Asot.* I do purpose to trauell (Sir) at Spring.

*Amor.* I thinke I shall affect you sir, this last speach of yours hath begun to make you deare to me.

*Asot.* O God Sir. I would there were any thing in me Sir, that 631  
640 might appeare worthy the least worthines of your woorth Sir, I protest Sir, I should endeuour to shew it Sir, with more then common regarde Sir.

*Crit.* O heres rare Motley, Sir.

*Amor.* Both your desert, and your endeuors are plentiful, 645 suspect them not : but your sweete disposition to trauaile (I assure you) hath made you another *My-selfe* in mine eye, and strooke me enamour'd on your beauties.

*Asot.* I would I were the fairest Lady of *Fraunce* for your sake Sir, and yet I would trauaile too.

650 *Amor.* O you should digresse from your selfe els : for (beleeue it) your Trauaile is your only thing that rectifies, or (as the Italian sayes) *virendi pronto all' Attioni*, makes you fit for Action.

*Asot.* I thinke it be great charge though Sir.

*Amor.* Charge? why tis nothing for a gentleman that goes 655 priuate, as your selfe, or so ; my Intelligence shall quitt my



charge at alltimes : Good faith this Hat hath possest mine eye  
exceedingly ; tis so prettie, and fantastique ; what ? ist a Beauer.

*Asot.* I Sir. Ile assure you tis a Beauer, it cost me six crownes 649  
but this morning. 650

650 *Amor.* A very prettie fashion (beleeue me) and a most nouel 654  
kinde of trimme : your Button is conceived too.

*Asot.* Sir, it is all at your seruice.

*Amor.* O pardon me.

*Asot.* I beseech you Sir, if you please to weare it you shall  
665 do me a most infinite grace.

*Crit.* Slight, will he be praisde out of his cloathes ?

*Asot.* By heauen Sir, I do not offer it you after the *Italian*  
manner ; I would you should conceiue so of me.

*Amor.* Sir, I shall feare to appeare rude in denying your cur-  
670 tesies, especially being inuited by so proper a distinction ; may  
I pray your name Sir.

*Asot.* My name is *Asotus* Sir.

*Amor.* I take your loue (gentle *Asotus*) but let me winne  
you to receiue this in exchange. — — —

675 *Crit.* 'Hart, theile change dublets anone.

*Anor.* And (from this time) esteeme your selfe in the first 670  
ranke of those few whom I professe to loue ; what make you in  
company of this scholler here ? I will bring you knowne to  
gallants as *Anaides*, *Hedon* the courtier, and others, whose so-  
680 cietie shall render you grac'de, and respected ; this is a triuiall  
fellow, too meane, too course for you to conuerse with.

*Asot.* Slid, this is not worth a crowne, and mine cost me six  
but this morning.

*Crit.* I lookt when he would repent him, he ha's begunne to  
685 be sad a good while.

*Amor.* Sir, shall I say to you for that Hat ? be not so sad,  
be not so sad ; tis a Relique I could not so easily haue departed  
with, but as the *Hieroglyphick* of my affection ; you shall alter it  
to what forme you please, it will take any block ; I haue varied  
690 it my selfe to the three thousandth time, and not so few : It  
hath these vertues beside ; your head shall not ake vnder it ; nor  
your

your braine leaue you, without licence ; It will preserue your complexion to eternitie ; for no beame of the *Sunne* (should you weare it vnder *Zona Torrida*) hath force to approch it by 695 two ells. Tis prooffe against thunder, and enchantment : and was giuen me by a great man (in *Russia*) as an especially-priz'd present ; and constantly affirm'd to be the hat that accompanied the politique *Vlisses*, in his tedious, and ten yeares Trauailes.

*Asot.* By *fove* I will not depart withall, whosoeuer would 700 giue me a Million.

## S C E N A. 5.

*Cos.* *Prosaites.* *Criticus.* *Amorphus.* *Asotus.* 695

*Cos.* Saue you sweete bloods : do's any of you want a creature, or a dependant ?

705 *Crit.* Be-shrow me a fine blunt slaue.

*Amor.* A page of good timber ; it will now be my grace to entertaine him first, though I casheere him againe in priuate : how art thou call'd ?

*Cos.* *Cos* Sir, *Cos.*

710 *Crit.* *Cos* ? How happely hath Fortune furnisht him with a *Whetstone* ?

*Amor.* I do entertaine you *Cos* : conceale your quality till we be priuate ; if your parts be worthy of me, I wil countenance you ; if not, catechize you ; Gentles shall we go ?

715 *Asot.* Stay Sir ; ile but entertaine this other fellow, and then—  
I haue a great humour to tast of this water too, but ile come againe alone for that-marke the place ; whats your name, youth ?

*Pros.* *Prosaites* Sir.

*Asot.* *Prosaites* ? A very fine name *Criticus* ? ist not ?

720 *Crit.* Yes, and a very ancient Sir, the *Begger* ; *Exeunt.*

*Asot.* Follow me good *Prosaites* : Lets talke.

*Crit.* He will ranke euen with you (ere't be long)

If you hold on your course : O vanity,  
How are thy painted beauties doated on,

By



- 725 By light, and empty Ideots ? how pursu'de  
 With open, and extended appetite ?  
 How they do sweate, and run themselues from breath,  
 Raisd on their toes, to catch thy ayery formes,  
 Still turning giddy, till they reele like drunkards,
- 730 That buy the merry madnesse of one hower,  
 With the long irksomnesse of following time ?  
 O how dispisde, and base a thing is Man,  
 If he not striue t' erect his groueling thoughts  
 About the straine of flesh ? But how more cheape
- 735 When, euen his best and vnderstanding part,  
 (The crowne, and strength of all his faculties)  
 Floates (ike a dead drown'd body, on the streame  
 Of vulgar humor, mixt with commonst dregs ?  
 I suffer for their guilt now, and my Soule
- 740 ( Like one that lookes on ill affected eyes)  
 Is hurt with meere Intention on their follies:  
 Why will I view them then ? my Sence might aske me:  
 Or ist a Rarity, or some new Obiect,  
 That straines my strict obseruance to this point ?
- 745 O would it were, therein I could afforde  
 My Spirit should draw a little neere to theirs,  
 To gaze on nouelties : so *Vice* were one.  
 Tut, she is stale, ranke, foule, and were it not  
 That those (that wooe her) greete her with lockt eyes
- 750 (Inspight of all the Impostures, paintings, drugs,  
 Which her bawde *Custome* daubes her cheekes withall)  
 She would betray her loath'd and leprous face,  
 And fright th' enamor'd dotards from themselues:  
 But such is the peruersnesse of our nature,
- 755 That if we once but fancy leuity,  
 (How antique and ridiculous so ere  
 It sute with vs) yet will our muffled thought  
 Choose rather not to see it, then auoyde it :  
 And if we can but banish our owne sence,
- 760 We acte our *Mimick* tricks with that free licence,

720

740

That

That lust, that pleasure, that security, 755  
 As if we practiz'd in a Past-boord case,  
 And no one saw the *Motion*, but the *Motion*.

Well, check thy passion, least it grow too lowde :  
 765 „ While fooles are pittied, they wax fat, and prowde. *Exit*.

*Finis Actus Primi.*

## ACTVS SECVNDVS.

760

SCENA. 1.

*Cupid. Mercury.*

770 *Cup.* Why this was most vnexpectedly followed (my deuine  
 delicate *Mercury*) by the Beard of *Joue*, thou art a pretious  
 Deity.

*Mer.* Nay *Cupid* leaue to speake improperly ; since we are  
 turn'd cracks, lets study to be like cracks : practise their lan-  
 775 guage, and behaiours, and not with a dead Imitation. Acte  
 freely, carelesly, and capricciously, as if our veines ranne with  
 Quick-siluer, and not vtter a phrase, but what shall come foorth  
 steept in the very brine of conceipt, and sparkle like salt in fire.

*Cup.* That's not euery ones happinesse (*Hermes*) though you  
 780 can presume vpon the easinesse and dexterity of your wit, you  
 shall giue me leaue to be a little Iealous of mine ; and not des-  
 perately to hazard it after your capring humor.

*Mer.* Nay then *Cupid*, I thinke we must haue you hood- 775  
 winckt againe, for you are growne too prouident, since your  
 785 eyes were at liberty.

*Cup.* Not so (*Mercury*) I am still blinde *Cupid* to thee:

*Mer.* And what to the Lady Nymph you serue ?

*Cup.* Troath *Page*, *Boy*, and *Sirha* : these are all my titles.

*Mer.* Then thou hast not altered thy name with thy disguise ?

790 *Cup.* O No, that had bin *Supererogation*, you shall neuer heare  
 your Courtier call but by one of these three.

*Mer.* Faith then both our Fortunes are the same.

D

*Cup.*



*Cup.* Why ? what parcell of man hast thou lighted on for 784  
a Maister ?

795 *Mer.* Such a one (as before I begin to decipher him) I dare  
not affirme him to be any thing else then a Courtier. So much  
he is, during this open time of Reuels, & would be longer, but  
that his meanes are to leaue him shortly after : his name is *Hedon*,  
a gallant wholly consecrated to his pleasures . ———

800 *Cup.* *Hedon* ? he vses much to my Ladies chamber, I thinke.

*Mer.* How is she cal'd, and then I can shew thee ?

*Cup.* Madame *Philautia*.

*Mer.* O I, he affects her very particularly indeed. These are  
his graces : he doth (besides me) keepe a *Barbar*, and a *Monkey* :  
805 He has a ritch wrought Waste-coate to intertaine his visitants  
in, with a Cap almost sutable : His Curtaines and Bedding are  
thought to be his owne ; his bathing Tub is not suspected. He  
loues to haue a *Fencer*, a *Pedant*, and a *Musitian* seene in his  
lodging a mornings.

810 *Cup.* And not a *Poet* ?

*Mer.* Fye no : himselfe is a Rimer, and that's a thought bet- 800  
ter then a *Poet* : he is not lightly within to his Mercer, no,  
though he come when he takes Phisique, which is commonly  
after his play. He beates a Tayler very well, but a Stocking-  
815 seller admirably ; and so consequently any one he owes money  
too, that dares not resist him. He neuer makes generall inuite-  
ment, but against the publis' ing of a new Sute, mary then, you  
shall haue more drawne to his lodging, then come to the laun-  
ching of some three ships ; especially if he be furnishd with  
820 supplies for the retiring of his olde Ward-robe from pawne ;  
if not, he do's hire a stock of Apparell, and some forty or fiftie  
pound in Gould for that forenoone to shew : Hee's thought  
a very necessary Perfume for the Presence, and for that onely  
cause welcome thither : six Millaners shops affoorde you not  
825 the like sent. He courts Ladies with how many great Horse he  
hath rid that morning, or how oft he has done the whole, or  
the halfe *Pommado* in a seuen-night before ; and sometime  
venters so far vpon the vertue of his Pomander, that he dares  
tell

tell 'hem, how many shirts he has sweat at *Tennis* that weeke,  
830 but wiselye conceales so many dozen of Balls he is on the  
score. Here he comes that is all this.

## S C E N A. 2.

818

*Hedon. Anaides. Gelaia. Cupid. Mercurie.*

*Hedon.* Boy.

835 *Mercu.* Sir.

*Hedon.* Are any of the Ladies in the Presence ?

*Mer.* None yet Sir.

*Hedon.* Giue me some Gold, More.

*Ana.* Is that thy Boy *Hedon* ?

840 *Hedo.* I, what thinkst thou of him ? (phers stone.

*Ana.* Shart, Il'd gelde him ; I warrant he has the Philoso-

*Hed.* Well said my good Melancholy diuell : Sirah, I haue  
deuisde one or two of the pretiest Oathes (this morning in my  
bed) as euer thou heardst, to protest withall in the Presence.

845 *Ana.* Pray thee lets heere 'hem.

*Hed.* Soft thoult vse 'hem afore me.

*Ana.* No (damne me then) I haue more oathes then I know  
how to vtter, by this ayre.

*Hed.* Faith 'one is ; *By the tip of your eare, Sweete Lady,* Is't  
850 not pretty, and Gentile ?

*Ana.* Yes for the person 'tis applyed to, a Lady. It should  
be light, and —

*Hed.* Nay the other is better, exceeds it much : The Inuen- 840  
tion is farder fet too ; *By the white valley that lyes betweene the*  
855 *Alpine hills of your bosome, I protest — — &c.*

*Ana.* Well, you traueled for that *Hedon*.

*Mer.* I, in a Map, where his eyes were but blind guides to  
his vnderstanding it seemes.

*Hed.* And then I haue a *Salutatiō* wil nick all ; by this Caper : ho !

860 *Ana.* How is that ?

*Hed.* You know I cal *Madā Philautia*, my *Honor*, & she cals me  
her *Ambitiō*. Now (when I meet her in the Presence anon) I wil



come to her, and say, *Sweete Honor, I haue hitherto contented my* 850  
*Sence with the Lillies of your hand ; but now I will taste the Roses of*  
 865 *your lip ; and (withall) kisse her : to which she cannot but blu-*  
*shingly answeare : Nay now you are too Ambitious. And then*  
*do I reply ; I cannot be too Ambitious of Honour, sweete Lady.*  
*Wilt not be good ? ha ? ha ?*

*Ana.* O Assure your soule.

870 *Hed.* By heauen I thinke 'twill be excellent, and a very poli-  
 tique atchiuement of a kisse.

*Ana.* I haue thought vpon one for *Moria* of a suddaine too  
 if it take.

*Hed.* What ist, my deare mischiefe ?

875 *Ana.* Mary, I will come to her, (and she alwayes weares a  
 Muffe if you be remembred) and I will tell her : *Madame your*  
*whole selfe cannot but be perfectly wise : for your hands haue witte*  
*enough to keepe themselues warme.*

*Hed.* Now (before *Ioue*) admirable : looke, thy Page takes it  
 880 too, by *Phabus*, my sweete facetious Rascall, I could eate Wa-  
 ter-gruell with thee a month, for this Iest, O my deare Rogue.

*Ana.* O (by *Hercules*) 'tis your onely dish, aboue all your  
 Potatos, or Oyster-pyes in the world.

*Hed.* I haue ruminated vpon a most rare *Wish* too, and the 868  
 885 *Prophecy* to it, but Ile haue some friend to be the Prophet ; As  
 thus : *I do wish my selfe one of my Mistris Ciopino's.* Another  
 demaunds : *Why would he be one of his Mistris Ciopino's ?* A third  
 answeres, *Because he would make her higher.* A fourth shall say,  
*That will make her proud.* And a fifth shall conclude : *Then do I*  
 890 *prophesie, Pridewill haue a fall : and he shall giue it her.*

*Ana.* Ile be your Prophet. By gods so, it will be most exqui-  
 site, thou art a fine Inuentious Rogue, Sirah.

*Hed.* Nay and I haue *Posies* for Rings too, and *Riddles*, that  
 they dreame not of.

895 *Ana.* Tut theile do that, when they come to sleep on the time  
 enough ; but were thy deuises neuer in the Presence yet *Hedon* ?

*Hed.* O no, I disdaine that.

*Ana.* Twere good we went afore then, & brought the acquainted  
 ted

ted with the roome where they shall act, least the strangenes of  
900 it put them out of countenance, when they should come forth.

*Cup.* Is that a Courtier too.

*Exeunt.*

*Mer.* Troth no ; he has two essentiall parts of the Courtier, 885  
*Pride* and *Ignorance* (I meane of such a Courtier, who is (indeed)  
but the *Zani* to an exact Courtier) mary, the rest come somewhat  
905 after the *Ordinary* Gallant. Tis *Impudence* it selfe *Anaides* ; one,  
that speakes all that comes in his cheekes, & wil blush no more  
then a Sackbut. He lightly occupies the Iesters roome at the  
table, & keeps laughter, *Gelaia* (a wench in pages atire) follow-  
ing him in place of a Squire, whom he (now & thē) tickles with  
910 some strange ridiculous stuffe, vttered (as his land came to him)  
by chance : He will censure or discourse of any thing, but as ab-  
surdly as you would wishe : His fashion is not to take know-  
ledge of him that is beneath him in cloathes ; He neuer drinks  
below the Salt : He do's naturally admire his wit, that weares  
915 Gold lace, or Tissue ; Stabs any man that speakes more con-  
temptibly of the *Scholler* then he. He is a great proficient in all  
the illiberall Sciences, as *Cheating*, *Drinking*, *Swaggering*,  
*Whoring*, and such like ; neuer kneeles, but to pledge *Health's* ;  
nor praies, but for a Pipe of pudding *Tabaco*. He will blas-  
920 pheame in his shirt ; The oaths which he vomits at one supper,  
would maintain a *Towne of garrison* in good swearing a twelue-  
moneth : One other genuine quality he has , which crownes  
all t ese ; and that is this ; to a Friend in want, he will not de-  
part with the weight of a soldard Groat, least the world might  
925 censure him prodigall, or report him a *Gull* : Mary, to his *Coca-*  
*trice* or *Punchetto* ; halfe a dozen Taffata gownes or Sattin Kir-  
tles, in a paire or two of moneth's, why they are nothing.

*Cup.* I commend him he is one of my clients.

907

### SCENA. 3.

930 *Amorphus*, *Asotus* ; *Cos* ; *Prosaites*, *Cupid*, *Mercurie*.

*Amor.* Come Sir. You are now within reguarde of the Pre-  
sence ; And see, the priuacie of this roome, how sweetly it offers

it offers it selfe to our retir'd intendments, Page, cast a vigilant,  
and enquiring eye about, that we be not rudely surpris'd, by  
935 the aproch of some ruder-stranger. (feare nothing.

*Cos.* I warrant you Sir. Ile tell you when the Woolfe enters 915

*Mer.* O what a masse of benefit shall we possesse, in being  
the inuisible Spectators of this strange shew now to be acted ?

*Amor.* Plant your selfe there Sir : And obserue me. You shall  
940 now, as well be the Ocular as the Eare-witnesse, how clearly  
I can refell that *Paradox*, or rather *Pseudodoxe* of those, which  
holde the face to be the Index of the minde, which (I assure  
you) is not so, in any Politique creature ; for Instance, I wil now  
giue you the particuler, and distinct face of euery your most  
945 noted *Species* of persons ; As your *Marchant*, your *Scholler*, your  
*Soldier*, your *Lawyer*, *Courtier*, &c. And each of these so truly, as  
you would sweare (but that your eye sees the variation of the  
lineament) it were my most proper, and Genuine aspect : First,  
for your *Marchants*, or Citty face ; Tis thus : a dull plodding  
950 face ; still looking in a direct line, forward : There is no great  
matter in this face. Then haue you your *Students*, or *Acade-  
mique* face, which is here, an honest, simple, and Methodicall  
face ; But somewhat more spread then the former. The third  
is your *Soldiers* face : A menacing, and astounding face, that  
955 lookes broad, and bigge : the grace of this face consists much  
in a Beard. The *Anti face* to this, is your *Lawyers* face ; a contrac-  
ted, subtile, and Intricate face : full of quirkes, and turnings ;  
A *Labyrinthæan* face, now angularly, now circularly, euery way 935  
aspected. Next is your *Statists* face, a serious, solempne, and  
960 supercilious face, ful of formall, and square grauity, the eye (for  
the most part) arteficially and deeply shadow'd, there is great  
iudgment requir'd in the making of this face. But now to come  
to your face of faces ; or *Courtiers* face : tis of three sorts ; (accor-  
ding to our subdiuision of a *Courtier* ; *Elementary*, *Practique*,  
965 and *Theorique* : your *Courtier Theorique*, is he that hath arriu'd  
to his fardest, and doth now know the Court rather by specu-  
lation, then practise ; & this is his face : A fastidious, and oblique  
face ; that lookes, as it went with a *Vice*, and were screw'd thus.  
Your *Courtier Practique* is he that is yet in his Path, his Course,  
970 his Way, & hath not toucht the *Puntillio* or point of hopes ; this  
face



face is here : A most promising, open, smooth, and ouerflowing face, that seemes as it would runne, and powre it selfe into you ; your *Courtier Elementary* is one but newly entered, or as it were in the Alphabet *Vt-re-mi-fa-sol-la*, of Courtship : Note well this  
975 face, for it is this you must practise.

*Asot.* Ile practise 'hem all, if you please Sir.

951

*Amor.* I ; here after you may : and it will not be altogether an vngratfull study. For let your soule be assur'd of this (in any Ranke or profession whatsoever) the most generall, or *Maior*  
980 part of *Opiniō*, goes with the face, & (simply) respects nothing else. Therefore : if that can be made, exactly, curiously, exquisitely, thoroughly, It is enough : But (for the present) you shall only apply your selfe to this face of the *Elementary Courtier*, A light, reuelling, & protesting face, now blushing, now smiling  
985 which you may helpe much with a wanton wagging of your head, thus ; (a feather will teach you) or with kissing your finger that hath the Ruby, or playing with some string of your band, which is a most quaint kinde of *Melancholy* besides. Where is your Page ? call for your *Casting Bottle*, and place your *Mirror*  
990 in your Hat, as I tolde you ; so. Come, looke not pale, obserue me : set your face, and enter,

*Amor.* O for some excellent Painter, to haue ta'ne the copye of all these faces.

*Aso.* *Prosaites.*

995 *Amor.* Fie, I premonisht you of that ; In the Court, Boy, or  
*Cos.* Maister *Lupus in* — O 'tis *Prosaites.* (Sirha :

*Asot.* Sirha, prepare me my *Casting-bottle* ; I thinke I must be enforst to purchase me another Page, you see how at hand  
*Cos* waites heere. *Exeunt.*

1000 *Mor.* So will he too in time.

*Cup.* What's he *Mercury* ?

*Mer.* A notable *Finch*. One that hath newly entertain'd the  
*Beggar* to follow him, but cannot get him to wait neer enough.  
Tis *Asotus* the heire of *Philargirus* : but first Ile giue you the  
1005 others Character, which may make his the clearer ? He that is with him is *Amorphus*, A Traueller, One so made out of the mixture and shreds of formes, that himselfe is truly deformed : Hee walkes most commonlye with a *Cloue* or *Pick-tooth* in his mouth, Hee's the very Minte of *Complement* ;  
All

1010 All his behauiours are printed, his face is another volume of  
*Essayes*; and his beard an *Aristarchus*. He speakes all creame, 985  
 skimd, & more affected then a dozen of waiting women; Hee's  
 his owne promooter in euery place: The wife of the *Ordinary*  
 giues him his diet to maintaine her table in discourse, which  
 1015 (indeed) is a meere Tiranny ouer her other guests: for he will  
 vsurp all the talke: Ten Cunstables are not so tedious He is no  
 great shifter; once a yeare his Apparell is ready to reuolt; He  
 doth vse much to arbitrate quarrells, and fights himselfe ex-  
 ceeding well (out at a window.) He will lie cheaper then any  
 1020 Begger, and lowder then most Clockes; for which he is right  
 properly accommodated to the *Whetstone* his page. The other  
 gallant is his *Zani*, & doth most of these tricks after him; sweats  
 to imitate him in euery thing (to a haire) except a Beard, which  
 is not yet extant: he doth learne to eat *Anchoues*, & *Caucare* be-  
 1025 cause he loues'hem, speakes as he speakes; lookes, walkes, goes  
 so in Cloathes and fashion, is in al, as he were moulded of him.  
 Marry (before they met) he had other very pretty sufficiencies,  
 which yet he retaines some light Impression of: As frequen-  
 ting a dauncing schoole, and grievously torturing strangers,  
 1030 with inquisitiō after his grace in his Galliard; He buyes a fresh  
 acquaintance at any rate; his Eye, and his Raiment confer much  
 together as he goes in the street; He treads nicely, like a fellow  
 that walkes vpon ropes, especially the first Sunday of his Silk-  
 stockings, and when he is most neate and new, you shal stripp  
 1035 him with commendations.

*Cup.* Here comes another.

1007

*Mer* I, but one of another straine *Cupid*: This fellow  
 weighs somewhat.

*Criticus* passeth by.

*Cup.* His name *Hermes*?

1040 *Mer. Criticus.* A creature of a most perfect and diuine tem-  
 per; One, in whom the *Humors* & *Elements* are peaceably met,  
 without æmulation of Precedencie: he is neither too fantas-  
 tickly *Melancholy*; too slowly *Plegmatick*, too lightly *Sanguine*,  
 or too rashly *Cholerick*, but in al, so composd and order'd; as it is  
 1045 cleare, Nature was about some full worke, she did more then  
 make

make a man when she made him ; His discourse is like his beha- 1016  
 uiour, vncommon, but not vnpleasing ; he is prodigall of nei-  
 ther : He striues rather to be (that which men call) Iudicious,  
 then to be thought so ; and is so truely learned that he affects  
 1050 not to shew it : He wil thinke, & speak his thought, both freely ;  
 but as distant frō deprauiing any other mans Merrit, as procla-  
 ming his owne : For his valor, tis such, that he dares as little to  
 offer an Iniury, as receiue one. In sum, he hath a most Ingeni-  
 ous and sweet spirit, a sharp and season'd wit, a streight iudge-  
 1055 ment. and a strong minde ; constant and vnshaken : *Fortune*  
 could neuer breake him, or make him lesse, he counts it his  
 pleasure to despise pleasures, and is more delighted with good  
 deedes then Goods, It is a competencie to him that he can be  
 vertuous. He doth neither couet, nor feare ; he hath too much  
 1060 reason to do either : and that commends all things to him.

*Cup.* Not better then *Mercury* commends him.

*Mer.* O *Cupid*, 'tis beyond my deity to giue him his due  
 praises ; I could leaue my *Place* in heauen, to liue among *Mortals*,  
 so I were sure to bee no other then he.

1065 *Cup.* Slight, I beleeeue he is your *Minion* ; you seeme to be so  
 raiisht with him.

*Mer.* Hee's one, I would not haue awry thought darted a-  
 gainst willingly.

*Cup.* No, but a straight shaft in his bosome, Ile promise him, 1037  
 1070 if I am *Cithereas* sonne.

*Mer.* Shall we go *Cupid* ?

*Cup.* Stay and see the Ladies now ; theile come presently. Ile  
 helpe to paint them.

*Mer.* What lay Coullér vpon Couler ? that affoordes but  
 1075 an ill blazon. *Argurion* passeth by.

*Cup.* Here comes Mettall to helpe it, the Lady *Argurion*.

*Mer.* Money, money.

*Cup.* The same : A Nymph of a most wandering and giddy  
 disposition, humorous as the Ayre, she'le run from Gallant to  
 1080 Gallant (as they sit at *Primero* in the Presence) most strangely,  
 and seldome staves with any ; She spreades as she goes : To day



you shall haue her looke as cleare and fresh as the morning  
 and to morrow as Melancholy as midnight. She takes speciall 1050  
 pleasure in a close, obscure lodging, and for that cause visits  
 1085 the Cittie so often, where shee has many secret and true-con-  
 cealing fauorites. When she comes abroad shee's more loose  
 and scattering then dust, and will fly from place to place, as she  
 were rapt with a whirle-winde. Your young *Student* (for the  
 most part) she affects not, onely salutes him, and away : A *Poet*  
 1090 or a *Philosopher* she is hardly brought to take any notice of, no,  
 though he be some part of an *Alchymist*. She loues a *Player*,  
 well ; and a *Lawyer* infinitely : but your Foole about all. She can  
 do much in the Court for the obtaining of any sute whatsoe-  
 uer, no doore but flies open to her ; her presence is about a  
 1095 Charme : The woorst in her is want of keeping state, and to  
 much descending into inferior and base offices, Shee's for any  
 course Employment you wil put vpon her, as to be your  
 Procurer or Pandar.

*Mercu.* Peace *Cupid* ; heere comes more worke for you,  
 1100 another Character or two.

## SCENA. 4.

*Phantaste,      Moria,      Philautia,*  
*Mercury,      Cupid.*

*Pha.* Stay sweete *Philautia* ; Ile but change my fann, and go  
 1105 presently.

*Mor.* Now (in very good serious) Ladies, I will haue this or-  
 der reuerst, the Presence must be better maintained from you ;  
 A quarter past eleuen, & n'ere a *Nymph* in *Prospectiue* ; beshrew  
 my hand, there must be a reform'd *Discipline*. Is that your new  
 Ruffe

1110 Ruffe sweet Lady Bird ? by my truth 'tis most Intricately  
rare.

*Mer.* Good *Ioue*, what reuerend gentlewoman in yeares 1074  
might this be ?

*Cup.* This Madam *Moria*, Guardian of the *Nimphs* : One that  
1115 is not now to be perswaded of her *Wit*, she will thinke herselfe  
wise against all the Iudgements that come. A Lady made all  
of voyce, & Ayre, talkes any thing of any thing : She is like one  
of your Ignorant *Poëtasters* of the time ; who when the haue  
got acquainted with a strange worde, neuer rest till they haue  
1120 wronge it in, though it loosen the whole fabrick of their  
Sence.

*Mer.* That was pretty and sharply noted *Cupid*.

*Cup.* She will tell you *Philosophy* was a fine Reueller, when she  
was young and a Gallant, and that then (though she say it) she was  
1125 thought to be the Dame-Dido, and Hellen of the Court ; As also ,  
what a sweete Dogge she had this time foure yeere, and how it was  
call'd Fortune, and that (if the fates had not cut his thred) he had  
beene a Dogge to haue giuen entertainment to any Gallant in this  
kingdome.

1130 *Mer.* O I pray thee no more, I am full of her.

*Cupid.* Yes (I must needes tell you) Shee composes a Sack-  
posset well ; and would court a young Page sweetly, but that  
her breath is against it.

*Mer.* Now her breath (or some thing more strong) protect 1094  
1135 me from her ; th' other, th' other, *Cupid*.

*Cup* O, that's my Lady and Mistris Madam *Philautia* : She  
admires not herselfe for any one particularity, but for all ; She  
is faire, and she knowes it ; She has a pretty light wit too, and she  
knowes it ; Shee can daunce, and she knowes that too ; play at  
1140 *Shittle-cock*, and that too : No quality she has, but she shall  
take a very particuler knowledge of, and most Lady-like  
commend it to you ; you shall haue her at any time read you  
the *History* of her selfe, and very subtilly runne ouer ano-  
ther Ladies sufficiencies to come to her owne.

1145 She has a good superficiall iudgement in Painting ; and would seeme to haue so in Poetry. A most compleate Lady in the opinion of some three beside herselfe.

*Phi.* Faith, how lik'd you my quipp to *Hedon*, about the gar- 1106  
ter ? wast not wittie ?

1150 *Mor.* Exceeding witty and *Integrate* : you did so *Aggrauate* the Iest withall.

*Phi.* And did I not daunce moouingly last night ?

*Mor.* Moouingly ; out of measure (in troth) Sweete Lady.

*Mer.* A happy commendation, to daunce, out of measure.

1155 *Mor.* Saue onely you wanted the swimi 'the turne ; O ! when I was atfourteene —

*Phi.* Nay thats mine owne from any Nymph i' the Court) I am sure on't) therefore you mistake me in that Guardian ; both the swimme, and the trip, are properly mine ; euery body will  
1160 affirme it, that has any iudgement in dauncing : I assure you.

*Pha.* Come now *Philautia* I am for you, shall we goe ?

*Phi.* I good *Phantaste* ; What ? ha' you chang'd your headtire ?

*Pha.* Yes faith ; th'other was so neare the common, it had no extraordinary grace ; besides, I had worne it almost a day  
1165 in good troath.

*Phi.* Ile be sworne, this is most excellent for the deuise, and rare. Tis after the *Italian* print we look'd on tother night.

*Pha.* Tis so : by this fanne, I cannot abide any thing that 1125  
sauors the poore ouer-worne cut, that has any kindred with it ;  
1170 I must haue variety, I : this mixing in fashion I hate it woorse, then to burne Iuniper in my Chamber I protest.

*Phi.* And yet we cannot haue a new peculiar Court-tyre, but these *Retainers* will haue it ; these *Suburbe-sunday-waiters*, these Courtiers for *High daies*, I know not what I should call 'hem. —

1175 *Pha.* O I, they doo most pitifully Imitate ; but I haue a tire a comming (I faith) shall —

*Mor.* In good certaine, Madame, it makes you looke most heauenly ; but (lay your hand on your hart) you neuer skind a new beauty more prosperously in your life, nor more super-  
1180 naturally ; looke good Lady, sweet Lady looke.

*Phi.*



*Phi.* Tis very cleere, and well beleuee me. But if you had 1138  
seene mine yeasterday when twas young, you would haue —  
who's your Doctor *Phantaste*?

*Phi.* Nay thats counsell *Philautia*, you shall pardon me : yet  
1185 (Ile assure you) hee's the most dainty, sweet, absolute rare man,  
of the whole Colledge. O ! his very lookes, his discourse , his  
behaiuour, all he doo's is Phisick I protest.

*Phi.* For heauens sake his name ; good, deare, *Phantaste* —

*Phi.* No, no, no, no, no, no, (beleuee me) not for a Million of  
1190 heauens : I will not make him cheape. Fie—— *Exeuut.*

*Phi.* There is a Nymph too of a most curious and elabo-  
rate straine, light, all motion, an *Vbiquitary*, she is euery where,  
*Phantaste*——

*Mer.* Her very name speakes her, let her passe. But are these  
1195 (*Cupid*) the starres of *Cynthias* Court? doe these Nymphs at-  
tend vpon *Diana*?

*Cup.* They are in her Court (*Mercury*) but not as Starres ;  
these neuer come in the presence of *Cynthia* : the Nimphes  
that make her traine, are the diuine *Arete*, *Timæ*, *Phronesis*,  
1200 *Thauma*, and others of that high sort. These are priuately  
brought in by *Moria* in this licencious time, against her know-  
ledge ; and (like so many *Meteors*) will vanish when shee  
appeares.

## S C E N A. 5.

1205 *Prosaites. Gelaia Cos. Mercury. Cupid.*

Cant.

Pro.

*C*ome follow me my Wagges, and say as I say.

1210 *There's no ritches but in Ragges ; hey day, hey day ;*

*You that professe this art. Come away ; come away :*

*And helpe to beare a part.*

*Hey day ; hey day. 1166*

E 3

*Beare-*

|      |                                       |  |
|------|---------------------------------------|--|
|      | <i>Beare-wards, &amp; Blackingmẽ.</i> | <i>Bawds and blinde Doctors.</i>       |
|      | <i>Corne-cutters, and Carmen.</i>     | <i>Paritors, and spittle Proctors.</i> |
|      | <i>Sellers of mar-king stones.</i>    | <i>Chymists, and Cuttlebungs.</i>      |
| 1215 | <i>Gatherer's vp of Marow bones</i>   | <i>Hookers, and Horne-thums.</i>       |
|      | <i>Pedlers, and Puppit-players.</i>   | <i>With all cast commaunders.</i>      |
|      | <i>Sow-gelders, and Sooth-saiers.</i> | <i>turnd Post-knights, or Pãdars.</i>  |
|      | <i>Gipsies and Iaylers,</i>           | <i>Iuglers, and Iesters.</i>           |
|      | <i>Rat-catchers, and Raylers,</i>     | <i>Borrowers of Testers.</i>           |
|      |                                       | <i>{ Beggars</i>                       |
|      |                                       | <i>{ rime.</i>                         |
| 1220 | <i>Beadles, and Ballad-singers.</i>   | <i>And all the troope of trash</i>     |
|      | <i>Fidlers, and Fadingers.</i>        | <i>That're allied to the lash,</i>     |
|      | <i>Thomalins, and Tinkers.</i>        | <i>Come, and Ioyne with your Iags</i>  |
|      | <i>Scauengers, and Skinkers.</i>      | <i>Shake vp your muscle-bags.</i>      |
|      | <i>There goes the Hare away.</i>      | <i>For Beggary beares the sway,</i>    |
| 1225 | <i>Hey day, Hey day.</i>              | <i>Then sing : cast care away,</i>     |
|      |                                       | <i>Hey day, hey day.</i>               |

*Mer.* What? those that were our fellow Pages but now, so 1167  
soone prefer'd to be Yeomen of the Bottles? the mistery, the  
mistery, good waggess?

*Cup.* Some dyet drinke, they haue the guard of.

1230 *Pro.* No Sir, we are going in quest of a strange Fountaine,  
lately found out.

*Cup.* By whome?

*Cos :* My Maister or the great discoverer, *Amorphus.*

*Mer.* Thou hast well intitled him *Cos*, for he will discover  
1235 all he knows.

*Gelaia.* I and a little more too, when the spirit is vpon him.

*Prosa.* O the good traueiling Gentleman yonder, ha's causd  
such a drought i' the Presence, with reporting the wonders of  
this new water; that all the Ladies, and Gallants lie languishing  
1240 vpon the Rushes, like so many pounded Cattle i' the midste of  
Haruest, sighing one to another, and gasping, as if each of them  
expected a Cock from the Fountaine, to be brought into his  
mouth: and (without we returne quickly) they are all (as a youth  
would

would say) no better then a few Trowts cast a shore, or a dish  
1245 of Eeles in a Sand-bag.

*Mer.* Wel then, you were best dispatch & haue a care of them,  
Come *Cupid*, thou and Ile goe peruse this drye wonder.

*Finis Actus Secundi.*

## ACTVS TERTIVS.

1250

SCENA I.

*Amorphus. Asotus.*

*Amor.* Sir, let not this discountenance, or dis-gallant you a  
whit, you must not sinke vnder the first disaster ; It is with your  
young Grammatical Courtier, as with your Neophyte-Player,  
1255 a thing vsuall to be daunted at the first presence, or enter-view :  
you saw, there was *Hedon & Anaides*, (far more practisd gallants  
then your selfe) who were both out, to comfort you : It is no  
disgrace, no more, then for your aduenturous *Reueller* to fall  
by some in-auspicious chance in his Galliard, or for some sub-  
1260 till *Politician* to vndertake the Bastinado, that the State might  
thinke worthely of him, and respect him as a man well beaten  
to the world. What? hath your Tayler prouided the property  
(we spake of) at your Chamber, or no?

*Aso.* I thinke he has.

1265 *Amor.* Nay, (I intreate you) be not so flat, and melancholique,  
erect your minde : you shall redeeme this with the Courtship  
I will teach you against afternoone : Where eate you to day?

*Asot.* Where you please Sir, any where I.

*Amor.* Come let vs go and taste some light dinner, A dish  
1270 of slic'd *Caueare*, or so, and after you shall practise an hower  
at your lodging, some fewe formes that I haue remembred ; If  
you had but (so farre) gathered your spirits to you, as to haue  
taken vp a Rushe (when you were out) and wagd it, thus ; or  
clensde your teeth with it, or but turn'de aside, and fainde  
1275 some busnesse to whisper with your Page, till you had  
recouer'd



reouer'd your selfe, or but found some slight staine in your stocking, or any other pretty Inuention (so it had beene suddaine,) you might haue come off with a most cleare and Courtly grace.

1280 *Asot.* A poyson of all, I thinke I was forespoake, I. 1215

*Amor.* No, I do partly ayme at the cause (which was ominous indeed) for as you enter at the doore, there is oppos'de to you the frame of a Wolfe in the Hangings, which (your eye taking sodainely) gaue a false Alarme to the heart; and that 1251  
1285 was it call'd your blood out of your face, and so disordred the whole ranke of your spirits : I beseech you labour to forget it.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENA. 2.

*Hedon. Anaides.*

1290 *Hed.* Heart, was there euer so prosperous an Inuention thus 1260  
vnluckely peruerted, and spoyld, by a whoore-sonne *Book-worme*, a *Candle-waster*?

*Ana.* Nay, be not impatient, *Hedon*.

*Hed.* Slight, I would faine know his name.

1295 *Ana.* Hang him poore *Grogran* Rascall, pr'ythee thinke not  
of him : Ile send for him to my lodging, and ha' him blankettet  
when thou wilt, man.

*Hed.* By gods so; I would thou couldst. Looke, here he coms.  
Laugh at him, laugh at him. Ha, ha, ha. *Criticus* passeth by.

1300 *Ana.* Fough, he smels all Lamp-oyle, with studying by  
Candle-light.

*Hedon.* How confidently hee went by vs; and carelesly!  
neuer moou'd! nor stird at any thing! Did you obserue him?

*Ana.* I a poxe on him, let him goe, *Dormouse*: hee is in a  
1305 dreame now; He has no other time, to sleepe but thus when he  
walkes abroad, to take the ayre.

*Hed.* Gods pretious, this afflicts me more then all the rest,  
that

that we should so particularly direct our Hate, and Contempt  
against him ; and he to carry it thus without wound or passion !

1310 tis insufferable.

*Anai.* 'Slid, (my deare Enuy) if, thou but saist the word now, 1279  
Ile vndoe him eternally for thee.

*Hedon.* How sweete *Anaides* ?

*Anai.* Marry halfe a score of vs get him in (one night) and  
1315 make him pawne his wit for a supper.

*Hed.* Away, thou hast such vnseasonable Iests. By this hea-  
uen I wonder at nothing more then our Gentlemen Vshers ;  
that will suffer a piece of *Serge*, or *Perpetuana*, to come into  
the Presence : me thinkes, they, should (out of their Experi-  
1320 ence) better distinguish the silken disposition of a Courtier,  
then to let such terrible course Rags mixe with 'hem, able to  
fret any smooth or gentile Society to the threds, with their  
*rubbing Deuises*. 1289

*Ana.* Damne me, if I should aduenture on his company 1291  
1325 once more, without a sute of Buffe, to defend my wit : he do's  
nothing but stabbe the slaue : how mischeiuously he crost thy  
deuise of the *Prophesie* there ? And *Moria* she comes without  
her Muffe too ; and there my inuention was lost.

*Hed.* Well, I am resolu'd, what Ile do.

1330 *Ana.* What, my good spirituous Sparke ?

*Hed.* Marry, speake all the venome I can of him ; and poy-  
son his reputation in euery place where I come.

*Ana.* 'Fore god most Courtly. 1300

*Hed.* And if I chance to be present where any question is  
1335 made of his sufficiencies, or of any thing he hath done priuate  
or publike ; Ile censure it slightly, and ridiculously —

*Ana.* At any hand beware of that, so you may draw your  
owne iudgement, insuspect ; No, Ile instruct thee what thou  
shalt doe, and by a safer meanes : approue any thing thou hear-  
1340 r'st of his, to the receiud opinion of it ; but if it be extraordina-  
ry, giue it from him to some other, whome thou more parti-  
cularly affectst, that's the waye to plague him, and hee shall  
neuer come to defend himselfe : Sblood, Ile giue out all he dos

is dictated from other men : and sweare it too (if thou'lt ha'me)  
 1345 and that I know the time, and place, where he stoale it : though  
 my soule be guilty of no such thing ; and that I thinke out of  
 my hart, he hates such barren shifts ; yet to doe thee a pleasure  
 and him a disgrace, Ile damne my selfe, or do any thing.

*Hed.* Gramercies my deare Deuill : weele put it seriouslie in  
 1350 practise, I faith. *Exeunt.*

## S C E N A. 3.

*Criticus.*

*Crit.* Do good *Detraction*, do : and I the while  
 Shall shake thy spight off with a carelesse smile.  
 1355 Poore pitteous Gallants, what leane idle sleights  
 Their thoughts suggest to flatter their steru'd *Hopes* !  
 As if I knew not how to entertaine  
 These Straw-deuises ; but of force must yeeld  
 To the weake stroake of their calumnious tongues.  
 1360 Why should I care what euery *Dor* doth buzze  
 In credulous eares ? it is a Crowne to me,  
 That the best iudgements can report me wrong'd ;  
 Them Liars ; and their slanders impudent.  
 Perhaps (vpon the rumor of their speeches)  
 1365 Some griued friend will whisper, *Criticus*,  
 Men speake ill of thee : So they be ill men,  
 If they spake worse, twere better : For of such  
 To be disprais'd, is the most perfect praise.  
 What can his Censure hurt me, whom the world  
 1370 Hath censur'd vile before me ? If good *Chrestus*,  
*Euthus*, or *Phronimus*, had spoake the words,  
 They would haue moou'd me ; & I should haue cal'd  
 My thoughts and Actions to a strict accompt  
 Vpon the hearing : But when I remember  
 1375 Tis *Hedon* and *Anaidas* : Alasse, then,  
 I thinke but what they are, and am not stir'd :  
 The one, a light voluptuous *Reueller*,

The



- The other a strange arrogating *Puffe*,  
 Both impudent, and ignorant enough ; 1345  
 1380 That talke (as they are wont) not as I merit ;  
 Traduce by Custome, as most Dogs do barke,  
 Do nothing out of iudgment, but disease ;  
 Speake ill, because they neuer could speake well:  
 And who'd be angry with this race of Creatures ?  
 1385 What wise Phisitian haue we euer seene  
 Moou'd with a frantique man ? the same affects  
 That he doth beare to his sicke Patient,  
 Should a right minde carry to such as these:  
 And I do count it a most rare Reuenge,  
 1390 That I can thus (with such a sweet neglect)  
 Pluck from them all the pleasure of their Mallice.  
 For that's the marke of all their enginous drifts,  
 To wound my Patience (how soe're they seeme  
 To ayme at other obiects) which if mist,  
 1395 Their Enuy's like an Arrow shot vpriight,  
 That in the fall endangers their owne heads.

## S C E N A. 4.

*Arete. Criticus.*

- Aret.* What *Criticus* ? where haue you spent the day,  
 1400 You haue not visited your iealous friends ?  
*Crit.* Where I haue seene (most honor'd *Arete*,)  
 The strangest Pageant, fashion'd like a Court,  
 (At least I dreamt I saw it) so diffus'd,  
 So painted, pyed, and full of *Raine-bow* straines ;  
 1405 As neuer yet (eyther by Time, or Place)  
 Was made the foode to my distasted Sence:  
 Nor can my weake imperfect Memory  
 Now render halfe the formes vnto my tongue,  
 That were conuolu'd within this thrifty Roome.  
 1410 Here, stalkes me by, a proud, and spangled Sir,

F 2 That

- That lookes three handfulls higher then his *fore-top* ; 1377  
 Sauors himselfe alone, is only kind  
 And louing to himselfe : One that will speake  
 More darke and doubtfull then sixe *oracles* ;
- 1415 Salutes a friend, as if he had a stitch,  
 Is his owne Chronicle, and scarce can eate  
 For registring himselfe ; is waited on,  
 By *Mimiques, Iesters, Pandars, Parasites,*  
 And other such like Prodigies of men. 1385
- 1420 He past ; there comes some subtill *Proteus* : One 1406  
 Can thange, and vary with all formes he sees ;  
 Be any thing but honest ; serues the time ;  
 Houers betwixt two factions, and explores  
 The drifts of both ; which (with crosse face) he beares
- 1425 To the deuided heads, and is receiu'd  
 With mutuall grace of eyther : One that dares  
 Do deeds worthy the Hurdle, or the Wheele,  
 To be thought some body ; and is (in sooth)  
 Such as the Satyrst points truly foorth, 1415
- 1430 *Criminibus debent hortos, prætoria, mensas :* 1416  
*Aret.* You tell vs wonders *Criticus.*  
*Crit.* Tut, this is nothing.  
 There stands a *Neophyte*, glazing of his face, 1419  
 Against his Idoll enters ; and repeats, 1421
- 1435 (Like an vnperfect *Prologue*, at third Musique)  
 His part of speeches, and confederate Iests  
 In passion to himselfe ; Another sweares 1424  
 His *Scene* of Courtship ouer, and then seemes  
 As he would kisse away his hand in kindnesse ; 1427
- 1440 A third, is most in Action ; swims, and frisks, 1430  
 Playes with his mistresse paps, salutes her pomps ;  
 Will spend his Patrimonie for a Garter, 1433  
 Or the least fether in her bounteous Fanne :  
 A fourth, he onely comes in for a Mute,
- 1445 Diuides the *Act* with a dumbe shew, and *Exit*,  
 Then must the Ladies laugh : streight comes their *Scene* ;

1438

A sixth times worse Confusion then the Rest.  
 Where you shall heare one talke of this mans *Eye* ;  
 Another of his *Lip*, a third, his *Nose* ;

1450 A fourth commend his *Leg*, a fifth his *Foot*,  
 A sixth his *Hand*, and euery one a lim ;  
 That you would thinke the poore distorted Gallant  
 Must there expire : Then fall they in discourse  
 Of Tires, and Fashions ; how they must take place :

1455 Where they may kisse ; and whom : when to sit down ;  
 And with what grace to rise : if they salute,  
 What curtesie they must vse ; such *Cob-web* stuffe,  
 As would enforce the commonst sence abhorre  
 Th'*Arachnean* workers.

1460 *Aret.* Patience *Criticus.*

This knot of Spiders will be soone dissolu'd,  
 And all their webbes swept out of *Cynthias* Court,  
 When once her glorious Deity appeares,  
 And but presents it selfe in her full light :

1465 Till when, goe in : and spend your howers with vs  
 Your honor'd friends *Timæ*, and *Phronesis*,  
 In contemplation of our Goddesses name :  
 Thinke on some sweet, and choyse Inuention now,  
 (Worthy her serious, and illustrious Eyes)

1470 That from the merit of it we may take  
 Desier'd occasion to prefer your worth,  
 And make your seruice knowne to *Cynthia* :  
 It is the pride of *Arete* to grace

Her studious louers ; and (in scorne of *Time*,

1465

1475 *Envy*, and *Ignorance*) to lift their state  
 Aboue a vulgar height. *True Happinesse*  
 Consists not in the multitude of friends,  
 But in the worth, and choyse ; Nor would I haue  
*Vertue*, a popular Reguard pursew ;

1480 Let them be good that loue me, though but few.

*Crit.* I kisse thy hands, diuine *Arete*,  
 And vowe my selfe to thee, and *Cynthia*.

*Exeunt.*



## S C E N A. 5.

*Amorphus. Asotus.*

1485 *Amo.* A little more forward ; So Sir. Now goe in, dis-cloake  
 your selfe, and come forth. Taylor ; bestow thy absence vpon  
 vs ; and be not prodigall of this secret, but to a deare Customer.  
 Tis wel enter'd Sir. Stay you come on too fast ; your Pace is too  
 impetuous. Imagine this to be the *Pallace* of your *Pleasure*, or  
 1490 Place where your Lady is pleas'd to be seene : First you present  
 your selfe thus ; and spying her you fall off, and walke some  
 two turnes ; in which time it is to be suppos'd your Passion  
 hath sufficiently whited your Face ? then (stifling a sigh or two,  
 and closing your lippes) with a trembling boldnesse, and bolde  
 1495 terror ; you aduance your selfe forward. Try thus much I pray  
 you.

*Asot.* Yes Sir, (pray god I can light on it) Here I come in you  
 say : and present my selfe ?

*Amor.* Good.

1500 *Asot.* And then I spy her, and walke off ?

*Amor.* Very good.

*Asot.* Now sir I stifle, and aduance forward ?

*Amor.* Trembling.

*Asot.* Yes Sir, trembling. I shal do it better when I come to it.

1505 And what must I speake now ?

*Amor.* Mary you shall say ; *Deare Beauty, or sweete Honor*, or  
 by what other title you please to remember her) *me thinkes you*  
*are Melancholy*. This is if she be alone now and discompanied.

*Asot.* Well Sir, Ile enter againe ; her title shall be *My deare*

1510 *Lindabrides*.

*Amor.* *Lindabrides* ?

*Asot.* I Sir, the Emperour *Alicandro's* Daughter, and the  
 Prince *Meridians* sister (in the Knight of the Sunne) she should  
 haue been married to him, but that the Princesse *Claridiana*—

1515 *Amor.* O you betray your reading.

*Asot.*

*Asot.* Nay Sir, I haue read History : I am a little *Humanitian*. 1505  
 Interrupt me not, good Sir. *My deare Lindabrides, My deare Lindabrides, My deare Lindabrides, me thinkes you are Melancholy.*

1520 *Amor.* I, and take her by the Rosie-fingerd hand.

*Asot.* Must I so ? O : *My deare Lindabrides, me thinkes you are Melancholie.*

*Amor.* Or thus Sir. *All variety of diuine pleasures, choyse sports, sweete Musique, rich Fare, braue Attires, soft Beds, & silken thoughts,*  
 1525 *attend this deare Beauty.*

*Asot.* Beleeue me that's prerty : *All varietie of diuine pleasures, choyse sports, sweet Musique, rich Fare, braue Attires, soft Beds, and silken thoughts, attend this deare Beauty.*

*Amor.* And then, offring to kisse her hand, if she shall coyly  
 1530 recoyle, and signifie your repulse ; you are to re-enforce your selfe with, *More then most faire Lady ; let not the Rigor of your iust disdaine thus coursly censure of your seruants zeale : and (with-all) protest her, To be the onely, and absolute vn-paraaleld Creature, you do adore, and admire, and respect, and reuerence, in this Court, Corner*  
 1535 *of the world, or Kingdome.*

*Asot.* This is hard by my faith : Ile begin it all againe.

*Amor.* Do so, and I will Act it for your Lady.

*Asot.* Will you vouchsafe sir ? *All varietie of diuine pleasures,* 1525  
*choise Sports, sweete Musique, rich Fare, braue Attire, soft Beds, and*  
 1540 *silken thoughts, attend this deare Beauty.*

*Amor.* So Sir, pray you away.

*Asot.* *More then most faire Lady, let not the Rigor of your iust disdaine, thus coursly censure of your seruants zeale, & protest you are the only and absolute vn-aparailed* ———

1545 *Amo.* Vn-paraaleld.

*Asot.* *Vn-paraaleld Creature, I do adore, and admire, and respect, and reuerence, in this Court, Corner of the world, or kingdome.*

*Amor.* This is if shee abide you : But now ; put case shee should be *Passant* when you enter, as thus : you are to  
 1550 frame your Gate ther'after, and call vpon her : *Lady, Nymph,*  
*Sweete*

*Sweete Refuge, Starre of our Court* : Then if shee be Guardant, 1537  
 here : you are to come on, and (laterally disposing your selfe,) sweare by her *blushing and well coulored cheeke : the bright dye of her hayre, her Iuorie teeth*, or some such white and Innocent  
 1555 oath, to induce you. If Reguardant ; then, maintein your station, Briske, and Irpe, shew the supple motion of your plyant body : but (in chiefe) of your knee, and hand, which cannot but arride her proude Humor exceedingly.

*Asot.* I conceiue you sir, I shall performe all these things  
 1560 in good time, I doubt not, they do so hit me.

*Amo.* Well Sir, I am your Lady ; make vse of any of these beginnings, or some other out of your owne inuention : and prooue how you can holde vp, and follow it. Say, Say.

*Asot.* Yes Sir : my deare *Lindabrides*.

1565 *Amo.* No, you affect that *Lindabrides* too much : And (let me tell you) it is not so Courtly. Your *Pedant* should prouide you some parcels of French, or some pretty Commodity of Italian to commence with, if you would be exotick, and exquisite.

1570 *Asot.* Yes Sir, he was at my lodging t'other morning, I gaue him a Doublet.

*Amo.* Double your beneuolence, and giue him the Hose too ; cloathe you his body, hee will helpe to apparaile your minde. But now, see what your proper *Genius* can performe  
 1575 alone, without adiection of any other *Minerua*.

*Asot.* I comprehend you sir.

1561

*Amo.* I do stand you Sir : fall backe to your first place. Good ; passing well : Very properly pursewd.

*Asot.* Beautifull, ambiguous, and sufficient Lady. What are  
 1580 you all alone.

*Amo.* We would be Sir, if you would leaue vs.

*Asot.* I am at your beauties appointment : *bright Angell* ; but ———

*Amo.* What but ?

1585 *Asot.* No harme, *more then most faire feature*.

*Amo.* That touch relished well.

*Asot.*



*Asot.* But I protest.

1571

*Amo.* And why should you protest?

*Asot.* For good will (*deare esteem'd Madam*) and I hope your  
1590 Ladiship will so conceiue of it : *If euer you haue seene great* 1574  
TAMBERLAINE.

*Amor.* O that *Blanke* was excellent : if you could pick out 1577  
more of these *Play-particles*, and (as occasion shall salute you)  
embroyder or damaske your discourse with them (perswade  
1595 your soule) it would iudiciouslye commend you : Come, this  
was a well-discharg'd and auspicious Bout : prooue the se-  
cond.

*Asot.* Lady, I cannot swagger it in *Black* and *Yellow*.

*Amo.* Why if you can Reuell it in *White* Sir, 'tis suffi-  
1600 ent.

*Asot.* Say you so *Sweete Lady*? *Lan, tede de, de, dant, dant, dant,*  
*dante, &c.* No (in good faith) *Madame*, whoseuer tould your  
Ladyship so, abus'd you ; but I would be glad to meete your  
Ladiship in a measure.

1605 *Amor.* Me Sir? beelike you measure me by your selfe  
then?

*Asot.* Would I might *Fayre Feature*.

*Amor.* And what were you the better, if you might?

*Asot.* The better it please you to aske, *Fayre Lady*. 1590

1610 *Amo.* Why this was rauishing, and most acutely conti-  
new'd ; Well, spend not your humor too much, you haue now  
competently exercised your Concept : This (once or twise a  
day (wil render you an accomlisht, elaborate, and well leueled  
Gentleman ; conuay in your *Courting-stock*, wee will (in the  
1615 heate of this) goe visite the Nymphs *Chamber*.

*Finis Actus tertij.*

G

ACTVS

## ACTVS QVARTVS.

## S C E N A. I.

*Phantaste. Philautia. Argurion. Moria. Cupid.*

1620 *Phan.* I would this water would arriue once our trauayling  
friend so commended to vs.

*Arg.* So would I, for he has left all vs in trauaile, with expectation of it.

*Pha.* Pray *Ioue*, I neuer rise from this Couch, if euer I thir-  
1625 sted more for a thing, in my whole time of being a Courtier.

*Phi.* Nor I, Ile be sworne; the very mention of it sets my  
lippes in a worse heate, then if he had sprinkled them with  
*Mercury*. Reach me the glasse Sirah.

*Cup.* Heere Lady.

1630 *Mor.* They do not peelee sweete charge? do they?

*Phi.* Yes a little *Guardian*.

1610

*Mor.* O 'tis a imminent good signe. Euer when my lippes  
do so, I am sure to haue some delicious good drinke or other  
approaching.

1635 *Arg.* Mary & this may be good for vs Ladies: for (it seemes)  
tis far-fet by their stay.

*Moria.* My pallat for yours (*deare Honor*) it shall prooue  
most elegant I warrant you: O, I do fancie this geare thats  
long a comming, with an vnmeasurable strayne.

1640 *Pha.* Pray thee sit downe *Philautia*, that Rebatu beecom  
thee singularly.

*Phi.* Ist not queynt?

*Pha.* Yes faith: me thinkes thy seruant *Hedon* is nothing so  
obsequious to thee, as he was wont to be; I know not how,  
1645 Hee's growne out of his Garbe a-late, hee's warp't.

*Mor.*

*Mor.* In truennesse, and so me thinkes too, he's much conuerted.

*Phi.* Tut; let him bee what he will, 'tis an *Animall* I 1625  
dreame not of. This tire (me thinkes) makes me looke very In-  
1650 genuously, quick, and spirited: I should be some *Laura*, or some  
*Delia* me thinkes.

*Mor.* As I am wise (faire honors) that title she gaue him, to  
be her *Ambition*, spoild him: Before, he was the most propi-  
tious, and obseruant young Nouice. —

1655 *Pha.* No, no; you are the whole heauen awry *Guardian*, tis  
the swaggering tilt-horse *Anaides* drawes with him there, has  
beene the diuerter of him.

*Phi.* For *Cupids* sake speake no more of him; would I might  
neuer dare to looke in a Mirror againe, if I respect ere a *Mar-*  
1660 *maset* of them all, otherwise, then I would a Fether, or my *Shit-*  
*tle-cock*, to make sport with, now and then.

*Pha.* Come sit downe; troath (and you be good *Beauties*) lets  
run ouer 'hem all now: Which is the properst man amongst  
them? I say the Trauailer, *Amorphus*.

1665 *Phi.* O fie on him: he lookes like a Dutch Trumpetter i' the  
battell of *Lepanto*, in the gallery yonder; and speakes to the tune  
of a country Lady, that comes euer i' the rere ward, or traine of  
a Fashion.

*Mor.* I should haue iudgement, in a feature sweet Beauties.

1670 *Pha.* A body would thinke so, at these yeares.

1645

*Mor.* And I prefer another now, farre before him, A million  
at least.

*Pha.* Who might that be *Guardian*?

*Mor.* Mary (faire Charge) *Anaides*.

1675 *Pha.* *Anaides*? you talk't of a tune *Philautia*, theres one  
speakes in a Key: like the opening of some *Iustices* gate, or a  
*Post-Boyes* horne, as if his voyce fear'd an Arrest for some ill  
words it should giue, and were loath to come forth.

*Phi.* I, and he has a very imperfect face.

1680 *Pha.* Like a squeez'd *Oreng*e, sower, sower.

*Phi.* His Hand's too great to; by at least a strawes breadth.



*Pha.* Nay he has a woorse fault then that too.

1657

*Phi.* A long heele ?

*Pha.* That were a fault in a Lady rather then him : No, they  
1685 say he puts of the Calues of his legges with his Stockings eue-  
ry night.

*Phi.* Out vpon him : turne to another of the Pictures for  
Gods sake. What saies *Argurion* ? whom do's she commend a-  
fore the rest ?

1690 *Cupid.* I hope I haue instructed her sufficiently for an an-  
swere.

*Mor.* Troth I made the motion to her Lady-ship for one to  
day i' the Presence, but it appear'd shee was other wayes fur-  
nished before ; She would none.

1695 *Pha.* Who was that *Argurion* ?

*Mor.* Mary the little, poore, plaine Gentlemā i' the black there.

*Pha.* Who ? *Criticus* ?

*Arg.* I, I, he ; A fellow that no body so much as lookt vpon,  
or regarded, and she would haue had me done him particuler  
1700 grace.

*Pha.* That was a true trick of your selfe *Moria*, to perswade  
*Argurion* affect the scholler.

*Arg.* Tut ; but she shalbe no chooser for me. In good faith I  
like the Citizens sonne there *Asotus*, mee thinkes, none of  
1705 them all come neare him.

*Pha.* Not *Hedon* ?

1677

*Arg.* *Hedon*, in troth no. *Hedon's* a pretty slight Courtier,  
and he weares his clothes well, and sometimes in fashion ; mar-  
ry his face is but indifferent, and he has no such excellent bo-  
1710 dy. No ; th'other is a most delicate youth, a sweete face, a streight  
body, a well proportion'd legge, and foote, a white hand, a ten-  
der voyce.

*Phi.* How now *Argurion* ?

*Pha.* O you should haue let her alone, she was bestowing a  
1715 Coppy of him vpon vs.

1685

*Phi.* Why she doates more palpably vpon him, then ere his  
Father did vpon her.

*Pha.*

*Pha.* Beleeue me, the young gentleman deserues it; if she 1691  
could doate more t' were not amisse: He is an exceeding pro-  
1720 per youth, and would haue made a most neate *Barber-surge-*  
*on*, if he had beene put to it in time.

*Phi.* Say you so? me thinkes, he lookes like a Taylor already.

*Pha.* I, that had said on one of his Customers suites.

*Arg.* Wel Ladyes, Iest on: the best of you both would be glad  
1725 of such a seruant.

*Mor.* I, Ile be sworne would they: Go to *Beauties*, make much 1700  
of *Time*, and *Place*, and *Occasion*, and *Opportunity*, and *Fauorites*, 1704  
and things that belong to them; for Ile ensure you, they will all  
relinquish; they cannot endure aboue another yeere; I know it  
1730 out of future experience, and therefore take exhibition, and  
warning: I was once a Reueller my selfe, and though I speake  
it (as mine owne Trumpet) I was then esteemd ———

*Phi.* The very Marchpane of the *Court* I warrant?

*Pha.* And all the Gallants came about you like flies, did they  
1735 not?

*Mor.* Go to; they did somewhat, that's no matter now. Here 1711  
comes *Hedon*.

## S C E N A. 2.

*Hedon. Anaides. Mercury. Phantaste. Philautia.*

1740 *Moria. Argurion. Cupid.*

*Hed.* Saue you sweete and cleare beauties: By the spirit that 1780  
mooues in me, you are almost pleasingly bestow'd Ladies.  
Only, I can take it for no good *Omen*, to finde mine *Honor* so  
deiected.

1745 *Phi.* You need not feare Sir, I did of purpose humble my  
selfe against your comming, to decline the pride of my *Ambi-*  
*tion*.

*Hed.* Fayre *Honor*, *Ambition* dares not stoope; but if it be  
your sweet pleasure, I shall loose that Title; I will (as I am

1750 *Hed.* ) apply my selfe to your bounties.

*Phi.* That were the next way to distill my selfe of *Honor* : 1788  
O no; rather be still *Ambitious* I pray you.

*Hed.* I will be any thing that you please, whilst it pleaseth  
you to be your selfe Lady. Sweete *Phantaste*, Deare *Moria*,  
1755 most beautifull *Argurion*. —

*Anai.* Farewell *Hedon*.

*Hed.* *Anaides*, Stay : wether go you ?

*Anai.* 'Slight, what should I do here ? and you engrose 'hem  
all for your owne vse, 'tis time for me to seeke out.

1760 *Hed.* I engrose 'hem ? Away mischief, this is one of your  
extrauagant Iests now, because I began to salute 'hem by their  
names —

*Anai.* Faith you might haue spar'de vs Madame *Prudence*  
the *Guardian* there, though you had more couetously aynd  
1765 at the rest.

*Hed.* 'Shart, take 'hem all man ; what speake you to me of  
ayming or Couetous ?

*Anai.* I, say you so ? nay then, haue at 'hem : Ladies, heer's  
one hath distinguish'd you by your names already ; It shall  
1770 onely become me, to aske ; *How you doe* ?

*Hed.* Gods so, was this the disseigne you trauel'd with ?

*Pha.* Who answers the *Brazen head* ? it spoke to some body ?

*Anai.* Lady *Wisedome*, do you Interpret for these puppets ?

*Mor.* In truth, and sadnesse (*Honors*) you are in great offence 1809  
1775 for this ; goe too, the Gentleman (Ile vndertake with him) is a  
man of faire liuing, and able to maintaine a Lady in her two  
*Coaches* a day, besides *Pages*, *Munkeys*, and *Parachitos*, with  
sutch attendants as she shall thinke meete for her turne ; and  
therefore there is more respect requirable, how soeuer you  
1780 seeme to conniue : Hearke you Sir, let me discourse a sillable  
with you. I am to say to you, these Ladyes are not of that close,  
and open behauour, as happily you may suspend ; their Cari-  
adge is well knowne to be such as it should be, both *gentle* and  
*extraordinary*.

1785 *Mer.* O here comes the other Payre.



## SCENA. 3.

*Amorphus. Asotus. Hedon. Anaides. Mercurie. Cupid.  
Phantaste. Philautia. Argurion. Moria.*

*Amor.* That was your Fathers Loue, the *Nymph Argurion.* 1824  
1790 I would haue you direct all your Courtship thither, if you  
could but endeare your selfe to her affection, you were eternal-  
ly engallanted.

*Asot.* In truth Sir ? pray *Phæbus* I prooue fauorsome in her  
fayre eyes.

1795 *Amor.* All diuine mixture, and encrease of beauty, to this  
bright *Beuy* of *Ladyes* ; and to the male-*Courtiers* Complement,  
and *Courtesie*.

*Hed.* In the behalfe of the Males, I gratefie you *Amorphus*.

*Phan.* And I of the Females.

1800 *Amor.* Succinctly spoken : I doe vale to both your thanks,  
and kisse them ; but primarily to yours, *Most ingenious, acute,*  
and polite Lady.

*Phi.* Gods my life, how he do's all to be qualifie her ! *Inge-  
nious, Acute,* and *Polite* ? as if there were not others in place, as  
1805 *Ingenious, Acute,* and *Polite,* as she.

*Hed.* Yes, but you must know Lady, he cannot speake out  
of a *Dictionary* method.

*Phan.* Sit downe sweete *Amorphus*. When will this water 1840  
come thinke you ?

1810 *Amor.* It cannot now be long fayre Lady.

*Cup.* Now obserue *Mercury*.

*Asot.* How most Ambiguous beauty ? Loue you ? that I will  
by this Hand-kercher.

*Mer.* 'Slid he drawes his oathes out of his pocket.

1815 *Arg.* But will you be constant ?

*Asotus.* Constant Madame ? I will not say for Constant-  
nesse, but by this Purse (which I would bee loath to  
sweare by, vnlesse 'twere embroyder'd)

*I pro-*

*I protest (more then most fayre Lady) you are the onely , absolute  
1820 and vn-paraleld Creature, I do adore, and admire, and respect, and  
reuerence in this Court, Corner of the world, or Kingdome, Me thinkes  
you are Melancholy.*

*Arg.* Do's your heart speake all this ?

*Asot.* Say you ?

1855

1825 *Mer.* O he is groaping for another oath.

*Asot.* Now by *this Watch* (I marle how forward the day  
is) I do vnfaignedly vowe my selfe ('Slight 'tis deeper then I  
tooke it, past fiae) your's entirely addicted, Madame.

*Arg.* I require no more dearest *Asotus*, hence-forth let me  
1830 call you mine ; and in remembrance of me, vouchsafe to weare  
this Chaîne, and this Diamond.

*Asot.* O god sweete Lady.

*Cup.* There are new oathes for him : what ? dooth *Hermes*  
taste no Alteration in all this ?

1835 *Mer.* Yes, thou hast strooke *Argurion* enamour'd on *Aso-*  
*tus* methinkes ?

*Cup.* Alasse no ; I am no body, I : I can do nothing in this  
disguise.

*Mercu.* But thou hast not wounded any of the rest, *Cu.*  
1840 *pid* ?

*Cup.* Not yet : it is enough that I haue begunne so prospe-  
rously.

*Arg.* Tut, these are nothing to the Gems I will howlerly 1871  
bestow vpou thee : be but faithfull and kinde to me, and I will  
1845 lade thee with my richest bounties : beholde here my Brace-  
lets from mine Armes.

*Asot.* Not so good Lady, *By this Diamond.*

*Arg.* Take 'hem ; weare 'hem : my Iewels, Chaîne of Pearle,  
Pendants, all I haue.

1850 *Asot.* Nay then, by *this Pearle* You make me a Wanton.

*Cup.* Shall not she answere for this, to mainteine him thus  
in swearing ?

*Mer.* O, no, there is away to weane him from this : the  
Gentleman may be reclaim'd.

*Cup.*

1855 *Cup.* I, if you had the ayiring of his apparell *Cosse*, I thinke. 1882

*Asot.* Louing ? 'twere pittie I should be liuing else, beleeeue me. Saue you Sir. Saue you sweete Lady, Saue you *Mounsieur Anaides*; Saue you deare Madame.

*Ana.* Doo'st thou knowe him that saluted thee, *He-*  
1860 *don* ?

*Hedon.* No, some idle *Fungoso* I warrant you.

*Ana.* 'Sbloud, I neuer saw him till this morning, and he salutes me as familiarly, as if we had knowne together, since the first yeare of the siege of *Troy*.

1865 *Amor.* A most right-handed, and auspicious encounter. Confine your selfe to your fortunes.

*Phi.* For gods sake lets haue some *Riddles* or Purposes; hough.

*Pha.* No faith, your *Prophecies* are best, the 'tother are  
1870 stale.

*Phi.* *Prophecies* ? wee cannot all sit in at them; we shall make a confusion : no ; what calde you that we had in the forenoone ?

*Pha.* *Substantiues*, and *Adiectiues*. Ist not *Hedon* ?

1875 *Phi.* I that, who begins ?

*Pha.* I haue thought ; speake your *Adiectiues* Sirs ? 1900

*Phi.* But doe not you change then.

*Pha.* Not I, Who sayes ?

*Mor.* *Odoriferous*.

1880 *Phi.* *Popular*.

*Arg.* *Humble*.

*Anai.* *White-liuer'd*.

*Hedon.* *Barbarous*.

*Amor.* *Pythagoricall*.

1885 *Hedon.* Yours *Signior*.

*Asot.* What must I doe Sir ?

*Amor.* Giue foorth your *Adiectiue* with the rest ; as *Prosperous*, *Good*, *Faire*, *Sweete*, *Well*.

*Hed.* Any thing that hath not bin spoken.

H

*Asot.*



1890 *Asot.* Yes Sir : *Well-spoken* shall be mine.

*Pha.* What ? ha you all doone.

1915

*Omnes.* I.

*Pha.* Then the Substantiue is *Breeches*. Why *Odoriferous* *Breeches Guardian* ?

1895 *Mor.* *Odoriferous*, because *Odoriferous* : that which contains most variety of sauor, and smell, we say is most *Odoriferous* : now *Breeches* I presume are incident to that variety, and therefore, *Odoriferous Breeches*.

*Pha.* Well, we must take it howsoeuer, who's next. *Phi-*  
1900 *lautia.*

*Phi.* *Popular.*

*Pha.* Why *Popular Breeches* ?

*Phi.* Mary that is, when they are not content to be generally noted in Court ; but will presse footh on common *Sta-*  
1905 *ges*, and *Brokers stalls*, to the publique view of the world.

*Pha.* Good : why *Humble Breeches* ? *Argurion.*

*Arg.* *Humble*, because they vse to be sat vpon ; besides 1930  
if you tye 'hem not vp, their propertie is to fall downe about  
your heeles.

1910 *Mer.* Shee has worne the *Breeches* it seemes which haue  
done so.

*Phan.* But why *White-linerd* ?

*Anai.* Why ? 'Sharte are not their linings white ? besides,  
when they come in swaggering company, and will pocket vp  
1915 any thing ; may they not properly bee said to bee *White-*  
*linerd* ?

*Phan.* O yes, wee cannot deny it. And why *Barbarous*,  
*Hedon* ?

*Hedon.* *Barbarous*, because commonly when you haue worne  
1920 your *Breeches* sufficiently, you giue them to your *Barbar.*

*Amor.* That's good : but now *Pythagoricall* ?

*Pha.* I, *Amorphus*. Why *Pythagoricall Breeches* ?

*Amor.* O most kindly of all, 'tis a conceit of that Fortune ;  
I am bound to hug my braine for.

1925 *Phan.* How ist, *Exquisite Amorphus* ?

*Amor.*

*Amor.* O I am rapt with it, 'tis so fit, so proper, so happy. 1946

*Phi.* Nay doe not rack vs thus?

*Amor.* I neuer truly relisht my selfe before. Giue me your eares. Breeches *Pythagoricall*, by reason of their transmigration 1930 into seuerall shapes.

*Moria.* Most rare in sweete troth. Mary this young Gentleman, for his *Well-spoken*——

*Phan.* I, why *Well-spoken* Breeches?

*Asot.* *Well-spoken* : mary *well-spoken* ; because whatso- 1935 euer they speake is well taken, and whatsoeuer is well taken, is *well-spoken*.

*Moria.* Excellent : beleeeue me.

*Asot.* Not so Ladyes neither.

*Hedon.* But why Breeches now?

1940 *Phan.* Breeches *quasi Beare-riches* ; when a gallant beares all his Ritches in his Breeches. 1959

*Phi.* In good faith these vnhappy Pages, would be whipt 1999 for staying thus.

*Moria.* Beshrew my hand, and my hart else.

1945 *Amor.* I do wonder at their protraction.

*Anai.* Pray God my whore haue not discouer'd her selfe to the raskally Boyes, and that be the cause of their stay.

*Asot.* I must sute my selfe with another Page ; this idle *Pro-saites* will neuer be brought to waite well.

1950 *Mor.* Sir I haue a kinseman I could willingly wish to your seruice , if you would deigne to accept of him.

*Asot.* And I shalbe glad (most sweet Lady) to imbrace him ; where is he?

*Mor.* I can fetch him Sir, but I would be loath to make you 1955 twine away your other Page.

*Asot.* You shall not most sufficient Lady, I will keepe both : pray you lets go see him.

*Exeunt.*

*Arg.* Whether goes my Loue? (Lady.

*Asot.* Ile returne presently ; I go but to see a Page with this

1960 *Anaid.* As sure as Fate 'tis so ; shee ha's opened all : A poxe of all *Cocatrices*. Damne mee if shee haue playde

loose with me, Ile cut her throate within a hayres bredth, so it  
may be heald againe.

*Exit.*

*Mercu.* What is he Iealous of his *Hermaphrodite*?

2020

1965 *Cup.* O I, this will be excellent sporte.

*Phi.* *Phantaste*, *Argurion*, what? you are sodainly stroake  
me thinkes; for Gods will lets ha' some Musique till they  
come. *Ambition* reach the *Lyra* I pray you.

*Hedon.* Any thing to which my *Honor* shall direct me.

1970 *Phi.* Come *Amorphus*; cheare vp *Phantaste*.

*Amor.* It shall be my pride faire Lady to attempt all that is  
in my power. But heere is an Instrument that (alone) is able to  
infuse soule in the most melancholique, and dull disposde  
Creature vpon earth; O! let me kisse thy faire knees: Beauteous  
1975 eares attend it.

*Hedon.* Will you haue the Kisse *Honor*.

*Phi.* I good *Ambition*.

## Ode.

2033

1980      **O** *That Ioy so soone should wast!*  
                 *or so sweet a blisse*  
                 *as a Kisse,*  
                 *Might not for euer last!*  
                 *So sugred, so melting, so soft, so delicious,*  
                 *The dew that lyes on Roses,*  
1985      *When the Morne her selfe discloses,*  
                 *is not so pretious:*  
                 *O, rather then I would it smother,*  
                 *Were I to taste such another;*  
                 *It should be my wishing*  
1990      *That I might dye kissing.*

*Hedon.*



*Hedon.* I made this *Ditty* and the *Note* to it vpon a kisse that 2046  
my *Honor* gaue me ; how like you it Sir.

*Amor.* A pretty *Ayre* ; in generall I like it well. But in particuler, your long *die-Note* did arride me most, but it was som-  
1995 what too long : I can shew one, almost of the same nature, but much before it, and not so long ; in a Composition of mine owne : I thinke I haue both the *Note*, and *Ditty* about me.

*Hed.* Pray you Sir see.

*Amor.* Yes there is the *Note* ; and all the parts if I mis-thinke  
2000 not. I will reade the *Ditty* to your Beauties here, but first I am to make you familiar with the occasion, which presents it selfe thus. Vpon a time, going to take my leaue of the *Emperour*, and kisse his great handes ; there being then present, the Kings of *Fraunce*, and *Arragon*, the Dukes of *Sauoy*, *Florence*,  
2005 *Orleance*, *Bourbon*, *Brunswick*, the *Lantgraue*, *Count Palatine*, all which had seuerally feasted me ; besides infinite more of inferiour persons, as Earles, and others : it was my chance (the *Emperour* detain'd by some other affayre) to waite him the fifth part of an houre, or much nere it. In which time (retiring my  
2010 selfe into a Bay-window) I encountred the Lady *Annabel* neice to the *Empresse*, and sister to the king of *Arragon* ; who (hauing neuer before eyde me , but onely heard the common report of my Vertue, Learning and Trauaile) fell into that extremity of passion, for my loue, that she there immediatly sounded : *Phisicians*  
2015 *were sent for* ; she had to her chamber ; so to her bed ; where (languishing some few daies) after many times calling vpon me, with my name in her mouth, she expirde. As that (I must needes say) is the onely fault of my Fortune, that as it hath euer bin my hap to be sew'd to by all Ladies , and *Beauties* where  
2020 I haue come ; so, I neuer yet soiourn'd, or rested in that place, or part of the world, where some great and admirable faire Creature died not for my loue.

*Mer.* O the sweete power of trauaile, are you guilty of this *Cupid* ?

2025 *Cup.* No *Mercury* ; and that his page (*Cos*) knowes, and he were here present to be sworne.

*Phi.* But how doth this draw on the *Ditty* Sir.

2078

*Mor.* O she is to quick with him; he hath not deuised that yet.

2030 *Amor.* Marry some houre beefore shee departed, she be-  
queath'd to me this *Gloue*; which the *Emperour* himselfe tooke  
care to send after me, in sixe Coaches, couer'd all with black-  
veluet, attended by the state of his *Empire*; all which he freely  
gaue me, and I reciprocally (out of the same bounty) gaue it to  
2035 the Lords that brought it: onely reseruing, and respecting, the  
gift of the deceased Lady, vpon which I compos'd this *Ode*,  
and set it to my most affected Instrument the *Lyra*.

## Ode.

2040        **T** *Hou more then most sweete Gloue,*  
             *Vnto my more sweete Loue;*  
             *Suffer me to store, with kisses*  
             *This empty lodging, that now misses*  
             *The pure Rosie hand that ware thee,*  
             *Whiter then the Kid that bare thee:*  
2045        *Thou art soft, but that was softer;*  
             *Cupids selfe hath kist it after,*  
             *Then ere he did his mothers Doues,*  
             *Supposing her the Queene of Loues*  
             *That was thy Mistris*  
2050                        *Best of Gloues.*

*Mer.* Blasphemy, Blasphemy *Cupid*.

2100

*Cup.* I, Ile reuenge it time inough; *Hermes*.

*Phi.* Good *Amorphus*, let's here it sung.

*Amor.*

*Amor.* I care not to do that, since it pleaseth *Philautia* to re- 2103  
2055 quest it.

*Hed.* Heere Sir.

*Amor.* Nay play it I pray you, you do well, you do well : how  
like you it Sir ? *He sings.*

*Hed.* Very well in troath.

2060 *Amor.* But very well ? O you are a meere *Mammothrept* in  
iudgement then : why do you not obserue how excellently  
the *Ditty* is affected in euery place ? that I do not marry a word  
of short quantity, to a long *Note*, nor an zscending Sillable  
to a discending Tone. Besides vpon the worde *Best* there,  
2065 you see how I do enter with an odde *Minnum*, and driue it  
thorough the *Briefe*, which no intelligent *Musitian* (I know)  
but will affirme to bee very rare, extraordinary, and plea-  
sing.

*Mer.* And yet not fit to lament the death of a Lady for all  
2070 this.

*Cup.* Tut heere be they will swallow any thing.

*Phantast.* Pray you let mee haue a copy of it *Amor-*  
*phus.*

*Phi.* And me too, in troath I like it exceedingly.

2075 *Amor.* I haue denyed it to Princes, neuerthelesse to 2120  
you (*the true Female Twinnes of Perfection*) I am wonne  
to depart withall.

*Hed.* I hope I shall haue my *Honors* copy.

*Pha.* You are *Ambitious* in that *Hedon.* Enter *Anaides.*

2080 *Amor.* How now *Anaides* ? what is it hath coniu'r'd vp this  
distemperature in the circle of your face ?

*Anai.* 'Sblod what haue you to do ? A pox of God o' your  
filthy trauailing Beard ; hold your tongue.

*Hed.* Nay, dost heare mischief ?

2085 *Anai.* Away *Musk-cat.*

*Amor.* I say to thee : Thou art rude, impudent, course, im-  
polisht ; a Frapler, and base.

*Hed.*



*Hed.* Heart of my father, what a strange alteration has halfe 2132  
a yeeres haunting of Ordinaries wrought in this fellow? that  
2090 came with a *Tuff-Taffata* Ierkin to Towne but th' other  
day, and now hee is turn'd *Hercules*, hee wants but a  
Club.

*Anai.* Sir, I will garter my hose with your guttes; and that  
shall be all. *Exit.*

2095 *Mercur.* 'Slid what rare fire workes bee heere? flash,  
flash.

*Pha.* What's the matter *Hedon*? can you tell?

*Hed.* Nothing but that he lacks mony, & thinkes wee le lend  
him some to be friends. *Enter Asot. Mor. Morus.*

2100 *Asot.* Come sweete Lady, in good truth ile haue it, you shall  
not deny me; *Morus* perswade your Aunt I may haue her pic-  
ture, by any meanes.

*Morus.* Yes Sir: good Aunt now, let him haue it; he will vse  
me the better, if you loue me, do good Aunt.

2105 *Moria.* Well, tell him he shall haue it.

*Morus.* Maister, you shall haue it, she saies;

*Asot.* Shall I? thanke her good Page.

*Cup.* What has he entertaind the *Foole*?

*Mer.* I, heele waite close you shall see, though the *Begger*  
2110 hang off.

*Morus.* Aunt my maister thanks you.

*Moria.* Call him hether.

*Morus.* Yes: maister.

2155

*Moria.* Yes in very truth, and gaue me this Pursse, and he  
2115 ha's promis'd me a most fine Dog; which he will haue drawne  
with my Picture, and desires most vehemently to be knowne  
to your Ladyshipps.

*Pha.* Call him hether, 'tis good groping such a Gull.

*Moria.* Maister *Asotus*. Maister *Asotus*.

2120 *Asot.* For Gods sake, let me go: you see, I am call'd to the  
Ladies.

*Argu.* Wilt thou forsake me then?

*Asotus.* Gods so, what would you haue mee doe?

*Moria.*

*Moria.* Come hither maister *Asotus* ; I do ensure your La- 2164  
 2125 dyships, he is a Gentleman of a very worthy desart ; and of a  
 most bountifull nature. You must shew and insinuate your  
 selfe responsible, and equiualent now to my commendment.  
 Good *Honors* grace him.

*Asot.* I protest (more then most faire Ladyes) I doe wish all  
 2130 variety of diuine pleasure, choyse sport, sweete Musique, ritche Fare,  
 braue Attyres, soft Beds, and silken Thoughts, attend these fayre  
 Beauties. Will it please your Ladyship to weare this Chaine of  
 Pearle, and this Diamond for my sake.

*Arg.* O.

2135 *Asot.* And you Madam this Iewell, and Pendants.

*Arg.* O.

*Phan.* We know not how to deserue these bounties out of  
 so slight meritt, *Asotus*.

*Phi.* No in faith, but the'rs my Gloue for a fauor.

2140 *Phan.* And soone after the Reuels I will bestowe a Garter  
 on you.

*Asot.* O Lord Ladyes, it is more grace then euer I could haue  
 hop'd, but that it pleaseth your Ladyships to extend ; I protest  
 it is enough that you but take knowledge of my ——— if your  
 2145 Ladships want embroydered Gownes, Tyres of any Fashion,  
 Rebatus, Iewels, or Carkanets, any thing what soeuer ; if you  
 vouchsafe to accept.

*Cup.* And for it they will helpe you to Shoo-tyes, and de-  
 uises.

2150 *Asot.* I cannot vtter my selfe (*Deare Beauties*) but ; you can 2185  
 conceiue———

*Arg.* O.

*Phan.* Sir we will acknowledge your seruice doubt not ;  
 henceforth you shall be no more *Asotus* to vs, but our *Golde-*  
 2155 *Finch*, and we your *Cages*.

*Hedon.* O God Madams, how shall I deserue this ? if I were  
 but made acquainted with *Hedon* now ; Ile trye : pray you a-  
 way.

*Mer.* How he prayes *Money* to go away from him.

I .

*Asot.*

2160 *Asot.* *Amorphus*, a word with you : heeres a *Watch* I would 2194  
bestowe vpon you, pray you make mee knowne to that Gal-  
lant.

*Amor.* That I will Sir. *Mounsieur Hedon* I must intreate  
you to exchange knowledge with this Gentleman.

2165 *Hed.* 'Tis a thing (next to the water we expect) I thirste  
after Sir. Good *Mounsieur Asotus*.

*Asot.* Good *Mounsieur Hedon*, I would be glad to bee  
lou'd of men of your Ranke, and spirit, I protest. Please you  
to accept this payre of Bracelets Sir, they are not worth the  
2170 bestowing.

*Mer.* O *Hercules* ; how the Gentleman purchases ? this must  
needes bring *Argurion* to a consumption.

*Hed.* Sir, I shall neuer stand in the merit of such Bounty.  
I feare.

2175 *Asot.* O Lord Sir ; your acquaintance shall be sufficient.  
And if at any time you neede my Bill or my Bond.

*Arg.* O, O.

*Argurion swones.*

*Amor.* Helpe the Lady there.

*Moria.* Gods deare, *Argurion*. Madam, how do you ?

2180 *Arg.* Sicke.

*Phan.* Haue her foorth and giue her ayre.

*Asot.* I come againe streight Ladyes.

*Mer.* Well, I doubt all the Phisique he ha's, will scarce re-  
couer her ; shee's too farre spent.

2185 *Exeunt Asotus, Morus, Argurion.*

#### SCENA. 4.

*Anaides. Gelaia. Cos. Prosaites. Philautia. Phantaste.*

*Moria. Amorphus. Hedon.*

*Phi.* O heer's the *Water* come : fetche Glasses Page.

2190 *Gelaia.* Heart of my body, heeres a coyle indeed with your  
Iealous humors. Nothing but *Whore*, and *Bitch*, and all the  
villan-



villanous swaggering names you can thinke on? 'Slid take your Bottle, and put it in your guties for me, Ile see you poxt ere I follow you any longer?

2195 *Anai.* Nay good *Punke*, sweete Rascall; damne me if I am 2225  
Iealous now.

*Gelaia.* That's true indeed, pray lets goe.

*Moria.* What's the matter there?

*Gelaia.* Slight he has me vpon Interrogatories, (nay my Mo-  
2200 ther shall know how you vse me) *where I haue beene?* and *why I should stay so long?* and *how ist possible?* and with-all calles me at his pleasure; I knowe not how many *Cocatrices*, and things.

*Moria.* In truth and sadnesse, these are no good Epithites  
2205 *Anaides*: to bestow vpon any Gentlewoman; and (Ile ensure you) if I had knowne you would haue dealt thus with my Daughter, she should neuer haue fancied you so deeply, as she has doone. Goe too.

*Anai.* Why doe you heare Mother *Moria.* Heart.

2210 *Moria.* Nay I pray you Sir doe not sweare.

*Anai.* Sweare? why? Sblood I haue sworne afore now I 2239  
hope. Both you and your daughter mistake me; I haue not honor'd *Arete* that is helde the worthyest Lady in the Court (next to *Cynthia*) with halfe that obseruance and respect, as  
2215 I haue doone her in priuate, howsoever outwardly I haue carried my selfe carelesse and negligent. Come you are a foolish *Punke*, and know not when you are well employde. Kisse me. Come on. Do it I say.

*Moria.* Nay, indeed I must confesse she is apt too mispri-  
2220 sion. But I must haue you leaue it Minion. Enter *A-*

*Amor.* How now *Asotus*? how do's the Lady? *sotus.*

*Asot.* Fayth ill. I haue left my Page with her at her lodging.

*Hed.* O heer's the rarest *Water* that euer was tasted; fill  
2225 him some.

*Prosai.* What? has my Maister a new Page?

*Mer.* Yes a kinsman of the Lady *Morias* : you must waite 2252  
better now, or you are casheer'd *Prosaites*.

*Anai.* Come Gallants ; you must pardon my foolish humor,  
2230 when I am angry, that any thing crosses me, I grow impatient  
streight. Here I drinke to you.

*Phi* O that we had fve or sixe Bottles more of this liquor.

*Pha.* Now I commend your iudgement *Amorphus* : who's  
that knockes ? looke Page.

2235 *Moria.* O most delicious, a little of this would make *Arguri-*  
*on* well.

*Pha.* O no giue her no colde drinke by any meanes.

*Anai.* Sblood, this water is the spirit of Wine, Ile be hangd  
else.

2240 *Cup.* Heeres the Lady *Arete* Madam.

### S C E N A. 5.

*Arete. Phantaste. Philautia. Moria. Anaides. Gelaia. Cos.*  
*Prosaites. Amorphus. Asotus. Hedon. Mercury. Cupid.*

*Arete.* What at your *Beuer* Gallants ?

2245 *Moria.* Wilt please your Lady- shipp drinke, tis of the new  
fountaine water.

*Arete.* Not I, *Moria* ; I thanke you : Gallants you must pro- 2272  
uide for some solemne Reuels to night, *Cynthia* is minded to  
come foorth, and grace your sports with her presence ; therefore  
2250 I could wish there were some thing extraordinary to enter- 2275  
taine her. 2276

*Amo.* What say you to a Masque ?

*Hed.* Nothing better, if the Inuention or Proiect were new  
and rare.

2255 *Arete.* Why, Ile send for *Criticus*, and haue his aduise ; you  
will be ready in your indeuours ;

*Pha.* Yes ; but will not your Lady-ship stay ?

*Arete.* Not now *Phantaste*.

*Exit.*

*Phi.*

*Phi.* Let her go, I pray you ; good Lady *Sobriety*, I am glad 2284  
2260 we are rid of her.

*Pha.* What a set Face the gentlewoman has, as she were still  
going to a Sacrifice ?

*Phi.* O shee is the extraction of a dozen of Puritans, for a  
looke.

2265 *Moria.* Of all Nimphs 'ithe Court I cannot away with her :  
'tis the coarsest thing——

*Phi.* I wounder how *Cynthia* can affect her so aboue the  
rest ! Heere be they are euery way as faire as she, and a thought,  
fayrer, I trow.

2270 *Pha.* I, and as ingenious, and conceipted as she.

*Moria.* I and as politique as she, for all she sets such a Fore-  
head on't.

*Phi.* Would I were dead if I would change to bee *Cyn-  
thia*.

2275 *Pha.* Or I.

*Moria.* Or I.

*Amor.* And there's her Minion *Criticus* ; why his aduise  
more then *Amorphus* ? haue I not Inuention, afore him ?  
Learning, to better that Inuention, aboue him ? and Tra-

2280 uaile. ———

*Anai.* Death, what talke you of his Learning ? he vnder- 2301  
stands no more then a schoole-Boy ; I haue put him downe my  
selfe a thousand times (by this Ayre) and yet I neuer talkt with  
him but twise in my life ; you neuer saw his like : I could neuer  
2285 get him to argue with me, but once, and then because I could  
not construe a peece of *Horace* at first sighte, he went awaye  
and laught at mee. By Gods will, I scorne him, as I do the  
sodden Nimph that was heere euen now ; his mistris *Arete* :  
And I loue my selfe for nothing else.

2290 *Hed.* I wonder the Fellow doe's not hang himselfe, being  
thus scorn'd, and contemn'd of vs that are held the most ac-  
complisht Society of Gallants !

*Mer.* By your selues none else.

*Hed.* I protest, if I had no Musique in me, no Courtship ;



2295 that I were not a Reueller and could daunce, or had not those  
 excellent qualities that giue a man Life, and Perfection,  
 but a meere poore Scholler as he is, I thinke I should make  
 some desperate way with my selfe ; whereas now (would I  
 might neuer breath more) if I do know that Creature in this  
 2300 kingdome, with whome I would change.

*Cup.* This is excellent : well I must alter this soone.

2319

*Mer.* Looke you do *Cupid*.

*Asot.* O I shall tickle it soone ; I did neuer appeare till then. 2321  
 Slid I am the neatliest-made Gallant i'the company, & haue the  
 2305 best presence ; and my dauncing — I know what the *Vsher*  
 saide to me the last time I was at the schoole ; would I might  
 leade *Philautia* in the measure, and 'tweere gods will. I am most  
 worthy, I am sure.

*Enter Morus.*

*Morus.* Maister I can tell you newes, the Lady kist me yon-  
 2310 der, and plaid with me ; and sayes she lou'd you once, as well as  
 she do's me, but that you cast her of.

*Asot.* Peace my most esteemed Page.

*Morus.* Yes.

2331

*Amor.* Gallants, thinke vpon your Time, and take it by the 2352  
 2315 forehead ; *Anaides*, we must mixe this gentleman with you in  
 acquaintance. *Mounsieur Asotus*.

2355

*Anai.* I am easily intreated to grace any of your friends, A-  
*morphus*.

*Asot.* Sir, and his friends shall likewise grace you Sir. Nay I  
 2320 begin to know my selfe now.

*Amor.* O, you must continue your Bounties.

*Asot.* Must I ? why ile giue him this *Ruby* on my fin- 2360  
 ger.

*Hed.* Come Ladies ; but stay we shall want one to Lady it in  
 2325 our Masque in place of *Argurion*.

*Anai.* Why my page shall do it, *Gelaia*.

*Hed.* Troth and he'le do it well, it shalbe so.

*Exeunt.*

*Asot.* Do you heere Sir, I do hartely wish your acquain- 2360  
 tance, and I partly know my selfe worthy of it ; please you Sir,  
 2330 to accept this poore *Ruby* in a Ring Sir. The Poesie is of my  
 owne

owne deuisse. *Let this blush for me Sir.*

*Anai.* So it must for me, too. For I am not asham'd to 2364  
take it. *Exit.*

*Morus.* Sweete man, by my troath maister I loue you ;  
2335 will you loue me to ? for my Aunts sake ? Ile waite well you  
shall see, Ile still be heere. Would I might neuer stirre, but you 2367  
are in gay clothes.

*Asot.* As for that *Morus*, thou shalt see more here after, in 2369  
the meane time, by this Ayre, or by this Fether, ile do as much  
2340 for thee as any Gallant shall do for his Page whatsoever, *in this*  
*Court, corner of the world, or Kingdome.* *Exeunt.*

*Mercury.* I wounder this gentleman should affect to  
keepe a *Foole*, mee thinkes he makes sport enough with him  
selfe.

2345 *Cup.* Well *Prosaites* tweere good you did waite closer.

*Pro.* I, Ile looke to it ; 'tis time. 2376

*Cos.* Wee are like to haue sumptuous Reuells to night  
Sirs.

*Mer.* We must needes when all the choisest *Singularities*  
2350 of the Court are vp in *Pantofles*, nere a one of them, but is able  
to make a whole shew of it selfe.

*Hed.* Sirah a Torch, a torch. Hedon within.

*Mercury.* O what a call is there ? I will haue a *Canzonet*  
made with nothing in it but *Sirah* ; and the Burthen shalbe. I 2384  
2355 come.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

## SCENA. 6.

*Arete. Criticus.*

*Crit.* ———. A masque, bright *Arete* ? 3200  
2360 Why tweere a labour more for *Hercules*.

Better, and sooner durst I vndertake:

To make the different seasons of the Yeere,

The

- The Windes, or Elements to sympathize ;  
 Then their vnmeasurable vanity  
 2365 Daunce truely in a measure : They agree ?  
 What though all Concord's borne of Contraries ?  
 So many Follies will confusion prooue,  
 And like a sort of iarring Instruments,  
 All out of tune ; because (indeed) we see  
 2370 There is not that *Analogy* twixt Discords,  
 As betweene things but meerely opposite.  
*Aret.* There is your error ; for as *Hermes* wande  
 Charmes the disorders, of tumultuous Ghosts,  
 And as the strife of *Chaos* then did cease,  
 2375 When better light then Natures did arriue ;  
 So, what could neuer in it selfe agree,  
 Forgetteth the eccentric property,  
 And at her sight turnes foorthwith regular,  
 Whose scepter guides the flowing *Ocean* :  
 2380 And though it did not, yet the most of them  
 (Being eyther Courtiers, or not wholly rude)  
 Respect of *Maiesty*, the *Place*, and *Presence*,  
 Will keepe them within Ring ; especially  
 When they are not presented as themselues,  
 2385 But masqu'd like others : for (in troth) not so  
 T'incorporate them, could be nothing else  
 Then like a State vngouern'd, without lawes ; or  
 A body made of nothing but diseases ;  
 The one, through impotencie poore, and wretched ;  
 2390 The other for the *Anarchy* absurd.

- Crit.* But Lady, for the *Reuellers* themselues ;  
 It would be better (in my poore conceipt,)  
 That others were imploy'd ; for such as are  
 Vnfit to be in *Cynthias* Court, can seeme  
 2395 No lesse vnfit to be in *Cynthias* sports.

*Aret.* That is not done (my *Criticus*) without  
 Particular knowledge of the Goddesses minde ;  
 Who (holding true intelligence, what Follyes



Had crept into her *Pallace*) she resolu'd,  
 2400 Of sports, and Triumphs ; vnder that pretext,  
 To haue them muster in their Pompe and Fulnesse :  
 That so she might more strictly, and to roote,  
 Effect the Reformation she intends.

*Crit.* I now conceiue her heauenly drift in all ;  
 2405 And will apply my spirits to serue thy will :  
 O thou, the very power by which I am ;  
 And but for which, it were in vaine to be ;  
 Chiefe next *Diana*, Virgin, heauenly fayre,  
 Admired *Arete*, (of them admir'd  
 2410 Whose soules are not enkindled by the sence)  
 Disdeigne not my chast fire, but feed the flame  
 Deuoted truely to thy gracious name.

*Arete.* Leaue to suspect vs : *Criticus* shall finde  
 As we are now most deare, wee le prooue most kinde.

2415 *Arete Within.*

*Arete.* Harke, I am cald. *Exit.*

*Crit.* I follow instantly,  
*Phæbus Apollo* : if with ancient Rites,  
 And due Deuotions, I haue euer hung  
 2420 Elaborate *Pæans* on thy golden Shrine,  
 Or sung thy Triumphs in a lofty straine ;  
 Fit for a Theater of *Gods* to heare :  
 And thou the other sonne of mighty *Ioue*  
*Cyllenian Mercury* (sweete *Maias* ioye)  
 2425 If in the busie tumults of the minde,  
 My path thou euer hast illumined :  
 For which, thine Altars I haue oft perfum'de,  
 And deckt thy Statue with discoloured flowers :  
 Now thriue Inuention in this glorious Court,  
 2430 That not of bounty only, but of right,  
*Cynthia* may grace, and giue it life by sight. *Exit.*

*Finis Actus quarti.*

K

ACTVS

## ACTVS QVINTVS.

## SCENA. I.

2435

*Hesperus. Cynthia. Arete. TymE.  
Phronesis. Thaum.*

Hymnus.

*Hesp.* **Q**Veene and Huntresse, chaste, and fayre, 3275  
Now the Sunne is layde to sleepe,

2440

Seated, in thy siluer Chayre,  
State in wonted maner keepe :  
Hesperus intreats thy light,  
Goddesse excellently bright.

2445

Earth, let not thy enuious shade  
Dare it selfe to interpose;  
Cynthias shining Orbe was made  
Heauen to cleare, when day did close :  
Blesse vs then with wished sight,  
Goddesse excellently bright.

2450

Lay thy Bowe of Pearle apart.  
And thy Christall-shining Quiuer;  
Giue vnto the flying Hart,  
Space to breath, how short soeuer.  
Thou, that makst a day of night,  
Goddesse excellently Bright. Exit.

2455

*Cynth.* When hath *Diana*, like an enuious wretch,  
That glitters onely to his soothed selfe,

Denying

Denying to the world the precious vse  
Of hoorded wealth, with-held her friendly ayde ?

2460 Mon'thly we spend our still-repaired shine,  
And not forbid our Virgin-waxen torch,  
To burne, and blaze while nutriment doth last :  
That once consum'd, out of *Joues* treasury  
Anew we take, and stick it in our Spheare

2465 To giue the mutinous kinde of wanting men,  
Their lookt for light. Yet what is their desert ?  
,, Bounty is wrongd, interpreted as due ;  
,, Mortalls can chalenge not a Ray but right,  
,, Yet do exspect the whole of *Cynthias* light:

2470 But if that Deities with-drew their guifts,  
For humane Follies, wkat should men deserue  
But *Death* and *Darknesse* ? It behooues the high,  
For their owne sakes to do things worthely.

*Arete*. Most true, most sacred goddesse ; for the Heauens

2475 Receiue no good of all the good they do :  
Nor *Ioue*, nor you, nor other heauenly Power,  
Are fed with Fumes, which do from Incense rise,  
Or Sacrifices reeking in their gore :  
Yet for the care which you of mortalls haue,  
2480 (Whose proper Good it is, that they be so ; )  
You well are pleas'd with Odours redolent :  
But ignorant is all the Race of men,  
Which still complaines, not knowing why, or when.

3320

*Cyn*. Else noble *Arete*, they would not blame,

2485 And taxe for or vniust, or for as proud  
Thy *Cynthia*, in the things which are indeed  
The greatest glories in our starry crowne :  
Such is our Chastity, which safely scornes,  
Not Loue (for who more feruently doth loue  
2490 Immortall Honor, and diuine Renowne ?)  
But giddy *Cupid*, *Venus* frantick sonne.  
Yet *Arete*, if by this vayled light



- We but discover'd (what we not discern)  
 Any the least of imputations, stand  
 2495 Ready to sprinkle our vnsported fame,  
 With note of lightnesse, from these Reuels neare :  
 Not, for the Empire of the *Vniuerse*  
 Should Night or Court, this whatsoeuer shine  
 Or grace of ours, vnappely enioy.
- 2500 „ *Place*, and *Occasion* are two priuy Thieues ;  
 „ And from poore innocent Ladies, often steale  
 „ (The best of things) an honourable Name :  
 „ To stay with Follyes, or where Faults may be,  
 „ Infers a Crime, although the party free.
- 2505 *Aret.* How *Cynthianly* (that is how worthely  
 And like her selfe) the matchlesse *Cynthia* speaks !  
 Infinite Iealousies, infinite Regards,  
 Do watch about the true virginity :  
 But *Phæbe* liues from all not onely fault,
- 2510 But as from thought, so from suspicion free,  
 „ Thy Presence broad-seales our delights for pure,  
 „ What's done in *Cynthias* sight, is done secure.  
*Cynt.* That then so answer'd (Dearest *Arete*)  
 What th'*Argument*, or of what sort, our Sports
- 2515 Are like to be this night ; I not demaund.  
 Nothing which Duty, and desire to please  
 Beares writ ten in the forehead, comes amisse ;  
 But vnto whose Inuention, must we owe,  
 The complement of this nights furniture ?
- 2520 *Aret.* Excellent *Goddesse*, to mans, whose worth,  
 (Without *Hyperbole*,) I thus may praise ;  
 One (at least) studious, of deseruing well :  
 And (to speake truth) indeed deseruing well,  
 „ Potentiall merit stands for actuall,
- 2525 „ Where only *Opportunity* dooth want,  
 „ Not Will, nor Power : both which in him abound.  
 One whom the *Muses*, and *Minerua* loue ;  
 For whom should they more loue then *Criticus*,

Whom

Whom *Phæbus* (though not Fortune) holdeth deare ?  
 2530 And (which conuinceth excellence in him,)  
 A principall admirer of your selfe :  
 Euen, through th'vngentle iniuries of Fate,  
 And difficulties, which do vertue choake,  
 Thus much of him appeares. What other things  
 2535 Of farther note, do lye vnborne in him,  
 Them I do leaue for cherishment to shew,  
 And for a *Goddesse* graciously to iudge.  
*Cynt.* We haue already iudg'd him *Arete* :  
 Nor are we ignorant, how noble mindes  
 2540 Suffer too much through those indignities,  
 Which Times, and vicious Persons cast on them :  
 Our selfe haue euer vowed to esteeme  
 (As Vertue, for it selfe) so Fortune, base ;  
 Who first in Worth, the same be first in Place.  
 2545 Nor farther notice (*Arete*) we craue  
 Then thine approualls soueraigne warranty :  
 Let, be thy care, to make vs knowne to him ;  
 „ *Cynthia* shall brighten what the World made dim,

SCENA. 2. THE FIRST MASQVE.

2550 *Cupid* like *Anteros*.

Ante. *Cleare Pearle of Heauen, and not to be farther ambitious in  
 titles*) *Cynthia*. *The fame of this illustrious night, among others  
 hath also drawne these foure faire Virgins from the Pallace of their  
 Queene Perfection (a word, which makes no sufficient difference,  
 2555 twixt hers, and thine)* to visit thy Imperiall Court : for she their Soue-  
 raigne Lady, not finding where to dwel among men, before her teturne  
 to heauen : aduised them wholly to consecrate themselues to thy Cæle-  
 stiall seruice, as in whose cleare Spirit (the proper Element, and Sphære  
 of vertues) they should behould not her alone, (their euer honor'd  
 2560 Mistresse) but themselues) more truely themselues) to liue en-

thronised. Her selfe would haue commended them vnto thy fauour 3398  
 more particularly, but that she knowes no commendation is more auail-  
 able with thee then that of proper vertue : Neuerthelesse, she wilde  
 them to present this Christall Mound, a note of Monarchy, and  
 2565 Symbole of Perfection, to thy more worthy Deity ; which as heere by  
 me they most humbly do, so amongst the Rarities thereof, that is the  
 chiefe, to shew whatsoeuer the world hath excellent, howsoeuer re-  
 mote and various. But your irradiate iudgement will soone disco-  
 uer the secrets of this little Christall world. Themselves (to appeare  
 2570 the more plainly) because they know nothing more odious then false  
 pretexts : haue chosen to expresse their seuerall qualities thus in seue-  
 rall coulors.

1 The first in Citron coullour is naturall Affection, which giuen  
 vs to procure our good, is sometime called Storge, and as euery one is  
 2575 neerest to himselfe, so this Hand-maid of Reason, allowable Selfe-loue,  
 as it is without harme, so are none without it : Her place in the Court  
 of Perfection was to quicken mindes in the pursute of Honor. Her  
 deuice is a Perpendicular Leuell vpon a Cube or Square. The  
 word, SE SVO MODVLO : alluding to that true measure  
 2580 of ones selfe, which as euery one ought to make, so is it most conspicuous  
 in thy diuine example.

2 The second in Greene is Aglaia, delectable and pleasant Con- 3417  
 uersation, whose property it is to mooue a kindly delight, and sometime  
 not without laughter : Her office to entertaine assemblies, and keepe  
 2585 societies together with fayre familliarly. Her deuice within a Ring  
 of clouds, a Heart with shine about it, the worde, CVRARVM  
 NVBILA PELLO. An Allegory of Cynthias light,  
 which no lesse cleares the Skie, then her fayre Merthe the heart.

3 The third, in discolur'd Mantle spangled all ouer, is Eu-  
 2590 phantaste, a well conceited Wittnesse, and imployde in honouring  
 the Courte with the ritches of her pure Inuention. Her deuice vpon  
 a Petasus, or Mercnrill Hat, a Crescent. The worde ; SIC  
 LAVS INGENII : Jnferring that the praise and glory of  
 wit,



*wit, doth euer increase, as dooth thy growing Moone.*

2595 4 *The fourth in White is Apheleia, a Nymph as pure and sim- 3429*  
*ple as the Soule, or as an abrase Table, and is therefore called Sympli-*  
*city; without foulds, without pleights, without coullour, without coun-*  
*terfeit: and (to speake plainely) Plainenesse it selfe. Her deuice is no De-*  
*uice. The word vnder her siluer Shield : OMNIS ABEST*  
 2600 *F V C V S, alluding to thy spotlesse selfe, who art as farre from Impu-*  
*rity, as from Mortality.*

*My selfe (Cælestiall Goddesse) more fit for the Court of Cyn-*  
*thia, then the Arbors of Cythere, am call'd Anteros, or Loues ene-*  
*my; the more welcome therefore to thy Court, and the fitter to conduct*  
 2605 *this Quaternio, who as they are thy professed Votaries, and for that*  
*cause aduersaries to Loue, yet thee (Perpetuall Virgin) they both*  
*loue, and vow to loue eternally.*

## S C E N A. 3.

*Cynthia. Arete. Criticus.*

2610 *Cynthia.* Not without wonder, nor with out delight,  
 Mine eyes haue veiwd in Contemplations depth,  
 This worke of wit, diuine, and excellent :  
 What Shape ? what Substance ? or what vnknowne Power  
 In virgins habit crown'd with Lawrell leaues  
 2615 And Oliue branches wouen in betweene,  
 On Sea-girt Rocke like to a Goddesse shines ?  
 O front ! O face ! O all celestiall sure  
 And more then mortall ! *Arete*, behould  
 Another *Cynthia*, and another Queene,  
 2620 Whose glory (like a lasting *Plenilune*)  
 Seems ignorant of what it is to wane.  
 Not vnder heauen an Obiect could be found  
 More fit to please ; let *Criticus* approach,

Bounty

Bounty forbids to paull our thankes with stay,  
 2625 Or to deferre our fauour after view :

„ The time of Grace is, when the Cause is new.

*Arete*. Lo heere the man (cœlestiall *Delia*)

3460

Who (like a Circle bounded in it selfe, )

Containes asmuch, as Man in fulnesse may,

2630 Lo here the man ; who, not of vsuall earth,

But of that nobler, and more precious mould

Which *Phæbus* selfe doth temper, is compos'd ;

And, who (though all were wanting to reward,

Yet, to himselfe he would not wanting be :

2635 Thy Fauors gaine is his Ambitions most,

And labours best ; who (humble in his height)

Stands fixed silent in thy glorious sight.

*Cynthia*. With no lesse pleasure, then we haue beheld,

This pretious Christall, worke of rarest wit,

2640 Our eye doth reade thee, now, our *Criticus* ;

Whom Learning, Vertue, and our Fauour last,

Exempteth from the gloomy Multitude.

„ With common eye the Supreme should not see,

Hence forth be ours, the more thy selfe to be.

2645 *Crit*. Heauens purest light, whose Orbe may be eclips'd,

But not thy Praise ; (diuine *Cynthia*)

How much too narrow for so high a grace,

3480

Thy (saue therein) vnworthy *Criticus* :

Doth finde himselfe ? for euer shine thy Fame ;

2650 Thine Honours euer, as thy Beauties do ;

In me they must, my darke worldes chieftest Lights ;

By whose propitious beames my powres are rais'd

To hope some part of those most lofty points,

Which blessed *Arete* hath pleas'd to name

2655 As markes, which my'ndeours steps should bend :

Mine, as begunne at thee, in thee must end.

S C E N A.

## SCENA. 4. THE SECOND MASQVE.

*Mercury as a Page.*

Mer. Sister of Phœbus to whose bright Orbe we owe, that we not 3493  
 2660 complaine of his Absence ; These foure Brethren (for they are Brethrē  
 and sonnes of Eutaxia, a Lady knowne, and highly below'd of your  
 resplendent Deity) not able to be absent, when Cynthia held a solemp-  
 nity, officiously insinuate themselues into thy presence : For as there are  
 foure Cardinall vertues, vpon which the whole Frame of the Court  
 2665 dooth mooue, so are these the foure Cardinall properties without which  
 the Body of Complement mooueth not. With these foure siluer Iauelins  
 (which they beare in their hands) they support in Princes Courts the  
 state of the Presence, as by office they are obliged ; which though heere  
 they may seeme superfluous, yet for Honors sake they thus presume to  
 2670 visite thee, hauing also bin imployde in the Pallace of Queene Per-  
 fection. And though to them, that would make themselues gracious  
 to a Goddess, Sacrifices were fitter then Presents or Impresses, yet  
 they both hope thy fauor, and (in place of eyther) vse seuerall Sym-  
 boles containing the titles of thy imperiall Dignity.

2675 1 The hithermost in the changeable blew, and greene Roabe, is  
 the commendably-fashionate Gallant Eucosmos ; whose Courtly Ha-  
 bit is the grace of the Presence, and delight of the surueying eye: whom  
 Ladies vnderstand by the names of Neate, & Elegant. His Symbol  
 is D I V Æ V I R G I N I, in which he would expresse thy Dei-  
 2680 ties principall glory, which hath euer bin Virginity.

2 The second in the ritch Acoutrement, and Roabe of Purple 3515  
 empaled with Gold, is Eupathes ; who intertaines his minde with an  
 harmlesse, but not incurious variety : All the Obiects of his senses are  
 Sumptuous, himselfe a Gallant, that without excesse can make vse of  
 2685 superfluties : goe ritchly in Imbroyders, Iewels, (and what not ?) with-  
 out Vanity ; and fare delicately without Gluttony : and therefore (not  
 without cause) is vniuersally thought to be of fine humor. His Sym-

L

bole



bole is *DIVÆ OPTIMÆ*. An attribute to expresse thy Goodnesse in which thou so resemblest Ioue thy father.

2690 3. The third in the blush-collour'd Sute is Eutolmos, as duly 3524  
respecting others, as neuer neglecting himselfe; commonly knowne by  
the title of Good Audacitie, to Courts and courtly assemblies, a guest  
most acceptable. His Simbole is *DIVÆ VIRAGINI*, To  
expresse thy hardy Courage, in chase of Sauage beasts which har-  
2695 bor in Woods, and Wildernesse.

4. The fourth in Watchet-Tinsell, is the kinde, and truly Be-  
nefique Eucolos. Who imparteth not without respect, but yet without  
difficulty: and hath the happinesse to make euery kindnesse seeme dou-  
ble, by the timely, and freely bestowing thereof, he is the chiefe of them  
2700 who (by the vulgar) are said to be of Good Nature. His Symbole is  
*DIVÆ MAXIMÆ*. An Adiunct to signifie thy great-  
nesse, which in heauen, earth, and hell is formidable.

SCENA. 5. THE MASQVES Ioyne.

Cupid, Mercury.

2705 Cup. Is not that *Amorphus* the Traueller?

Mer. As though it were not? do you not see how his legges  
are in trauaile with a Measure?

Cup. *Hedon*, thy maister is next.

Mer. What will *Cupid* turne *Nomenclator*, and cry them?

2710 Cup. No faith, but I haue a *Comedy* toward, that would not  
be lost for a kingdome.

Mer. In good time, for *Cupid* will prooue the *Comedy*. 3545

Cup. *Mercury*, I am studying how to match them.

Mer. How too mismatch them, were harder.

2715 Cup. It is the *Nymphes* must do it, I shall sport my selfe with  
their passions aboue measure.

Mer. Those *Nymphes* would be tam'd a little indeed, but I  
feare thou hast not Arrowes for the purpose.

Cup. O yes, here be of all sorts, Flightes, Rouers, and But-  
2720 shafts. But I can wound with a Brandish, and neuer draw Bow  
for the matter.

Mer.

*Mer.* I cannot but beleue it my inuisible Archer, and yet 3554  
me thinks you are tedious.

*Cup.* It behoues me to be somewhat circumspect *Mercury*,  
2725 for if *Cynthia* here the twange of my Bow, sheele go neare to  
whip me with the string ; therefore, to preuent that, I thus dis-  
charge a Brandish vpon — it makes no matter which of the  
couples : *Phantaste*, and *Amorphus* at you.

*Mer.* Will the shaking of a shaft, strike 'hem into such a Fe-  
2730 uer of Affection ?

*Cup.* As well as the winke of an Eye : but I pray thee hinder  
me not with thy prattle.

*Mer.* Ioue forbid I hinder thee. Marry all that I feare is *Cyn-  
thias* presence, which with the could of her Chastery, casteth  
2735 such an *Antiperistasis* about the place, that no heate of thine  
will tarry with the Patient.

*Cup.* It wil tarry the rather, for the *Antiperistasis* wil keep it in.

*Mer.* I long to see the experiment.

*Cup.* Why their marrow boyles already, or they are all turnd  
2740 *Eunuchs*.

*Mer.* Nay and't be so, Ile giue ouerspeaking, & be a *Specta-  
tor* onely.

*They daunce the 1. Straine.*

*Amor.* *Cynthia* (by my bright soule) is a right exquisite, and  
2745 spendidious Lady ; yet *Amorphus* I thinke hath seene more fa-  
shions, I am sure more Countries ; but whether I haue or no :  
what need we gaze on *Cynthia*, that haue our selfe to admire ?

*Phan.* O excellent *Cynthia* ; yet if *Phantaste* sat where shee 3578  
do's, and had such a tyre on her head (for attire can do much) I  
2750 say no more ; but *Goddesses* are *Goddesses*, and *Phantaste* is as she  
is. I would the Reuels were done once, I might goe to my  
Schoole of Glasse againe, and learne to do my selfe right after  
all this Ruffling.

*Mer.* How now *Cupid* ? heer's a wonderfull change with  
2755 your Brandish ? do you not heare, how they doate ?

*Cup.* What Prodigie is this ? no Word of Loue ? no Mention ?  
no Motion ?

*Mer.* Not a word my little *Hell-fire*, not a worde.

*Cup.* Are my Darts enchanted? is their vigor gone? is their  
2760 vertue —

*Mer.* What? *Cupid* turn'd icalous of himselfe? ha, ha, ha. 3590

*Cup.* Laughes *Mercury*?

*Mer.* Is *Cupid* angry?

*Cup.* Hath he not cause, when his purpose is so deluded?

2765 *Mer.* A rare *Comedy*, it shall be intitled; *Cupids*.

*Cup.* Doe not scorne vs *Hermes*.

*Mer.* Chollar and *Cupid* are two fiery things; I scorne 'hem  
not. But I see that come to passe which I presag'd in the be-  
ginning.

2770 *Cup.* You cannot tell: perhaps the Phisicke will not worke  
so soone vpon some, as vpon others. It may be the Rest are not  
so resty.

*Mer.* *Ex vngue*, you know the olde *Adage*; as these, so are the  
remainder.

2775 *Cup.* Ile trye: this is the same Shafte with which I woun-  
ded *Argurion*.

*Mer.* I, but let me saue you a labour *Cupid*: there were cer-  
taine Bottles of *Water* fetcht, and drunke off, (since that time,) by these Gallants.

2780 *Cup.* *Joue* strike me into earth: *The Fountaine of Selfe-loue*? 3605

*Mer.* Nay faint not *Cupid*.

*Cup.* I remembred it not.

*Mer.* Faith it was omenous to take the name of *Anteros*  
vpō you, you know not what Charme or Inchantment lyes in  
2785 the worde: you saw I durst not venter vpon any Deuse in our  
presentment: but was content to be no other then a simple  
Page. Your Arrowes properties (to keepe *decorum*) *Cupid*, are  
suted (it should seeme) to the nature of him you personate.

*Cup.* Indignity not to be borne.

2790 *Mor.* Nay rather an attempt to haue bin forborne.

*Cup.* How might I reuenge my selfe on this insulting *Mer-  
cury*? ther's *Criticus* his Minnion: he has not tasted of this wa-  
ter? it shall be so.

*They daunce the 2. straine.*

2795 Is *Criticus* turn'd dotard on himselfe too?

*Mer.*



*Mer.* That followes not, because the venome of your shafts 3619  
cannot pierce him.

*Cup.* As though there were one *Antidote* for these, & another  
for him?

2800 *Mer.* As though there were not? or as if one Effect might  
not arise of diuerse causes? what say you to *Cynthia*, *Arete*,  
*Phronesis*, *Time*, and others there?

*Cup.* They are diuine.

*Mor.* And *Criticus* aspires to be so.

2805 *Cup.* But that shall not serue him.

*Mer.* Tis like to do prettily well at this time. But *Cupid* is  
growne too couetous, that will not spare one of a Multitude.

*Cup.* One is more then a Multitude.

*Mer.* *Aretes* fauour makes any  
2810 one shot prooffe against thee *Cupid*. *They daunce the 3. straine.*

I pray thee light Hony-Bee, remember thou art not now in  
*Adonis* garden, but in *Cynthias* presence, where thornes lye in  
garrison about the Roses. Soft *Cynthia* speaks.

*Cynthia.* Ladyes and gallants,

2815 To giue a timely period to our sports, 3640  
Let vs conclude them, with declining night;  
Our Empire is but of the darker halfe:  
And if you iudge it any recompence,  
For your faire paines, t'haue earnd *Dianas* thanks;

2820 *Diana* grants them: and bestowes their crowne  
To gratefie your acceptable Zeale.  
For you are they, that not (as some haue done)  
Do censure vs, as too *seuere* and *sower*,  
But are (more rightly) *Gratious* to the Good;

2825 Although we not deny, vnto the Proud,  
Or the Prophane, perhaps indeed austere:  
For so *Actæon* by presuming farre,  
Did (to our grieve) incurre a fatall doome;  
And so, swolne *Niobe* (comparing more  
2830 Then he presum'd, was *trophæed* into stone.  
But are we therefore iudged too extreame?  
Seemes it no Crime to enter sacred Bowers,

- And hallowed Places with impure aspect.  
 Most lewdly to pollute ? Seemes it no crime,  
 2835 To braue a Deity ? let Mortalls learne 3660  
 To make Religion of offending Heauen;  
 And not at all to censure powers diuine :  
 To Men, this *Argument* should stand for firme,  
 „ A Goddess did it ; therefore it was good :  
 2840 „ We are not cruell, nor delight in blood.  
 But what haue serious Repetitions  
 To do with Reuels, and the sports of Court ?  
 We not intend to sowre your late delights  
 With harsh expostulation ; Let suffice  
 2845 That we take notice, and can take reuenge  
 Of these calumnious, and lewd Blasphemies ;  
 For we are no lesse *Cynthia*, then we were,  
 Nor is our Power (but as our Selfe) the same :  
 Though we haue now put on no tyre of shine  
 2850 But mortall eyes vndazled may endure.  
 „ Yeares, are beneath the Sphears ; and Time makes weake,  
 „ Things vnder Heauen ; not Powers which gouerne Heauen :  
 And though our Selfe be in our selfe, secure,  
 Yet let not mortalls challenge to themselues  
 2855 Immunity from thence ; Loe this is all : 3680  
 „ Honor hath store of spleene, but wanteth Gall.  
 Once more, we cast the slumber of our thanks  
 On your tane toyle, which here let take an end :  
 And that we not mistake your seuerall worths,  
 2860 Nor you our Fauour ; from your selues remooue,  
 What makes you not your selues ; those clouds of Masque :  
 „ Particular paines, particular thanks do aske.

*They Vnmasque.*

— Are we contemn'd ?

- 2865 Is there so little awe of our Disdeigne,  
 That any (vnder trust of their disguise)  
 Should mixe themselues with others of the Court ?  
 And (without forhead) bouldly presse so farre,  
 As farther none ? How apt is *Lenity*

To

- 2870 To be abusd ? *Seuerity* to be loath'd ?  
 And yet, how much more dooth the seeming Face  
 Of neighbor Vertues, and their borrowed Names,  
 Adde of lewd Bouldnesse to loose Vanities ?  
 Who would hane thought that *Philautia* durst,
- 2875 Or haue vsurped noble *Storge's* name ?  
 Or with that theft haue ventred on our eyes ?  
 Who would haue thought that all of them should hope,  
 So much of our conniuece, as to come  
 To grace themselues, with Titles not their owne ?
- 2880 Instead of Medicines haue we Maladies ?  
 And such Impostumes, as *Phantaste* is,  
 Grow in our Pallace ? we must lance the se sores,  
 Or all will putrifie : Nor are these all,  
 For we suspect a farder fraud then this ;
- 2885 Take off our vaile, that shadows may depart,  
 And shapes appeare, beloued *Arete*. So.  
 Another Face of things presents it selfe  
 Then did of late : what ? Featherd *Cupid* masqu'd ?  
 And masqu'd like to *Anteros* ? but, more strange !
- 2890 Deare *Mercury* our Brother, like a Page,  
 To countenance the ambush of the Boy ?  
 Nor endeth our discouery as yet ;  
*Gelaia* like a Nymph, that but ere while  
 (In male attire,) did serue *Anaides* ?
- 2895 *Cupid* came hether to finde sport and Game,  
 Who, heere tofore hath beene too conuersant  
 Among our traine ; but neuer felt Reuenge :  
 And *Mercury* bare *Cupid* company:  
*Cupid*, we must confesse this Time of mirth
- 2900 (Proclaimd by vs) gaue Opportunity,  
 To thy attempts, although no Priuiledge ;  
 Tempt vs no farther, we cannot endure  
 Thy presence longer : Vanish, Hence, Away. *Exit Cupid.*  
 You *Mercury*, we must intreate to stay,
- 2905 And heare what we determine of the rest ;  
 For in this Plot, you haue the deepest hand :

But



But (for we meane not a Censorian tasque  
 And yet to lance these vlcers growne so ripe)  
 Deare *Arete*, and *Criticus*, to you  
 2910 Wee giue the charge ; Impose what paines you please :  
 Th'incurable cut of, the rest reforme ;  
 Remembring euer what we first decreed,  
 Since Reuels were proclaimd, Let now none bleede.

*Arete*. How well *Diana* can distinguish Times ?

2915 And sort her Censures ? keeping to her selfe  
 The doome of Gods, leauing the rest to vs ?  
 Come, cite them *Criticus* and then proceede.

*Crit*. First *Philautia* (for she was the first)  
 Then light *Gelaia*, in *Aglaias* name,  
 2920 Thirdly *Phantaste*, and *Moria* next,  
 Mayne follies all, and of the Female crue ;  
*Amorphus*, or *Eucosmos* counterfet,  
 Voluptuous *Hedon* ta'ne for *Eupathes*,  
 Brazen *Anaides*, and *Asotus* last,

2925 With his too Pages *Morus*, and *Prosaites*;  
 And thou the Trauailers Euill, *Cos*, approach,  
 Impostors all, and male Deformities.

*Arete*. Nay forward, for I delegate my power,  
 And will, that at thy mercy they do stand  
 2930 Whom they so oft, so plainely scornd before :  
 „ Tis vertue which they want, and wanting it,  
 „ Honour no garment to their backes can fit.  
 Now *Criticus*, vse your Discretion.

*Crit*. Adored *Cynthia*, and bright *Arete* ;  
 2935 Another might seeme fitter for this tasque  
 Then *Criticus*, but that you iudge not so :  
 For I (not to appeare vindicatiue,  
 Or mindfull of Contempts, which I contemn'd  
 As done of Impotence) must be remisse ;  
 2940 Who as I was the Author in some sort,  
 To worke their knowledge into *Cynthias* sight,  
 So should be much seuerer to reuenge

3731

3755

The

- The indignity, hence issuing to her Name :  
 But ther's not one of these, who are vnpaid,  
 2945 Or by themselues vnpunished ; for Vice  
 Is like a fury to the vitious minde,  
 And turnes Delight it selfe to Punishment.  
 But we must forward to define their Doome ;  
 You are Offenders, that must be confest.
- 2950 Do you confesse it ?  
*Omnes.* We doe.  
*Crit.* And that you merit sharpe Correction ?  
*Omnes.* We doe.  
*Crit.* Then we (reseruing vnto *Delias* grace,  
 2955 Her farther pleasure, and to *Arete*  
 What *Delia* graunteth) thus do sentence you.  
 That from this place (for Penance knowne of all,  
 Since you haue drunke so deeply of *Selfe-loue*)  
 You (two and two) singing a *Palinode*,  
 2960 March to your seuerall homes by *Niobes* stone,  
 And offer vp two teares a piece thereon ;  
 That it may change the name, as you must change,  
 And of a stone be called *Weeping Crosse* :  
 Because it standeth crosse of *Cynthias* way,  
 2965 One of whose names is sacred *TRIVIA*.  
 And after penance thus perform'd, you passe  
 In like set order ; not as *Midas* did  
 To wash his Golde off into *Tagus* streame ;  
 But to the Well of Knowledge, *Helicon*,  
 2970 Where, purged of your present Maladies,  
 (Which are nor few, nor slender) you become  
 Such as you faine would seeme ; and then returne  
 Offring your seruice to great *Cynthia*.  
 This is your Sentence, if the *Goddesse* please  
 2975 To ratefie it with her high Consent :  
 „ The scope of wise Mirth vnto fruit is bent.  
*Cyn.* We do approoue thy Censure *Criticus* ;  
 Which *Mercury*, thy true propitious friend,

3770

3790

(A Deity, next *Ioue*, belou'd of vs,)

2980 Will vndertake to see exactly done.

And for this seruice of Discouery

Perform'd by thee, in honor of our name,

We vow to guerdon it with such due grace,

As shall become our Bountie, and thy Place.

2985 „ Princes that would their People should do well,

„ Must at themselues begin, as at the heads;

„ For men by their example patterne out

„ Their Imitations, and regard of Lawes :

„ A vertuous Court, a world to vertue drawes.

2990

Exeunt, *Cynthia*, *Arete*, &c.

### *Palinodia.*

Amo. *From Spanish shrugs, French faces, Smirks, Irps, and all affected Humors.*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend vs.

2995

Phan. *From secret friends, sweet Seruants, Loues, Doues, and such Phantastique Humors.*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend vs.

Amor. *From stabbing of Armes, Flap-dragons, Healths, Whiffes, and all such swaggering Humors.*

3000

Chorus. Good *Mercurie* defend vs.

Phan. *From wauing of Fannes, coy Glaunces, Glicks, Cringes, and all such simpring Humors.*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend vs.

Amo. *From making loue by Attourney, courting of Pup-*  
3005 *pets, and paying for new acquaintance.*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend vs.

Phan. *From perfum'd Dogs, Monkeys, Sparrowes, Dildos, and Parachitos.*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend vs.

Amo.



3010 Amo. *From wearing Bracelets of Hayre, Shoo-tyes, Gloues, 3830*  
*Garters, and Rings with Poesies.*

*Chorus.* Good Mercury defend vs.

Phan. *From Pargetting, Painting, Slicking, Glazing,*  
*and Renewing old riueled Faces.*

3015 *Chorus.* Good Mercury defend vs.

Amo. *From Squiring to Tilt-yards, Play-Houses, Page-*  
*ants, and all such Publique places.*

*Chorus.* Good Mercury defend vs.

Phan. *From entertaining one Gallant to gull another,*  
 3020 *and making Fooles of eyther.*

*Chorus.* Good Mercury defend vs.

Amo. *From Belying Ladyes fauors, Noble-mens counte-*  
*nance, coyning counterfet Employments, vain-glorious taking*  
*to them other mens Seruices, and all selfe-louing Humors.*

3025 *Chorus.* Good Mercury defend vs.

## C A N T.

N Ow each one dry his weeping Eyes,  
 and to the *Well of Knowledge* hast ;  
 Where purged of your Maladies,

3030 we may of sweeter waters taste.

And with refined voice report,  
 The Grace of *Cynthia*, and her Court.

*Finis Actus quinti & vltimi.*

M 2.

Epilogus.

## Epilogus.

3035 **G** *Entles, be't knowne to you, since I went in*  
*I am turn'd Rimer ; and do thus beginne:* 3855  
*The Author (iealous, how your sence doth take*  
*His traundayles) hath enioyned me to make*  
*Some short, and Ceremonious Epilogue ;*  
*But if I yet know what, I am a Rogue:*  
3040 *He ties me to such Lawes, as quite distract*  
*My thoughts ; and would a Yeare of time exact.*  
*I neither must be Faint, Remisse, nor Sory,*  
*Sowcer, Serious, Confident, nor Peremptory :*  
*But betwixt these. Lets see? to lay the blame*  
3045 *Vpon the Childrens Action, that were lame.*  
*To craue your Fauours with a begging knee,*  
*Were to distrust the Writers faculty;*  
*To promise better at the next we bring,*  
*Prorogues disgrace, commends not any thing.*  
3050 *Stifly to stand on this, and proudly approue*  
*The Play, might taxe the Maker of Selfe-loue.*  
*Ile onely speake, what I haue heard him say;*  
*By God 'tis good, and if you lik't, you may,*

## F I N I S .

3055 *Ecce rubet quidam, pallet, stupet, oscitat, odit.*  
*Hoc volo : nunc nobis carmina nostra placent.*

Materialien zur Kunde  
des  
älteren Englischen Dramas



# Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas

UNTER MITWIRKUNG DER HERREN

F. S. Boas-LONDON, A. Brandl-BERLIN, R. Brotanek-WIEN, F. I. Carpenter-CHICAGO, Ch. Crawford-LONDON, G. B. Churchill-AMHERST, W. Creizenach-KRAKAU, E. Eckhardt-FREIBURG I. B., A. Feuillerat-RENNES, R. Fischer-INNSBRUCK, W. W. Greg-LONDON, F. Holthausen-KIEL, J. Hoops-HEIDELBERG, W. Keller-JENA, R. B. Mc Kerrow-LONDON, G. L. Kittredge-CAMBRIDGE, MASS., E. Koeppl-STRASSBURG, J. Le Gay Brereton-SIDNEY, H. Logeman-GENT, J. M. Manly-CHICAGO, G. Sarrazin-BRESLAU, † L. Proescholdt-FRIEDRICHSDORF, A. Schröer-CÖLN, G. C. Moore Smith-SHEFFIELD, G. Gregory Smith-BELFAST, A. E. H. Swaen-GRONINGEN, A. H. Thorndike-NEW-YORK, A. Wagner-HALLE A. S.

BEGRUENDET UND HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

W. BANG

o. ö. Professor der Englischen Philologie an der Universität Louvain

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DREIUNDZWANZIGSTER BAND

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LOUVAIN  
A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG  
O. HARRASSOWITZ

LONDON  
DAVID NUTT

1908

# JOHN FORDES

## DRAMATISCHE WERKE

IN NEUDRUCK HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

W. BANG

---

ERSTER BAND.

Mit einem einleitenden Essay :

Forde's Contribution to the Decadence of the Drama von S. P. Sherman  
und einem Neudruck von  
Dekkers Penny-Wise, Pound-Foolish.



LEIPZIG  
O. HARRASSOWITZ

LOUVAIN  
A. UYSTPRUYST

1908

LONDON  
DAVID NUTT

*Handwritten:*  
9 8 5 6 2  
24 | 9 | 09.





## VORWORT.

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Die vorliegende Ausgabe der Dramatischen Werke John Fordes ist die erste, die den Text in der alten Orthographie giebt, und ist zunächst als Grundlage für Dr. Van de Wyers Forde-Konkordanz gedacht. Ein bescheideneres aber immerhin noch wichtiges Plätzchen soll sie ferner einmal einnehmen bei der Lösung der sehr complicierten Frage, ob die Englischen Drucke von ca 1580-1640 die Orthographie der Verfasser oder die der Officin wiedergeben.

Die Texte von LM und LS wurden nach den in meinem Besitze befindlichen Exemplaren der Originalausgaben hergestellt. Die alten Drucke lassen sehr viel zu wünschen übrig und wenn ich dem Benutzer über jedes schlecht ausgedruckte e oder ; und über die zahllosen Fälle, in denen es unmöglich ist zwischen langem s und f, zwischen l und I u. s. w. zu scheiden, hätte Rechenschaft ablegen wollen, so wäre der praktisch wertlosen Anmerkungen kein Ende gewesen. Da nun anderseits der Text dem Verständniss sehr wenige Schwierigkeiten entgegen stellt, so habe ich von Anmerkungen <sup>1)</sup> ganz absehn zu dürfen geglaubt, und zwar umsomehr als nach Vollendung des Ganzen die Anmerkungen zum grössten Teile eine leidige Wiederholung der Konkordanz gewesen wären. So z. B. in LM 90, wo die Konkordanz Forde's Gebrauch von *to fawn upon* mehrfach belegen und damit zugleich die Richtigkeit der alten Lesart erweisen wird.

Doch wird eine neue kritische Ausgabe an dem Gifford-Dyceschen Texte mancherlei zu bemängeln finden, besonders da wo die Herausgeber ganz unnötig von der Überlieferung abgewichen sind <sup>2)</sup>. Anderseits verträgt jedoch die Überlieferung sehr wohl einen gelegentlichen Eingriff; z. B. in LS 757 : in the prospectiue and mirror, as it were, in (*lies of*) my heart; LS 2363 : this would make you sweat (*wohl besser swear*); LS 2500 : What witch-craft vs'd the wretch to charme

<sup>1)</sup> Mit Fordes gefeierter Übertragung aus Stradas *Prolusiones* (erste Ausg. Colon. 1617) LM 136 ff vergl. jetzt auch noch diejenige Strodes bei B. Dobell, *The Poetical Workes of William Strode*, Lo., 1907, pp. 16-19.

<sup>2)</sup> Zu wise man in LS 2655 vergl. meine Anmerkung zu *Queene* 1012 und Jonson, *The Foxe* 3105 : I (*nicht besser It?*) were a wise man, Would stand the fury of a distracted cuckold.

the art Of the once spotlesse temple of thy mind (*lies artch für art, wenn art, im Sinne von Kunst, Schönheit nicht zu halten ist*); LS 2631 : For (*lies Frö, from*) any actually folly I am free.

Als Anhang gebe ich einen Neudruck von *Penny-Wise, Pound-Foolish*<sup>1)</sup>, dem letzten Ausläufer des *Pennyworth of Wit*<sup>2)</sup>, und zwar zunächst aus folgendem Grunde : Wir wissen durch Chalmers, *A Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the Shakespeare Papers*<sup>3)</sup>, 1799, p. 219, dass Forde und Dekker am 22 Oct. 1624 ein « new Play » fertiggestellt hatten, *The Bristowe Merchant*, und es ist nicht unwahrscheinlich, dass zwischen diesem Stück — wir wissen nicht ob es Tragoedie<sup>4)</sup> oder Komoedie war — und unserm « Bristow Diamond » oder einem seiner Vorläufer gewisse Beziehungen bestanden haben. Denn einmal lag ein Familiendrama, wie das in *Penny-Wise, Pound-Foolish* erzählte, den Dichtern der *Witch of Edmonton* ganz besonders, und dann wissen wir aus Forde's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, I, 2<sup>5)</sup>, dass auch er mit dem Kern der Erzählung wohl bekannt war.

Doch dem sei wie ihm wolle : seit Ernst Kuhn in seiner prachtvollen Studie über Barlaam und Joasaph<sup>6)</sup> mit kühner Hand eine Brücke zwischen unserem Motif und *Everyman* geschlagen hat, verdient die kleine Erzählung allgemein zugänglich gemacht zu werden.

Den einleitenden Essay aus der Feder des Prof. S. P. Sherman, Urbana, Ill., empfehle ich den Lesern als einen ersten Versuch Fordes Kunst psychologisch zu erfassen.

<sup>1)</sup> SR : 17 Dec. 1630 ; Arber IV, p. 246 : Edward Blackemore. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of Master Buckner and Master Kingstone A booke called *penny wise, pound ffoolish*. by THOMAS DEKKER..... vj<sup>d</sup>. Der Druck wurde hergestellt nach Photographien des einzigen, unvollständigen Exempl. in der Bodl. (Douce P.P. 268). Einige Druckfehler sind in diesem Stücke stillschweigend verbessert worden.

<sup>2)</sup> Vergl. Hazlitt, *Hand-Book to the Popular, Poet. and Dram. Lit.* etc. 1867, p. 453 ; Hazlitt, *Remains of the Early Pop. Poet. of England*, I, pp. 193 ff. und die dort aufgeführte Literatur. Sodann *De Pleine Bourse de Sens* in de Montaignon et Raynaud, *Recueil Général et Compl. des Fabliaux des XIII<sup>e</sup> et XIV<sup>e</sup> Siècles*, III, pp. 88 ss., sowie Bédier, *Les Fabliaux*<sup>2)</sup>, p. 451, und besonders Kuhn's noch zu erwähnende Abhandlung. — Shakespeare spielt wohl darauf an in *Love's Labour Lost* V, 1, 77 : thou halfpenny purse of wit.

<sup>3)</sup> Vergl. auch Oct. Gilchrist, *A Letter to Will. Gifford, Esq. on the late edition of Ford's plays ; chiefly as relating to Ben Jonson*, 1811, p. 17.

<sup>4)</sup> Fleay, *Biogr. Chron.* I, p. 233 meint, *The Bristow Merchant* sei vielleicht eine Neubearbeitung von Day's *Bristol Tragedy* (*ibid.* p. 108) gewesen ; er hat aber unseren *Penny-Wise, Pound-Foolish* und den Untertitel wohl nie gesehen, obwohl er ihn I. c. I, p. 119 aufführt.

<sup>5)</sup> I'll undertake with a handful of silver to buy a headful of wit at any time (*Works*, ed. Gifford-Dyce-Bullen, I, p. 121).

<sup>6)</sup> *Abhandl. der Philos.-Philol. Cl. K. B. Ak. Wiss.* Band 20, p. 77.

## Forde's Contribution to the Decadence of the Drama.

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John Forde was what our contemporary criticism would call a decadent. But there are decadents and decadents. Within narrow limits Forde was a spirit distinct and unique. His special contribution to the decadence of the drama was subtle and somewhat elusive. To make clear the exact nature of this contribution is to reveal the essential spirit of the man. Sensitive readers always react vigorously upon Forde; if they are sympathetic, they admire him enthusiastically, but if they are antipathetic, they condemn him virulently. The critics from Gifford to Ellis have judged him, as if by necessity, with their whole characters. The unmistakable savour of decadence in his work delights kindred souls, but sorely offends the conservative and the Puritan. There can be little doubt that this savour provoked the much-suffering nostril of the militant Prynne, and had its influence in closing the theatres in 1642.

Forde, like his fellows in those latter days of the drama, sinned in his subject matter. The sub-plot of *Love's Sacrifice* is crudely gross and repulsive. The supposed situation in the *Fancies Chaste and Noble* is quite unfit for artistic treatment, and is rendered absolutely intolerable by the senile folly of the hoax. The comic characters in most of the plays are rather disgusting than funny. Yet this element in Forde's work should not be emphasised; for, in general, he was, even if so disposed, little qualified to truckle to an audience of base instincts and salacious tastes. A gentleman by birth, an aristocrat by temper, his mind was not only cultivated but elevated, as well, and complexionably averse to filth. Some sacrifice had to be made to the ribald groundlings; this sacrifice he performed in a cold and perfunctory manner. Indeed, when Forde attempted to be wittily naughty, he was nearly always lugubrious; he could not possibly have imagined that he had a knack at that sort of thing. Compared with men like Marston or Middleton or Fletcher, he was remarkably free from deliberated indecency and sly lasciviousness. His total contribution to the decadence under this head was not large.

Much more important is the completeness with which Forde removed the dramatic scene from the council-chamber and the battle-field to



the boudoir. His elimination of the purely masculine interests is of vastly greater significance than the occasional intrusion of grossness and indecency. The latter may be the symptom as well of abounding vigor as of decay ; but the former is an almost infallible mark of an effete society. In the stagnation of muscular and intellectual activities of the rugged and virile sort, the sentimental and emotional life tends to become morbidly active , and sex-interest assumes a position of disproportionate importance. One of the most noteworthy characteristics of Forde's plays is that almost all the action takes place within four walls. There is — barring *Perkin Warbeck* — nothing like the field of Agincourt , no Dover Cliff , no storm at sea or wave-smitten coast, no Roman forum, mountain cavern, barren heath, or forest of Arden. Forde's men never go where women cannot follow. Every one meets in hall or bedchamber , and the air grows hot and heavy , and there is nothing to do but to fall in and out of love. There is a sickeningly exclusive absorption in the relations of the sexes ; one sighs for « men in a world of men ». In this enervating hot-house atmosphere, love itself cannot keep sweet. Forde's part in effeminizing the drama is of very considerable importance with reference to the decadence.

But what is truly unique in his genius is his serious application of romantic ideals to real life. Forde's heart was fervently romantic, but his feet trod the streets of London ; in the conflict between the real and his ideal world he found his inspiration. Investigators have sufficiently emphasized his indebtedness to contemporary dramatists. Indeed, they have over-emphasized it ; when one <sup>1)</sup> of them discovers that Forde was only a slavish imitator and mimic of Shakespere, we are inclined to cry : Enough of that kind of criticism. To Shakespere, Forde was, doubtless, greatly indebted ; but he was indebted, also, to Middleton, Jonson, Fletcher, and to nobody knows how many others. « Parallels » and « echoes » might be multiplied without end — and without much profit. Writing when he did, he could scarcely have avoided being profoundly impressed by the examples of his fellow craftsmen. It is strange that no one has traced his indebtedness to his non-dramatic predecessors. For, just as certainly as he learned his dramatic technique from contemporary dramatists , he received his spiritual inheritance from men like Spenser , Lyly , and Sidney. His Weltanschauung was of the sixteenth, not the seventeenth century. He was by nature a follower of the courtly, aristocratic, and romantic tradition, not a pioneer of the popular and realistic movement. That

<sup>1)</sup> Wolff, *John Ford*, Heidelberg, 1880.

the youthful Forde was saturated with the language and sentiments of the *Fairy Queen*, the *Euphues*, the *Arcadia* and the *Astrophel and Stella*, no one that reads his *Fame's Memorial* and the *Peers' Challenge* can fail to recognize.

The *Peers' Challenge* is a pamphlet in prose and verse published in 1606 on an occasion furnished by the entertainment of the King of Denmark. It contains practically nothing new, matter or manner. It is a tissue of literary reminiscences. The sentiments on love, beauty, and honor are such as Spenser elaborated in his hymns. The prose is a late and modified specimen of that « tedious prattle » to which John Lyly had given currency, a quarter of a century earlier. The quotations and illustrations are trite. The style of argument is the same as that which beguiled Euphues and Philautus. There is no pretence at solid reasoning; the delight is all in fine phrases and romantic sentiment tortured upon the rack of the Euphuistic style. The author defends four « positions »; that knights in ladies' service have no free-will; that beauty is the maintainer of valor; that fair lady was never false; that perfect lovers are only wise. What gives significance to the work is the warmth and sincerity with which Forde espouses the romantic point of view; the style is affected, but not the sentiments. He maintains heartily that love is the greatest thing in the world; he affirms that « the chiefest creation of man is to do homage to that excellent frame of beauty — a woman ». He is fired with a youthfull ardor for his own illusions. He is profoundly smitten with the Platonic identification of the good and the beautiful; he wishes to believe that within every fair body is a soul as fair. In short, he has derived from his romantic Platonizing predecessors: a theory of the divine origin of love; a belief in the supreme authority of love in the conduct of life; a consequently fatalistic attitude toward passion; a longing for an ideal Arcadian state. When a young man so endowed confronts the real world, one thing is sure to follow; rebellion against the conventions and laws of society, — romantic revolt. If with these romantic ideals Forde had confined himself to romantic materials and romantic methods, his work would have had little significance for the decadence; he would have been a writer of sweet verse, and little more — a Samuel Daniel. If, on the other hand, he had been without romantic ideals, his work, lacking the source of its divine fire, would have been a cold imitation of Shakespeare, lapsing into the dullness of Brome. The shock of the ideal and the real gave him dramatic life. It led him into a subtle questioning of the reasonableness of the established order, and carried him inevitably into the creation of the problem play as the expression of his views of life.

Already in 1606, he had taken public stand against conventional morality, and had proved the sincerity of the *Peers' Challenge*. The *Fame's Memorial* of the same year, a funeral elegy upon the Earl of Devonshire, was an attempt to defend the character of a man and a woman who had violated the laws and the statutes. Forde made his appeal to the choice few, those select souls who are capable of justifying adultery when the « higher morality » is served. The woman was beautiful, the man was noble ; every thing should be forgiven them, because they had loved much.

Similar themes inspired his most characteristic work. In a sense, all of Forde's work is characteristic ; his style is always his own. But, in general, his plays seem to me to fall into two groups : those in which he took hold of the subject, and those in which the subject took hold of him. In the first group are *Perkin Warbeck*, *The Fancies*, *The Lady's Trial*, and, I am inclined to think, Professor Bang's recent discovery, *The Queen*. This last is a play of great interest on account of the late recognition of its authorship. That it is a genuine Forde play I see no reason to doubt ; it has every mark of Forde's hand. Nor is it without passages worthy of his best days. For instance, what a royal accent here,

« Lords welcome, see thus arm in arm we pace  
To the wide theater of blood and shame  
My Queen and I — »

Yet, on the whole, *The Queen*, like the other three plays of this group seems to have been conceived in the less puissant moments of Forde's genius, and it suffers, like *The Fancies* and *The Lady's Trial*, from a certain futility in the plot. In the second group — I do not take into consideration the work produced in collaboration with Dekker — are *The Lover's Melancholy*, *The Broken Heart*, *Love's Sacrifice*, and *'Tis Pity*. The themes of these four plays were thoroughly congenial to Forde's spirit ; in them we may see the romantic idealism of his youth coming to a deadly struggle with realism.

*The Lover's Melancholy* was but a prelude to the other three. It announced the longing for a romantic paradise, the exclusive love interest, the delicate phrasing of fine shades of feeling, the penetrating psychological treatment, which were to characterize the succeeding tragedies. But here Forde was still on purely romantic ground ; Eroclea and Cleophila, moving sadly and immaculately among their bloodless sorrows, are but dimly frescoed Arcadians. And this prelude differs from the tragedies in being without problem.

The action of the *Broken Heart* also takes place in an ideal and highly rarefied atmosphere, and the characters preserve a certain



Arcadian decorum. The emotion, however, is poignant. Desperate love, hatred, revenge, and sudden death are the soul of the plot. In this play, furthermore, Forde makes his cleanest, most straightforward stroke at the established order. *The Broken Heart* is a problem play with marked *Tendenz*. It presents clearly and sharply the conflict between the world's conventions and the heart's desire. It is a plea for the rights of the individual against the tyranny of the matrimonial bond. It powerfully suggests that obedience to the promptings of the heart would conform to a higher morality, than passive acceptance of the fetters which conventional morality decrees must be worn and borne. It has, perhaps, the unique distinction of being the first problem play in English. It deals in a high, serious fashion with a situation which, to the best of my knowledge, had never before been so dealt with. It is the forerunner of a long line of modern plays which attack from many different approaches the same problem. We cannot, to-day, call it decadent work, because the ideas involved are now familiar and old ; our liberal divorce courts deal with the situation as a part of their business in the existing order. But we must remember that not Shakespeare, nor Jonson, nor Dekker, nor Webster had ever presented the problem of the *Broken Heart*. Other men had presented similar situations ; they had not faced the moral problem.

Even more modern in temper than *The Broken Heart* is the problem play Forde called *Love's Sacrifice*. Forde has now made a long stride toward realism. There is « local color » here ; we are in the hot Italian air ; we are dealing no longer with Arcadians, but with passionate, red-blooded, lustful men and women — with the illicit loves of Bianca and Fernando. The strength of the work is impaired at the end by a blurring of the issues involved ; there is a taint in it of the more than dubious « Platonic » theorizing, then fashionable at court. Yet, in spite of a lack of firmness in treatment, it is a very powerful study in the most popular theme of modern literature, « elective affinities » disturbing the state of marriage. The wife in *The Broken Heart* had been married against her will, while loving another. In *Love's Sacrifice*, Forde goes a step farther, and brings in the disturbing element some time after the marriage. Then, with a deeply searching mind, he probes the mystery of passion, and presents a study in sex-psychology unequalled and unapproached in the drama of his predecessors and contemporaries.

Underlying his treatment of the situation, responsible both for the weakness and the strength of the play, are the principles of Forde's romantic revolt, the principles which, when carried into practice, are so subversive of the established order : the divine origin and supreme

authority of love, and its irresistible power. *Love's Sacrifice*, like the *Broken Heart*, announces a new interest in literature and presents a problem in life which especially engages the attention of our own time. Till Forde wrote *Love's Sacrifice*, there was nothing quite like it in the Elizabethan drama. But it is tragedy of just this sort that fascinated Goethe in *Die Wahlverwandschaften*, Tolstoy in *Anna Karenina*, Ibsen in *Rosmerholm*, Hauptmann in *Einsame Menschen*, D'Annunzio in *Gioconda*, Phillips in *Paolo and Francesca* and Maeterlinck in *Alladine and Palomides*. Across the centuries Forde clasps hands with the most modern of the moderns.

The remaining play of the group, *'Tis Pity*, ought to be a realistic study in degeneracy, but it is not. Consistent thorough-going individualism and romantic worship of passion carried to their logical conclusions have made of a story of incest a problem play. For here, just as sharply as in *The Broken Heart*, is presented the conflict between the desires of the heart and the established order, and this last almost unmentionable conflict is made to appear as natural, inevitable and truly tragical as the first. Souls fall in love through celestial foreordination -- « 'Tis not », says Giovanni, « my lust, but 'tis my fate that leads me on ». Annabella was already in love with him before he had given her any intimation of his passion. The tragic quality of the situation in Forde's eyes, is not at all the fearful moral aberration of this brother and sister. The tragic quality to him is the malign accident that these two enamoured souls should have taken lodging in the bodies of brother and sister. Their loves are pure ; their souls, unstained. Says Giovanni, slaying his sister :

« Go thou, white in thy soul, to fill a throne  
Of innocence and sanctity in heaven ».

It is the impure, material universe at cross purposes with the heart, that causes their tragedy. It is impossible not to feel beneath the words of Giovanni the sentiments of Forde. He draws this hero and heroine as if he loved them. He gives them all the fine situations, the poetical imagination, the steadfastness, the noble sentiments, the starry aspirations. He strives as much as he can to put them in the right and the world in the wrong. He crowns their adulterous and incestuous loves with roses, and attempts to irradiate their crime with celestial light.

This play stands for the ultimate corruption of the romantic ideal. When the last ugliness of unnatural lust and crime is clothed in a veil of divine illusion, decadence can go no farther. When the conflict of incestuous desires with the established order is presented as a genuine problem, moral anarchy can go no farther. It is time for the reaction



to set in. It is time for the Puritan Prynne to lose his ears in an assault upon the iniquitous stage — time for the theaters to close, and for the new order, preparing among the debris of the old, to assert itself.

In this work that we have just been considering, the really unique quality of Forde's genius can best be distinguished. For the sake of illustration by contrast, let us turn for a moment to Shakespeare, of whom Forde is said to have been the slavish imitator. I think we shall see that in spirit they are far apart as the poles.

It is a rather popular commonplace to remark that Shakespeare had something to say on every mood of the human spirit. At first thought, one recognizes a certain general truth in the assertion; but on consideration, one must admit that even his « Myriad-minded » intelligence left some fields almost untouched. The very sanity of his genius limited its scope; whatever a wholesome mind may perceive, or a sound heart feel, came within the range of his observation and his sympathy. But beyond his boundaries lie the Bad Lands of human experience on which he seldom trespassed. Nearly every kind of evil he saw, to be sure, and could at need present. One may recall the shuddering horror with which the element of incest is allowed to enter in *Pericles*. Could Shakespeare have understood, we are tempted to ask, Forde's treatment of the theme in *'Tis Pity*? Though he understood the psychology of the criminals, could he have understood the psychology of the dramatist who so admiringly portrayed them? Shakespeare writing *'Tis Pity* is unthinkable. What has been said in a highly paradoxical sense of Browning may, with much more evident truth, be said of Shakespeare: he was an « ardent and headlong conventionalist ». He stood, in the main, for the established order. His was a mind very little touched with anarchy. He accepted with little question, for dramatic purposes at least, the justice of God and the government of Kings, the authority of religion and the power of the law. With these for standards, it is possible to distinguish right from wrong, and, when a man deviates to one side or the other, to tell how and why.

If Shakespeare represented exhaustively the moods of the race in his time, we should be forced to believe that the race has acquired new moods of late. Certainly a large body of our contemporary literature is concerned with questions which he never raised and scarcely touched upon. The anarchy, from which he is so free, pervades in various forms the work of many of our strongest writers. The great art of Thomas Hardy is devoted to denying the justice of God and exposing the wrongness of things as they are. Tolstoy has spent a lifetime in undermining the authority of all ecclesiastical and



civil law. Browning strikes deeply at all that is fixed and absolute by a subtle questioning of the grounds of morality, by a worship of force and daring for their own sakes, by a half-avowed preference of the courageous crime to the cowardly virtue. Truth, grown old, truth whom we have worshipped afar off, truth for whom we have abjured all other gods, is now ordered to show her credentials in every case to every comer, — if not impudently required to show reason why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon her. Such is the mood of the stronger and saner anarchists. On the wings are involutionists, like Nietzsche, father of Supermen, to whom might is right ; voluptuaries, like Gautier, who would abrogate moral law in the interest of the aesthetic sense ; mystics, like Maeterlinck, who reject sense for sensibility, reason for nerves, and enthrone the « subliminal consciousness » above the intellect in the interest of « the higher morality ».

Between men of these moods and Shakespeare there is a great gulf fixed. They ask questions which he never proposed, and they are involved in problems which he never confronted. Compared with their searching skepticism and their gaseous and intangible principles, his fundamental faith and his robust, straightforward ethics seem primitive and elemental. And he is able to avoid the fog-hung moral quicksands infesting modern decadent literature for this plain reason, that he sticks to the broad highways and the wellbeaten paths. In other words, he eschews problem plays. The central situations in his great tragedies are, from the moralist's point of view, surprisingly simple. One has but to think of *Romeo and Juliet*, a story of the full-souled, full-bodied passion of two youthful lovers, honestly wedded, involved in ill-fate, but faithful to each other's memory even to the deep sacrament of their fragrant blood. This is no Paola and Francesca story of a young girl coldly married, presenting the sad conflict between a strong new love and fidelity to the matrimonial bond. Or let us recall *Hamlet* ; a consummate actor makes us feel that the mood of Hamlet is vital, real, even modern, but in the end we know that the situation belongs to an earlier state of society, and that the tragic business of the Prince would now be an affair for detectives and the criminal courts. We must use the historical imagination on *Macbeth* as well ; such things may take place to-day in the dark Backward of some intriguing Servian court ; but the Lady Macbeth is a barbarian, whom we must remove centuries from us before we can admit the psychological sufficiency of ambition to account for her homicidal career. Of Othello's action, too, we feel that gentlemen « don't do that sort of thing » in our times. Gentlemen in these days are better

acquainted with their wives than the Moor was with his. Shakespeare's presentation of the causes of Othello's jealousy are adequate to the purposes of the play ; yet from a modern point of view Othello was both brutal and foolish. If there had been any such marriage of his mind with Desdemona's as we are told there was, he never could have doubted her fidelity for an instant. He would have looked once deeply into her eyes and his doubts would have vanished for ever. The situation is too simple, too barbaric, for a modern dramatist. He would have Desdemona tempted and sinning, or faithful in body but disloyal at heart, or outwardly reconciled, perhaps, but permanently estranged in spirit. From such complications Shakespeare quite abstains ; his characters are untroubled after marriage by « elective affinities ». He was either uninterested in the psychology of sex-attraction in these irregular relations, or else unwilling to treat it, or both. His celebrated wives — Desdemona, Imogen, Hermione, — are no less immaculate in thought than in act. Probably the nearest that Shakespeare comes to a « problem » is in *Measure For Measure*. For a moment, one suspects that he contemplates presenting us in the position of Isabella a moral dilemma. If our modern Maeterlinck had been dealing with the material of this play, he would have squarely faced the question (as he does in *Monna Vanna*) whether Isabella served the « higher morality » in preserving her physical chastity at the cost of her brother's life. Laying aside all preconceived notions, precedents, standards, he would attempt to assume the function of God, and adjust the ultimate balances. This weighing would be the soul of the plot. — But Shakespeare does nothing of the sort. Isabella never questions the authority of established ideas in the matter. Her sense of right is swift and intuitive. For her there is no dilemma. Nor does she imagine there can be for Claudio, either ; for she believes him « too noble to conserve a life in base appliances ». When, in the horror of imminent death, he pleads with her to save him, she becomes pitiless stone with a tongue of scathing contempt. Unflinchingly she speaks the doom : « Tis best that thou diest quickly ». And so, with short shrift, Shakespeare dismisses the possibility of a dilemma, and shows himself an « ardent conventionalist », a follower of the obvious and long-trodden path, an upholder of the established order.

After the reign of law comes the reaction of lawlessness. It is most highly significant that Forde's plays were produced in the years when the forces were coming to a head, which brought about the great Puritan revolution. The monarch who had so triumphantly asserted the divine right of kings prepared his successor's way to the scaffold. James theorized too much ; while he reasoned out the grounds for the



established order, the people following the royal example reasoned out the grounds for upsetting it. Against his arguments for the supremacy of the state, they were opposing their arguments for the rights of the individual. It is true that the revolutionists were not seeking to emancipate themselves from all discipline or check, political or religious. What they desired was to substitute for the outer restraint an inner discipline quite as rigorous. But at bottom the Revolution was an emphatic declaration of individual liberty.

Now the decadence of the Jacobean drama came about through causes not unrelated to the decadence of the Jacobean government. It was not merely that the dramatists had exhausted all the wholesome material and were at last, for dearth of better, thrown upon the unwholesome. Nor was it merely that the audiences, no longer pleased with plain fare, demanded fare spiced and « high ». Nor that the court had monopolized the interest of the stage, and that the court was corrupt and corrupted the stage. In addition to all these causes, a fourth element must be taken into consideration; namely, the intellectualizing influence of the drama itself, the intense mental stimulus afforded by the production, in one little center, year after year, of hundreds upon hundreds of plays. When the dominant literary form is such a vital and popular form as the Elizabethan drama, its direct influence upon the intellectual and moral ideas of the public must be immense. It enabled courtier and apprentice alike to live a large imaginative life, an imaginative life in which the images were clothed in flesh and blood. They were witnesses in animated fashion to seditions and wars and triumphs. They saw with familiar and critical eye transactions of state, the rise of favorites, the contention of parties, the coronation of a line of kings, and the downfall and decapitation of princes. They observed all the passions of men in action in multitudinous forms, love in a thousand masks, and hate in as many more, virtue at its highest pitch, and the seven deadly sins incarnate. Without leaving their seats, they traveled in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Greece, Rome, and Fairyland, observing the manners and morals of men in court and field in all places and all times.

The total effect of this variegated and lively imaginative experience must have been, even in the Londoners who had never left the city, something like cosmopolitanism, than which no more powerful dissolvent of standards has been discovered. Having become citizens of the world, they were students of comparative manners, of comparative morals. As a matter of fact nothing seemed to please the Elizabethan playgoer more surely (if we may judge by the frequency of occurrence), than for two actors to come on and discuss the national characteristics



of the Irishman, the Italian, the Spaniard, the Dutchman, the Dane, comparing and contrasting them. Sometimes the point of interest was the beard, sometimes the garb, again the capacity for drink, and very frequently the peculiarities of vice. Familiarity with a variety of standards differing greatly and conflicting among themselves leads pretty surely to skepticism concerning the authority of any one standard, if not to contempt for all. For example, it had been pounded into the Englishman, from Roger Ascham's time on, that free-love was the custom of the country in Italy. Whether a dramatist presenting an Italian story of passion, took the Italian point of view, or the conventional English, mattered little in the long run. The fact that free-love had the countenance of the country and that the playgoer knew it, were the points of significance. The playgoer could think for himself, once he had the materials before him and his faculties stimulated to action. Thanks to original sin, the reason of man with such material before him proves a most profane and liberal counsellor. Insidiously the conscience lightens the burdens of old checks and restraints, and little by little emancipates itself from its ingrained sense of sin. It assumes an independence of judgement; the individual shall be the arbiter in his own affairs, and not law, or religion, or public opinion. Suddenly, under the nose of the old order, anarchy opens full blown, — moral anarchy producing a decadent drama, religious anarchy overthrowing the established church, political anarchy producing a great revolution. They are all blossoms from the same stalk.

Some such process as this just described I conceive took place in the mind of Forde during the twenty-five odd years that he watched the pageant of the London theaters pass by. Little touched by the hard first-hand realities of contemporary life, he was deeply versed in the passionate highly-colored reflection of life upon the stage. Here, mainly, I am constrained to believe, he learned what he knew about the human heart. And so, without being really literary imitations, his plays are in a certain sense the shadow of a shadow. But the mirror that Forde held up to the contemporary stage had magical properties. It did not reflect all that was transacted there, and it transformed what it did reflect. Forde's interest was primarily psychological. He did not care at all (in spite of his *Perkin Warbeck*) for the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, which had captivated the audiences of the chronicle plays. He had no love of splendid poetry for its own sake, which had immortalized the work of Marlowe. No dramatist of the time has a style on the whole more chastened and restrained than Forde's. He did not, in general, strive for the theatrically effective situations which made popular the dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher.

What he endeavored to do was as far as possible to remove the emphasis from the external action, and to place it upon those portentous processes of the mind, which go on in silence. Neither did he reproduce the fresh realistic detail which keeps the work of Dekker young. This was partly because he did not have it at command, and partly because it would have detracted interest from the psychological situation. Very much less than Marston or Webster or Tourneur did he accentuate the coarsely horrible and the physically repulsive. He strove to produce that deeper and finer horror which can hardly be expressed in words, and which is not revealed by violent action. He did not care that we should feel sharply the physical kinship of his heroes and heroines to ourselves. The delicately melancholy Prince Palador, sweet sad-hearted Eroclea, Penthea, grief-smitten fading before our eyes, the Princess Calantha, tall and cold, all these have a certain ethereal indistinctness as of figures passing in mist. Even the intenser figures, ardent Giovanni, Orgilus burning with hate, Bianca burning with love, seem at times not so much human beings as vessels for the disembodied flame and passion of life. As Forde broods over these dim spiritual presences and these fierce but half-incorporeal fires, which he has created and evoked from the shadowy places of his own melancholy, his mind loses contact with the hard facts and conditions of the outside world. The conventions, the morals, the laws, which hedge creatures of flesh and blood with prescriptions and penalties, vanish or seem no longer valid. Distinctions between right and wrong are lost. The guide-posts and guard-rails of the established order dissolve and melt away, and the emancipated heart roams at large over the regions of untrammelled desire.

This crumbling and dissolution of the established order seems to me the proper meaning to attach to the term decadence. It is brought about by a temporary anarchy — temporary necessarily from the nature of things. But while the old order is giving way to the new, there is likely to be a revolt in the name of miscellaneous and purposeless liberty, an assertion of unbridled individualism. Excesses of all sorts will flourish — excesses of brutality and excesses of refinement, carnal riot and religious mysticism, animal indulgence and dubious « Platonic love ». Fond old paradoxes will assume new plausibility, discarded modes of thought revive, and questions long settled will be reopened.

To this decadence, this temporary anarchy, Forde must be reckoned as one of the more thoughtful contributors. He was in quiet revolt against the established order, insidiously attacking it in the name of individualism. Nor was his attack purposeless. It was directed in the

main to one end : he wished to throw off the conventional bonds, which every organized society develops, in order to give free play to the desires of the heart. It was the romantic individualism of passion for which he contended. Deeply imbued, as we have seen, with the romantic spirit, he felt that love is of celestial origin, that its rights are supreme, that its force is irresistible. The established order resists it and conflicts with the heart's desire. Therefore, he would contend, shatter that evil portion of the order to bits and then remold it nearer to the ideal state. Out of his sense of the conflict between the real and the ideal, out of his pain at the jarring contrast between the harsh convention-cursed real world with its tragic nets for love's feet to tangle in, and his peaceful imagined Arcadia, whose government conforms to the heart, issues his sweetest poetry and his tragic power.





XX

Page 1<sup>st</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> line after page xx  
1<sup>st</sup>

# THE LOVERS Melancholy.

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*ACTED*  
AT THE PRIVATE  
HOUSE IN THE BLACKE

Friers, and publikely at the Globe  
by the Kings Maiesties Ser-  
uants.

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LONDON,  
Printed for *H. Seile*, and are to be sold at the Ty-  
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1629.

*The Sceane  
Famagosta in Cyprus.*

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5 IOSEPH TAYLOR.  
ROBERT BENFIELD.  
IOHN SHANCK.  
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ANTHONY SMITH.

RICHARD SHARPE.  
THOMAS POLLARD.  
WILLIAM PENN.  
CVRTEISE GRIVILL.  
GEORGE VERNON.  
RICHARD BAXTER.

10

IOHN TOMSON.  
IOHN HONYMAN.  
JAMES HORNE.  
WILLIAM TRIGG.  
ALEXANDER GOVGH.



37

# TO MY WOR- THILY RESPECTED

FRIENDS, NATHANIEL FINCH,  
JOHN FORD, Esquires ; M<sup>r</sup>. HENRY  
5 BLUNT, M<sup>r</sup>. ROBERT ELLICE, and  
all the rest of the Noble Society of  
Grayes Inne.

*My Honour'd Friends,*

10

T

15

*He account of some leisurable houres, is here summ'd vp, and offered to examination. Importunity of Others, or Opinion of mine owne, hath not vrg'd on any confidence of running the hazard of a censure. As plurality hath reference to a Multitude, so, I care not to please Many : but where there is a Parity of condition, there the freedom of construction, makes the best musicke. This concord hath equally held betweene YOV THE PATRONES, and ME THE*

20 *PRESENTOR. I am cleer'd of all scruple of dis-respect on your parts ; as I am of too slacke a Merit in my selfe. My presumption of comming in Print in this kind, hath hitherto been vn-reproouable. This Piece, being the first, that euer*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*courted Reader ;and it is very possible,that the like complement  
25 with Me, may soone grow out of fashion. A practice of which  
that I may auoid now, I commend to the continuance of your  
Loues,the memory ofH 1 s,who without the protestation of  
a seruice,is readily your Friend,*

IOHN FORD.

---

---

5-\*

*To my Honour'd Friend, Master Iohn  
Ford, on his Louers Melancholy.*

IF that thou think'st these lines thy worth can raise,  
Thou do'st mistake ; *my* liking is no prayse :  
5 Nor can I thinke thy Iudgement is so ill,  
To seeke for Bayes from such a barraine Quill :  
Let your *true Critick*, that can iudge and mend,  
Allow thy Sceanes and Stile : I, as a friend  
That knowes thy worth, doe onely sticke my Name,  
10 To shew *my Loue*, not to aduance *thy Fame*.

*George Donne.*

*To his worthy Friend, the Author, Ma-  
ster Iohn Ford.*

Write not to thy Play : Ile not begin  
To throw a censure vpon what hath been  
5 By th' *Best* approu'd ; *It* can nor feare, nor want  
The *Rage*, or *Liking* of the Ignorant.  
Nor seeke I Fame for Thee, when thine owne Pen  
Hath forc'd a praise long since, from knowing Men.  
I speake my thoughts, and wish vnto the Stage  
10 A glory from thy studies ; that the Age



May be indebted to Thee, for Reprieue  
 Of purer language, and that *Spight* may grieve  
 To see *It selfe* out-done. When Thou art read,  
 The Theater may hope Arts are not dead,  
 15 Though long conceal'd ; that *Poet-Apes* may feare  
 To vent their weaknesse, mend, or quite forbear.  
 This I dare promise ; and keepe this in store ;  
 As thou hast done enough, Thou canst doe more.

*William Singleton.*

---

*To the Author, Master Iohn Ford.*

**B** *Lacke choler*, Reasons ouer-flowing Spring,  
 Where thirsty Louers drinke, or any Thing,  
 Passion, the restlesse current of dull plaints  
 5 Affords their thoughts, who deeme lost beauties, Saints:  
 Here their *best Lectures* read, collect, and see  
 Various conditions of Humanitie  
 Highly enlighten'd by thy Muses rage ;  
 Yet all so coucht, that they adorn'd the Stage.  
 10 Shun *Phocions blushes* thou ; for sure to please  
 It is no sinne, then what is thy disease ?  
 Iudgements applause ? effeminated smiles ?  
 Studie's delight ? thy wit mistrust beguiles :  
 Establisht Fame will thy Physicion be,  
 15 (Write but againe) to cure thy lealousie.

*Hum. Howorth.*

*of*

---

*Of the Louers Melancholy.*

**T**Is not the Language, nor the fore-plac'd Rimes  
Of Friends, that shall commend to after-times  
The *Louers Melancholy* : Its owne worth  
5 Without a borrowed prayse, shall set it forth.

Ὁ Φίλος.

---

**THE**

## THE PROLOGVE.

**T**O tell yee (*Gentlemen*) in what true sense  
The Writer, Actors, or the audience  
Should mold their ludgemēts for a Play, might draw  
5 Truth into Rules, but we haue no such law.  
Our Writer, for himselfe would haue yee know,  
That in his following Sceanes, he doth not owe  
To others Fancies, nor hath layne in wait  
For any stolne Inuention, from whose height  
10 He might commend his owne, more then the right  
A Scholer claimes, may warrant for delight.  
It is Arts scorne, that some of late haue made  
The Noble vse of Poetry a Trade.  
For your parts (*Gentlemen*) to quite his paines,  
15 Yet you will please, that as you meet with straines  
Of lighter mixtures, but to cast your eye  
Rather vpon the maine, then on the bye.  
His hopes stand firme, and we shall find it true,  
The Louers Melancholy cur'd by you.

THE



THE  
LOVERS  
Melancholy.

*Tragedy.*

---

ACTED  
AT THE PRIVATE  
HOUSE IN THE BLACKE  
Friars, and publikely at the Globe  
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uants.

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| EYLYARDT SWANSTON. | GEORGE VERNON.  |
| ANTHONY SMITH.     | RICHARD BAXTER. |

JOHN TOMSON.  
JOHN HONYMAN.  
JAMES HORNE.  
WILLIAM TRIGG.  
ALEXANDER GOUGH.

# THE LOVERS MELANCHOLY.

Actus I. Scena I.

*Enter Menaphon and Pelias.*

5

*Menaphon.*

D

Angers ? How meane you dangers ? that  
so courtly  
You gratulate my safe returne from dan-  
gers ?

10

*Pel.* From Trauailes (noble Sir.)

*Men.* These are delights,

If my experience hath not Trewant-like  
Mis-spent the time, which I haue stroue to vse,  
For bettering my mind with obseruation.

15

*Pel.* As I am modest, I protest 'tis strange :  
But is it possible ?

*Men.* What ?

*Pel.* To bestride

The frothy fomes of *Neptunes* surging waues,

20

When blustering *Boreas* tosseth vp the deepe,  
And thumps a thunder bounce ?

B

*Men.*



*Men.* Sweet Sir, 'tis nothing,  
Straight comes a Dolphin playing neere your ship,  
Heauing his crooked backe vp, and presents

25 A Feather-bed, to waft'ee to the shoare,  
As easily as if you slept i'th' Court.

*Pel.* Indeed, is't true, I pray?

*Men.* I will not stretch

Your Faith vpon the Teinters, prethee *Pelias*,

30 Where didst thou learne this language?

*Pel.* I this language?

Alas, Sir, we that study words and formes  
Of complement, must fashion all discourse,  
According to the nature of the subiect. *Enter Ame-*

35 But I am silent, now appears a Sunne, *thus, Sophro-*  
Whose shadow I adore. *nos, and Attendants.*

*Men.* My honour'd Father.

*Soph.* From mine eyes, son, son of my care, my loue,  
The ioyes that bid thee welcome, doe too much

40 speake me a child.

*Men.* O Princely Sir, your hand.

*Amet.* Performe your duties where you owe them  
I dare not be so sudden in the pleasures, (first,  
Thy presence hath brought home.

45 *Soph.* Here thou still findest  
A Friend as noble (*Menaphon*) as when  
Thou left'st at thy departure.

*Men.* Yes, I know it,

To him I owe more seruice. ———

50 *Amet.* Pray giue leaue,  
He shall attend your intertainements soone,  
Next day, and next day, for an houre or two,  
I would engrosse him onely.

*Soph.* Noble Lord.

*Ame.*

55 *Ame.* Y'are both dismist.

*Pel.* Your creature, and your Seruant.

*Exeunt all but Ameth. Menap.*

*Ame.* Giue me thy hand, I will not say, Th'art wel-  
That is the common roade of cōmon friends, (come,  
60 I am glad I haue thee here— O, I want words  
To let thee know my heart.

*Men.* 'Tis peec'd to mine.

*Ame.* Yes, 'tis, as firmly, as that holy thing  
Call'd Friendship can vnite it. *Menaphon*,  
65 My *Menaphon* : now all the goodly blessings,  
That can create a Heauen on earth, dwell with thee.  
Twelue monthes we haue been sundred, but henceforth  
We neuer more will part, till that sad houre,  
In which death leaues the one of vs behind,  
70 To see the others funerals perform'd.

Let's now a while be free. How haue thy trauailes  
Disburth'ned thee abroad of discontents ?

*Men.* Such cure as sicke men find in changing beds,  
I found in change of Ayres ; the fancy flatter'd  
75 My hopes with ease, as theirs doe, but the grieve  
Is still the same.

*Ame.* Such is my case at home.

*Cleophyla*, thy Kinswoman, that Maide  
Of sweetnesse and humility, more pities  
80 Her Fathers poore afflictions, then the tide  
Of my complaints.

*Men.* *Thamasta*, my great Mistris,  
Your Princely Sister, hath, I hope ere this,  
Confirm'd affection on some worthy choice.

85 *Ame.* Not any, *Menaphon*. Her bosome yet  
Is intermur'd with Ice, though by the truth  
Of loue, no day hath euer past, wherein

I haue not mention'd thy deserts,thy constancy  
 Thy—— Come,in troth I dare not tell thee what,  
 90 Lest thou mightst thinke I fawnd vpon a sinne  
 Friendship was neuer guilty of ; for flattery  
 Is monstrous in a true friend.

*Men.* Does the Court

Weare the old lookcs too ?

95 *Ame.* If thou mean'st the Prince,  
 It does,hee's the same melancholy man,  
 He was at's Fathers death,sometimes speakes sence,  
 But seldome mirth ; will smile, but seldome laugh ;  
 Will lend an eare to businesse,deale in none ;  
 100 Gaze vpon Reuels,Anticke Fopperies,  
 But is not mou'd ; will sparingly discourse,  
 Heare musicke ; but what most he takes delight in,  
 Are handsome pictures ; one so young,and goodly,  
 So sweet in his owne nature,any Story  
 105 Hath seldome mentioned.

*Men.* Why should such as I am,  
 Groane vnder the light burthens of small sorrowes,  
 When as a Prince,so potent, cannot shun  
 Motions of passion ? To be man (my Lord)

110 Is to be but the exercise of cares  
 In seuerall shapes ; as miseries doe grow,  
 They alter as mens formes ; but how,none know.

*Ame.* This little Ile of Cyprus sure abounds  
 In greater wonders,both for change and fortune,  
 115 Then any you haue seene abroad.

*Men.* Then any

I haue obseru'd abroad : all Countries else  
 To a free eye and mind yeeld something rare ;  
 And I for my part, haue brought home one Jewell  
 120 Of admirable value.

*Ame.*



*Ame.* Iewell, *Menaphon* ?

*Men.* A Iewell, my *Amethus*, a faire Youth ;  
A Youth, whom if I were but superstitious,  
I should repute an Excellence more high,  
125 Then meere creations are, to adde delight.  
I'le tell yee how I found him.

*Ame.* Prethee doe.

*Men.* Passing from Italy to Greece, the Tales  
Which Poets of an elder time haue fain'd  
130 To glorifie their *Tempe*, bred in me  
Desire of visiting that Paradise.  
To Thessaly I came, and liuing priuate,  
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions,  
Then the old In-mates to my loue, my thoughts ;  
135 I day by day frequented silent Groues,  
And solitarie Walkes. One morning early  
This accident incountred me : I heard  
The sweetest and most rauishing contention,  
That Art or Nature euer were at strife in.

140 *Ame.* I cannot yet conceiue, what you inferre  
By Art and Nature.

*Men.* I shall soone resolute yee.

A sound of musicke toucht mine eares, or rather  
Indeed intranc'd my soule : as I stole neerer,  
145 Inuited by the melody, I saw  
This Youth, this faire-fac'd Youth, vpon his Lute  
With straines of strange variety and harmony,  
Proclaiming (as it seem'd) so bold a challenge  
To the cleare *Quiristers* of the Woods, the Birds,  
150 That as they flockt about him, all stood silent,  
Wondring at what they heard. I wondred too.

*Ame.* And so doe I, good, — on.

*Men.* A Nightingale.

*Vide Fami.  
stradam. lib. 2.  
Prolus. 6. Acad.  
2. Imitat. Claudian.*

- Natures best skill'd Musicion vndertakes  
 155 The challenge, and for euery seuerall straine  
 The wel-shapt Youth could touch, she sung her down;  
 He coo'd not run Diuision with more Art  
 Vpon his quaking Instrument, then she,  
 The Nightingale did with her various notes  
 160 Reply too, for a voyce, and for a sound,  
*Amethus*, tis much easier to beleue  
 That such they were, then hope to heare againe.  
*Amet.* How did the Riuals part?  
*Mena.* You terme them rightly,  
 165 For they were Riuals, and their Mistris *harmony*.  
 Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last  
 Into a pretty anger, that a bird  
 Whom Art had neuer taught Cliffs, Moods, or Notes,  
 Should vie with him for mastery, whose study  
 170 Had busied many houres to perfit practise:  
 To end the controuersie, in a rapture,  
 Vpon his Instrument he playes so swiftly,  
 So many voluntaries, and so quicke,  
 That there was curiositie and cunning,  
 175 Concord in discord, lines of diffring method  
 Meeting in one full Center of delight.  
*Amet.* Now for the bird.  
*Mena.* *The bird* ordain'd to be  
 Musicks first Martyr, stroue to imitate  
 180 These seuerall sounds: which, when her warbling throat  
 Fail'd in, for griefe, downe dropt she on his Lute,  
 And brake her heart; it was the quaintest sadnesse,  
 To see the Conquerour vpon her Hearse,  
 To weepe a funerall Elegy of teares,  
 185 That trust me (*my Amethus*) I coo'd chide  
 Mine owne vnmanly weakenesse, that made me

A fel-

A fellow-mourner with him. *Amet.* I beleeeue thee.

*Mena.* He lookes vpon the trophies of his Art,  
Then sigh'd, then wip'd his eyes, then sigh'd, and cride,  
190 Alas poore creature : I will soone reuenge  
This cruelty vpon the Author of it ;  
Henceforth this Lute guilty of innocent blood,  
Shall neuer more betray a harmelesse peace  
To an vntimely end : and in that sorrow,  
195 As he was pashing it against a tree,  
I suddenly stept in.

*Amet.* Thou hast discourst  
A truth of mirth and pitie.

*Mena.* I reprieu'd  
200 Th'intended execution with intreaties,  
And interruption : but (my Princely friend)  
It was not strange, the musicke of his hand  
Did ouer-match *birds*, when his voyce and beauty,  
Youth, carriage and discretion, must, from men  
205 Indu'd with reason, rauish admiration :  
From me they did.

*Amet.* But is this miracle  
Not to be seene ?

*Men.* I won him by degrees  
210 To chuse me his Companion ; whence he is,  
Or who, as I durst modestly inquire,  
So gently hee would woo not to make knowne :  
Onely for reasons to himselfe reseru'd,  
He told me, that some remnant of his life  
215 Was to be spent in Trauaile ; for his fortunes,  
They were nor meane, nor riotous ; his friends  
Not publisht to the world, though not obscure :  
His Countrey, Athens ; and his name, *Parthenophill.*

*Amet.* Came he with you to Cyprus ?

Willingly,



220 *Men.* Willingly.

The fame of our young melancholy Prince,  
*Meleanders* rare distractions, the obedience  
 Of young *Cleophila*, *Thamasta's* glory,  
 Your matchlesse friendship, and my desperate loue

225 Preuail'd with him, and I haue lodg'd him priuately  
 In Famagosta

*Amet.* Now th'art doubly welcome :

I will not lose the sight of such a rarity  
 For one part of my hopes. When d'ee intend

230 To visit my great-spirited Sister.

*Mena.* May I

Without offence ?

*Amet.* Without offence ? *Parthenophill*

Shall find a worthy intertainement too.

235 Thou art not still a coward.

*Mena.* Shee's too excellent,

And I too low in merit.

*Amet.* Ile prepare

A noble welcome. And (friend) ere we part,

240 Vnloade to thee an ouer-charged heart. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Rhetius carelesly attyr'd.*

*Rhet.* I will not court the madnesse of the times,

Nor fawne vpon the Riots that embalme

Our wanton Gentry, to preserue the dust

245 Of their affected vanities, in coffins

Of memorable shame ; when Common-wealths

Totter and reele from that nobilitie

And ancient vertue, which renownes the great,

Who steere the Helme of gouernment, while Mush-

250 Grow vp, & make new lawes to licence folly : (rooms

Why should not I, a *May-game*, scorne the weight

Of my sunke fortunes ? snarle at the vices

VVhich

- Which rot the Land, and without feare or wit  
 Be mine owne Anticke? Tis a sport to liue  
 255 When life is irkesome, if we will not hug  
 Prosperity in others, and contemne  
 Affliction in our selues. This Rule is certaine,  
 " He that pursues his safety from the Schoole  
 " Of State, must learne to be mad man, or foole.  
 260 Ambition, wealth, ease, I renounce the diuell  
 That damns yee here on earth, or I will be—  
 Mine owne mirth, or mine owne tormentor,—So,  
*Enter Pelius.*  
 Here comes intelligence, a Buz o'the Court.  
 265 *Pel. Rhetias*, I sought thee out to tell thee newes,  
 New, excellent new newes. *Cucolus*, Sirra,  
 That Gull, that young old Gull, is comming this way.  
*Rhet.* And thou art his forerunner?  
*Pel.* Prethee heare me :  
 270 In stead of a fine guarded Page,  
 We haue got him  
 A Boy, trickt vp in neat and handsome  
 Fashion ;  
 Perswaded him, that tis indeed a Wench ;  
 275 And he has entertain'd him, he does follow him,  
 Carries his sword and buckler, waits on his trencher,  
 Filles him his Wine, Tobacco, whets his knife,  
 Lackeyes his letters, does what seruice else  
 He would imploy his man in : being askt,  
 280 Why he is so irregular in Courtship?  
 His answer is, that since great Ladies vse  
 Gentlemen Vshers to goe bare before them,  
 He knowes no reason, but he may reduce  
 The Courtiers to haue women waite on them,  
 285 And he begins the fashion ; he is laught at

Most complementally. Thou't burst to see him.

*Rhet.* *Agelastus*, so surnamed for his grauity,  
Was a very wise fellow, kept his countenance  
All dayes of his life as demurely, as a Iudge that  
290 Pronounceth sentence of death, on a poore Roague,  
For stealing as much bacon, as would serue at a meale  
With a Calues head. Yet he smil'd once,  
And neuer but once : Thou art no Scholler ?

*Pel.* I haue read Pamphlets dedicated to me :  
295 Dost call him *Agelastus* ? why did he laugh ?

*Rhet.* To see an Asse eate Thistles.  
Puppy, go study to be a singular Coxcomb. *Cuculus* is an  
Ordinary Ape, but thou art an Ape of an Ape.

*Enter Cuculus and Grilla.*

300 *Pel.* Thou hast a Patent to abuse thy friends :  
Looke, looke, he comes, obserue him seriously.

*Cucul.* Reach me my sword and buckler.

*Grill.* They are here, forsooth.

*Cucul.* How now (*Minkes*) how now ? Where is your  
305 duty, your distance ?

Let me haue seruice methodically tendred; you are now  
One of vs. Your curse; good : remember that you are  
To practise Courtship: was thy father a Piper, saist thou?

*Grill.* A sounder of some such wind instrumēt forsooth.

310 *Cucull.* Was he so? hold vp thy head; be thou musicall  
To me, and I will marry thee to a dancer : one  
That shall ryde on his Foot-cloth, and maintaine thee  
In thy Muffe and Hood.

*Grill.* That will be fine indeed.

315 *Cucul.* Thou art yet but simple.

*Grill.* Dee thinke so ?

*Cucul.* I haue a braine ; I haue a head-piece ;  
O my conscience, if I take paines with thee, I shood

Raise



Raise thy vnderstanding(Girle) to the height of a nurse,  
 320 Or a Court-midwife at least, I will make thee big  
 In time,wench.

*Grill.* E'en doe your pleasure with me,Sir.

*Pel.* Noble accomlisht *Cuculus*.

*Rhet.* Giue me thy fist, Innocent.

325 *Cucul.* Would 'twere in thy belly,there tis. (blunt.

*Pel.* That's well, hee's an honest blade,though he be

*Cucul.* Who cares?we can be as blunt as he for's life.

*Rhet.* *Cuculus*,there is within a mile or two,a Sow-pig  
 Hath suckt a Brach,and now hunts the Deere,the Hare,

330 Nay,most vnnaturally the wilde Bore,

Aswell as any Hound in Cyprus.

*Cucul.* Monstrous Sow-pig ! ist true ? (her.

*Pel.* Ile be at charge of a banket on thee for a sight of

*Rhet.* Euery thing takes after the dam that gaue it suck:

335 Where hadst thou thy milke ?

*Cucul.* I ? Why, my nurses husband was a most ex-  
 Of Shittle-cocks. (cellent maker

*Pel.* My nurse was a woman-surgeon.

*Rhet.* And who gaue thee pap,Mouse ?

340 *Gril.* I neuer suckt that I remember.

*Rhet.* La now, a Shittle-cock-maker, all thy braines  
 are stucke with corke and feather. *Cuculus*, this lear-  
 ned Courtier takes after the nurse too, a she-surgeon,  
 which is in effect a meere matcher of colours. Goe,  
 345 learne to paint and dawbe complements, tis the next  
 step to run into a new suit ; my Lady *Periwinckle* here  
 neuer suckt ; suck thy Master, and bring forth Moone-  
 calues, Fop,doe ; This is good Philosophy, Sirs, make  
 vse on't.

350 *Grill.* Blesse vs, what a strange Creature this is ?

*Cucul.* A Gull,an arrant Gull by Proclamation.

*Enter Corax passing ouer.*

- Pel. Corax*, the Princes chiefe Physicion;  
 What businesse speeds his haste——
- 355 *Are all things well, Sir?*  
*Cor.* Yes, yes, yes.  
*Rhet.* Phew, you may wheele about, man, wee know  
 y'are proud of your slouenry and practice, tis your ver-  
 tue; the Princes melancholy fit I presume holds still.
- 360 *Cora.* So doe thy knauery and desperate beggery.  
*Cucul.* Aha : here's one will tickle the ban-dog.  
*Rhet.* You must not goe yet.  
*Cora.* Ile stay in spight of thy teeth. There lyes my  
 grauity :
- 365 *Casts off his gowne.*  
 Doe what thou darest, I stand thee.  
*Rhet.* Mountebanck, Empricks, Quacksaluers, Mi-  
 neralists, Wizards, Alchimists, cast-Apothecaries, old  
 Wiues and Barbers, are all suppositors to the right
- 370 *Worshipfull Doctor, as I take it.*  
 Some of yee are the head of your Art, & the hornes too,  
 but they come by nature; thou liuest single for no other  
 end, but that thou fearest to be a Cuckold.
- Cora.* Haue at thee ; thou affect'st railing onely for  
 375 thy health, thy miseries are so thicke and so lasting, that  
 thou hast not one poore denier to bestow on opening a  
 veine. Wherefore to auoide a Plurisie, thou't be sure  
 to prate thy selfe once a month into a whipping, and  
 bleed in the breech in stead of the arme.
- 380 *Rhet.* Haue at thee agen.  
*Cora.* Come.  
*Cucul.* There, there, there; O braue Doctor.

*Pel.*

*Pel.* Let'em alone.

*Rhet.* Thou art in thy Religion an Atheist, in thy  
385 condition a Curre, in thy dyet an Epicure, in thy lust a  
Goate, in thy sleepe a Hogge; thou tak'st vpon thee the  
habit of a graue Phisition, but art indeed an imposterous  
Emperike. Physicions are the bodies Coblers, rather  
the Botchers of mens bodies; as the one patches our  
390 tattered clothes, so the other solders our diseased flesh.  
Come on.

*Cuc.* Tot, tot, hold him tot, hold him toot, tot, tot, tot.

*Cora.* The best worth in thee, is the corruption of  
thy minde, for that onely intitles thee to the dignity of  
395 a lowse: a thing bred out of the filth and superfluity of  
ill humours: Thou byt'st any where; and any man  
who defends not himselfe with the cleane linnen of se-  
cure honesty; him thou darest not come neere. Thou  
art Fortunes Ideot, Vertues Bankrupt, Times Dunghil,  
400 Manhoods Scandall, and thine owne scourge. Thou  
wouldst hang thy selfe, so wretchedly miserable thou  
art; but that no man will trust thee with as much mo-  
ney as will buy a halter: and all thy stocke to be sold, is  
not worth halfe as much as may procure it.

405 *Rhet.* Ha, ha, ha; this is flattery, grosse flattery.

*Cora.* I haue imployment for thee, and for yee all,  
Tut, these are but good morrowes betweene vs.

*Rhet.* Are thy bottles full?

*Cor.* Of rich wine, lets all sucke together.

410 *Rhet.* Like so many Swine in a trough.

*Cora.* Ile shape yee all for a deuise before the Prince,  
Wee'le trie how that can moue him.

*Rhet.* He shall fret or laugh.

*Cucul.* Must I make one?

415 *Cora.* Yes, and your feminine Page too.



*Gril.* Thankes most egregiously.

*Pel.* I will not slacke my part.

*Cucul.* Wench, take my buckler.

*Cora.* Come all vnto my chamber, the proiect is cast,  
420 The time onely we must attend.

*Rhet.* The melody must agree well, and yeeld sport,  
When such as these are, Knaues and Fooles consort.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Amethus, Thamasta and Kala.*

425 *Amet.* Does this shew well ?

*Tham.* What would you haue me doe ?

*Amet.* Not like a Lady of the trim, new crept  
Out of the shell of sluttish sweat and labour,  
Into the glittering pompe of ease and wantonnesse,  
430 Imbroideries, and all these antike fashions,  
That shape a woman monstrous ; to transforme  
Your education, and a Noble birth  
Into contempt and laughter. Sister, Sister,  
She who deriues her blood from Princes, ought

435 To glorifie her greatnesse by humility.

*Tham.* Then you conclude me proud.

*Amet.* Young *Menaphon*,  
My worthy friend, has lou'd you long, and truly,  
To witnesse his obedience to your scorne,  
440 Twelue moneths (wrong'd Gentleman) he vndertooke  
A voluntary exile. Wherefore (Sister)  
In this time of his absence, haue you not  
Dispos'd of your affections on some Monarch ?  
Or sent Embassadors to some neighbouring King  
445 With fawning protestations of your graces ?  
Your rare perfections, admirable beauty ?

This

This had been a new piece of modesty,  
Would haue deseru'd a Chronicle !

*Tham.* You are bitter ;

- 450 And brother, by your leaue, not kindly wise.  
My freedome is my births, I am not bound  
To fancy your approuements, but my owne.  
Indeed you are an humble youth, I heare of  
Your visits, and your louing commendation  
455 To your hearts Saint, *Cleophila*, a Virgin  
Of a rare excellence: what though she want  
A portion to maintaine a portly greatnesse ?  
Yet tis your gracious sweetnesse to descend  
So low, the meeknesse of your pity leades yee.  
460 She is your deare friends Sister, a good soule,  
An Innocent.

*Amet.* *Thamasta.*

*Tham.* I haue giuen

- Your *Menaphon* a welcome home as fits me ;  
465 For his sake entertain'd *Parthenophill*,  
The handsome Stranger, more familiarly  
Then (I may feare) becomes me ; yet for his part,  
I not repent my courtesies, but you——

*Amet.* No more, no more; be affable to both :

- 470 Time may reclaime your cruelty.

*Tham.* I pittie

- The youth, and trust me (brother) loue his sadnesse :  
He talkes the prettiest stories, he deliuiers  
His tales so gracefully, that I coo'd sit  
475 And listen, nay forget my meales and sleepe,  
To heare his neat discourses. *Menaphon*  
Was well aduis'd in chusing such a friend,  
For pleading his true loue.

*Amet.* Now I commend thee,

Thou't

480 Thou't change at last, I hope.

*Enter Menaphon and Eroclea in mans attire.*

*Tham.* I feare I shall.

*Amet.* Haue ye suruaid the Garden ?

*Men.* Tis a curious,

485 A pleasantly contriu'd delight.

*Tham.* Your eye (Sir)

Hath in your trauailes,often met contents

Of more variety.

*Eroc.* Not any (Lady.)

490 *Men.* It were impossible,since your faire presence

Makes euery place where it vouchsafes to shine,

More louely then all other helps of Art

Can equall.

*Tham.* What you meane by helps of Art,

495 You know your selfe best,be they as they are :

You need none I am sure to set me forth.

*Men.*'Twould argue want of manners,more then skill,  
Not to praise *praise it selfe.*

*Tham.* For your reward,

500 Henceforth Ile call you Seruant.

*Amet.* Excellent Sister.

*Men.* 'Tis my first step to honour : May I fall

Lower then shame,when I neglect all seruice

That may confirme this fauour.

505 *Tham.* Are you well, Sir ?

*Eroc.* Great Princesse, I am well, to see a League

Betweene an humble loue,such as my Friends is,

And a commanding vertue,such as yours is,

Are sure restoratiues.

510 *Tham.* You speake ingeniously.

Brother,be pleas'd to shew the Gallery

To this young stranger, vse the time a while,

And



And we will altogether to the Court.

I will present yee (Sir) vnto the Prince.

515 *Eroc.* Y'are all compos'd of fairenesse, and true bounty.

*Amet.* Come, come, wee'l wait thee, Sister: this begin-  
Doth relish happy processe. (ning

*Mena.* You haue blest me. *Exeunt all but Tha-*

*Tham. Kala, O Kala, masta and Kala.*

520 *Kala.* Lady.

*Tham.* We are priuate, thou art my Closet.

*Kala.* Locke your secrets close then :

I am not to be forc'd.

*Tham.* Neuer till now,

525 *Coo'd* I be sensible of being traytor

To honour and to shame.

*Kala.* You are in loue.

*Tham.* I am growne base———*Parthenophill—*

*Kala.* Hee's handsome,

530 Richly indow'd ; he hath a louely face,

A winning tongue.

*Tham.* If euer I must fall,

In him my greatnesse sinkes. Loue is a Tyrant

Resisted ; whisper in his eare, how gladly

535 I would steale time, to talke with him one houre ;

But doe it honourably ; preth'ee *Kala*

Doe not betray me.

*Kala.* Madame, I will make it

Mine owne case ; he shall thinke I am in loue with him.

540 *Tham.* I hope thou art not *Kala.*

*Kala.* Tis for your sake :

Ile tell him so ; but Faith I am not, Lady.

*Tham.* Pray vse me kindly ; let me not too soone

Be lost in my new follyes. Tis a Fate

545 That ouer-rules our wisdomes, whil'st we striue

D

To

To liue most free, wee'r caught in our owne toyles.  
 Diamonds cut Diamonds : they who will proue  
 To thriue in cunning, must cure loue with loue. *Exit.*

*Finis Actus Primi.*

550

Actus II. Scena I.

*Enter Sophronos and Aretus.*

*Sophronos.*

555 **O**Vr Common-wealth is sick: tis more then time  
 That wee should wake the Head thereof, who  
 In the dull Lethargy of lost security. (sleepes  
 The Commons murmur, and the Nobles grieve,  
 The Court is now turn'd Anticke, and growes wilde,  
 Whiles all the neighb'ring Nations stand at gaze,  
 And watch fit oportunity, to wreake  
 560 Their iust conceiued fury, on such iniuries,  
 As the late Prince, our liuing Masters Father,  
 Committed against Lawes of truth or honour.  
 Intelligence comes flying in on all sides,  
 Whilest the vnsteady multitude presume,  
 565 How that you, *Aretus*, and I, ingrosse  
 (Out of particular Ambition)  
 Th'affaires of gouernment, which I for my part,  
 Groane vnder, and am weary of.

*Aret. Sophronos,*

570 I am as zealous too of shaking of  
 My gay State-fetters, that I haue bethought  
 Of speedy remedy ; and to that end

As

As I haue told yee,haue concluded with  
*Corax*, the Princes chiefe Physician.

575 *Soph.* You should haue done this sooner,*Aretus* ;  
 You were his Tutor, and could best discerne  
 His dispositions to informe them rightly.

*Aret.* Passions of violent nature,by degrees  
 Are easili'st reclaim'd. There's something hid  
 580 Of his distemper,which wee'l now find out.

*Enter Corax,Rhetias,Pelias, Cuculus and Grilla.*  
 You come on iust appointment : welcome, Gentlemen,  
 Haue you won *Rhetias* (*Corax*?)  
*Cora.* Most sincerely.

585 *Cucul.* Saue yee, Nobilities : doe your Lordships  
 take notice of my Page ? Tis a fashion of the newest  
 edition,spick and span new,without example. Doe your  
 honour,Houswife.

*Grill.* There's a curse for you, and a curse for you.

590 *Soph.* Tis excellent : we must all follow fashion,and  
 entertaine Shee-waiters.

*Aret.* 'Twill be Courtly.

*Cucul.* I thinke so ; I hope the Chronicles will reare  
 me one day for a head-piece——

595 *Rhet.* Of Woodcocke without braines in't ; Barbers  
 shall weare thee on their Citternes, and Hucksters set  
 thee out in Ginger-bread.

*Cucul.* Deuill take thee : I say nothing to thee now ;  
 canst let me be quiet ?

600 *Gril.* Y'are too perstreperous,Sauce-box.

*Cucul.* Good Girle, if we begin to puffe once.

*Pel.* Prethee hold thy tongue, the Lords are in the  
 presence.

*Rhet.* Mum,Butterflye.

605 *Pel.* O the Prince : stand and keepe silence.



*Cucul.* O the Prince : Wench, thou shalt see the  
Prince now. *Soft Musicke.*

*Enter Pallador, the Prince, with a Booke in his hand.*

*Soph. Aret.* Sir ; Gracious Sir.

610 *Prince.* Why all this Company ?

*Cora.* A Booke ! is this the early exercise  
I did prescribe ? in stead of following health,  
Which all mē couet, you pursue your disease. (Tennis,  
Where's your great Horse, your Hounds, your set at  
615 Your Balloone ball, the practice of your dancing,  
Your casting of the sledge, or learning how  
To tosse a Pike ; all chang'd into a Sonnet ?  
Pray Sir grant me free liberty to leaue  
The Court, it do's infect me with the sloth  
620 Of sleepe and surfet : In the Vniuersity  
I haue imployments, which to my profession  
Adde profit and report : Here I am lost,  
And in your wilfull dulnesse held a man  
Of neither Art nor honesty : you may  
625 Command my head ; pray take it, doe ; 'twere better  
For me to lose it, then to lose my wits,  
And liue in Bedlam : you will force me too't,  
I am almost mad already.

*Prince.* I beleeeue it.

630 *Soph.* Letters are come from Creete, which do require  
A speedy restitution of such ships,  
As by your Father were long since detain'd ;  
If not ; defiance threatned.

*Aret.* These neere parts  
635 Of Syria that adioyne, muster their friends :  
And by intelligence we learne for certaine,

The

The Syrian will pretend an ancient interest  
Of tribute intermitted.

*Soph.* Through your Land

640 Your subjects mutter strangely, and imagine  
More then they dare speake publikely.

*Cora.* And yet

They talke but odly of you.

*Cucul.* Hang 'em Mungrels.

645 *Prince.* Of me? my subjects talke of me?

*Cora.* Yes, scuruily,

And thinke worse (*Prince.*)

*Prince.* Ile borrow patience

A little time to listen to these wrongs,

650 And from the few of you which are here present,  
Conceiue the generall voyce.

*Cora.* So, now he is nettled.

*Prince.* By all your loues I charge ye, without feare

Or flattery, to let me know your thoughts,

655 And how I am interpreted : Speake boldly.

*Soph.* For my part (*Sir*) I will be plaine, and brieve :

I thinke you are of Nature milde and easie,

Not willingly prouokt, but withall head-strong

In any passion that misleades your Iudgement.

660 I thinke you too indulgent to such motions,

As spring out of your owne affections,

To old to be reform'd, and yet too young

To take fit councell from your selfe, of what

Is most amisse.

665 *Prince.* So—— Tutor, your conceit?

*Aret.* I think you doate (with pardon let me speak it)

Too much vpon your pleasures, and these pleasures

Are so wrapt vp in selfe-loue, that you couet

No other change of fortune : would be still

670 What your birth makes you, but are loth to toyle  
In such affaires of State as breake your sleepes.

*Cora.* I thinke you would be by the world, reputed  
A man in euery point compleat, but are  
In manners and effect indeed a childe,

675 A boy, a very boy.

*Pel.* May it please your Grace,  
I thinke you doe containe within your selfe  
The great *Elixer*, soule and quintessence  
Of all diuine perfections : are the glory

680 Of mankind, and the onely strict example  
For earthly Monarchies to square out their liues by :  
Times miracle, Fames pride, in Knowledge, Wit,  
Sweetnesse, Discourse, Armes, Arts——

*Prince.* You are a Courtier.

685 *Cucul.* But not of the ancient fashion, an't like your  
Highnesse. Tis I ; I, that am the credit of the Court,  
Noble Prince: and if thou would'st by Proclamation or  
Patent, create me Ouerseer of all the Taylers in thy Do-  
minions ; then, then the golden dayes should appeare  
690 againe ; bread should be cheaper ; fooles should haue  
more wit ; knaues more honesty ; and beggers more  
money.

*Gril.* I thinke now——

*Cucul.* Peace you Squall.

695 *Prince.* You haue not spoken yet.

*Cucul.* Hang him, hee'l nothing but raile.

*Gril.* Most abominable : out vpon him.

*Cora.* Away *Cuculus* ; follow the Lords.

*Cucul.* Close Page, close.

700 *They all fall backe, and steale out.*  
*Manet Prince and Rhetias.*

*Prince.* You are somewhat long a thinking.

*Rhet.*



*Rhet.* I doe not thinke at all.

*Prince.* Am I not worthy of your thought ?

705 *Rhet.* My pitty you are——

But not my reprehension.

*Prince.* Pitty ?

*Rhet.* Yes, for I pitty such to whom I owe seruice,  
who exchange their happinesse for a misery.

710 *Prince.* Is it a misery to be a Prince ?

*Rhet.* Princes who forget their soueraignty , and  
yeeld to affected passion, are weary of command. You  
had a Father, Sir.

*Prince.* Your Soueraigne whiles he liu'd. But what of  
715 him ?

*Rhet.* Nothing. I onely dar'd to name him ; that's  
all.

*Prince.* I charge thee by the duty that thou ow'st vs,  
be plaine in what thou meanest to speake : there's some-  
720 thing that we must know : be free, our eares are open.

*Rhet.* O Sir, I had rather hold a Wolfe by the eares,  
then stroake a Lyon, the greatest danger is the last.

*Prince.* This is meere trifling—— Ha ? are all stollen  
We are alone : Thou hast an honest looke, (hence ?  
725 Thou hast a tongue, I hope, that is not oyld

With flattery. Be open, though tis true,  
That in my younger dayes I oft haue heard  
*Agenors* name, my Father, more traduc'd,  
Then I could then obserue ; yet I protest,

730 I neuer had a friend, a certaine friend,  
That would informe me throughly of such errors,  
As oftentimes are incident to Princes.

*Rhet.* All this may be. I haue seene a man so curious  
in feeling the edge of a keene knife, that he has cut his  
735 fingers. My flesh is not of prooffe against the metall I  
am

am to handle ; the one is tenderer then the other.

*Prince.* I see then I must court thee. Take the word  
Of a iust Prince for any thing thou speakest.  
I haue more then a Pardon, thanks and loue.

740 *Rhet.* I will remember you of an old Tale that somthing  
concernes you. *Meleander*, the great (but vnfortunate)  
Statesman, was by your Father treated with for a Match  
betweene you and his eldest daughter, the Lady *Eroclea*.  
You were both neere of an age. I presume you remem-  
745 ber a Contract, and cannot forget *Her*.

*Prince.* She was a louely beauty : Prethee forward.

*Rhet.* To Court was *Eroclea* brought, was courted by  
your Father, not for Prince *Palador*, as it followed, but  
to be made a prey to some lesse noble designe.—

750 With your fauour I haue forgot the rest.

*Prince.* Good call it backe agen into thy memory,  
Else losing the remainder, I am lost too.

*Rhet.* You charme me. In briefe, a Rape, by some  
bad Agents, was attempted ; by the Lord *Meleander*  
755 her father rescude, she conuay'd away, *Meleander* accus'd  
of treason, his Land seized, he himselfe distracted and  
confined to the Castle where he yet liues. What had  
ensude was doubtfull. But your Father shortly after

*Prince.* But what became of faire *Eroclea*? (dyed.

760 *Rhet.* She neuer since was heard of.

*Prince.* No hope liues then  
Of euer, euer seeing her againe.

*Rhet.* Sir, I feare I should anger yee. There was, as I  
said, an old Tale : I haue now a new one, which may per-  
765 haps season the first with a more delightfull relish.

*Prince.* I am prepar'd to heare, say what you please.

*Rhet.* My Lord *Meleander* falling, on whose fauour  
my fortunes relyde, I furnisht my selfe for trauaile, and  
bent

bent my course to Athens, where a pretty accident after  
770 a while came to my knowledge.

*Prince.* My eare is open to thee.

*Rhet.* A young Lady contracted to a noble Gentle-  
man, as the Lady we last mentioned, and your Highnes  
were, being hindred by their iarring Parents, stole from  
775 her home, and was conueyed like a Ship-boy in a Mer-  
chant, from the Countrey where she liu'd, into Corinth  
first, and afterwards to Athens ; where in much solitari-  
nesse she liu'd like a Youth almost two yeeres, courted  
by all for acquaintance, but friend to none by familiari-  
780 tie.

*Prince.* In habit of a man?

*Rhet.* A handsome young man, till within these three  
moneths, or lesse, her sweet hearty Father dying some  
yeere before, or more, shee had notice of it, and with  
785 much ioy returned home, and as report voyced it, at A-  
thens enioyed her happinesse : she was long an exile :  
For now Noble Sir, if you did loue the Lady *Eroclea*,  
why may not such safety and fate direct her, as directed  
the other ? tis not impossible.

790 *Prince.* If I did loue her, *Rhetias* : yes I did.

Giue me thy hand : As thou didst serue *Meleander*,  
And art still true to these, henceforth serue me.

*Rhet.* My duty and my obedience are my suretie,  
But I haue been too bold.

795 *Prince.* Forget the sadder story of my Father,  
And onely *Rhetias*, learne to reade me well,  
For I must euer thanke thee ; th'ast vnlockt  
A tongue was vow'd to silence, for requitall  
Open my bosome, *Rhetias*.

800 *Rhet.* What's your meaning?

*Prince.* To tye thee to an oath of secrecy——

E

Vnloose



Vnloose the buttons,man,thou dost it faintly,  
What findst thou there?

*Rhet.* A picture in a Tablet.

805 *Prince.* Looke well vpon't.

*Rhet.* I doe——yes——let me obserue it——  
Tis hers,the Ladies.

*Prince.* Whose!

*Rhet.* *Erocleas.*

810 *Prince.* Hers that was once *Eroclea* : for her sake  
Haue I aduanst *Sophronos* to the Helme  
Of gouernment ; for her sake will restore  
*Meleanders* Honours to him ; will for her sake  
Beg friendship from thee,*Rhetias*. O be faithfull,  
815 And let no politicke Lord worke from thy bosome  
My griefes : I know thou wert put on to sift me :  
But be not too secure.

*Rhet.* I am your Creature.

*Prince.* Continue still thy discontented fashion :  
820 Humour the Lords,as they would humour me ;  
Ile not liue in thy debt.—We are discouer'd.

*Enter Amethus, Menaphon, Thamasta,Kala,  
Eroclea,as before.*

*Amet.* Honour and health still wait vpon the Prince.  
825 Sir,I am bold with fauour to present  
Vnto your Highnes, *Menaphon* my friend,  
Return'd from trauaile.

*Mena.* Humbly on my knees  
I kisse your gracious hand.

830 *Prince.* It is our duty  
To loue the vertuous.

*Mena.* If my prayers or seruice

Hold

Hold——any value, they are vow'd yours euer.

*Rhet.* I haue a fist for thee too (Strippling)th'art started  
835 vp prettily since I saw thee. Hast learned any wit abroad?  
Canst tell newes, and sweare lyes with a grace like a true  
Traueller? What new Owzle's this?

*Tham.* Your Highnesse shall doe right to your owne  
In taking more then common notice of (iudgement,  
840 This stranger, an Athenian, nam'd *Parthenophill*.  
One, (whom if mine opinion doe not sooth me  
Too grossely) for the fashion of his minde,  
Deserues a deare respect.

*Prince.* Your commendations,  
845 Sweet Cousin, speakes him Nobly.

*Eroc.* All the powers  
That centinell iust Thrones, double these guards  
About your sacred Excellence.

*Prince.* What fortune led him to Cyprus!

850 *Men.* My perswasions won him. (trance

*Amet.* And if your Highnesse please to heare the en-  
Into their first acquaintance, you will say——

*Tham.* It was the newest, sweetest, prettiest accident,  
That ere delighted your attention.

855 I can discourse it, Sir.

*Prince.* Some other time.

How is a cald?

*Tham.* *Parthenophill*.

*Prince.* *Parthenophill*?

860 Wee shall sort time to take more notice of him.

*Exit. Prince.*

*Men.* His wonted melancholy still pursues him.

*Amet.* I told you so.

*Tham.* You must not wonder at it.

865 *Eroc.* I doe not, Lady.

*Amet.* Shall we to the Castle ?

*Men.* Wee will attend yee both.

*Rhet.* All three——Ile goe too. Hark in thine eare,  
Gallant : Ile keep the old mad man in chat, whilst thou  
870 gabblest to the girle : my thumb's vpon my lips, not a  
word.

*Amet.* I neede not feare thee, *Rhetias.* —— Sister, soone  
Expect vs : this day wee will range the City.

*Tham.* Well, soone I shall expect yee.——*Kala ?*

875 *Kala.* Trust mee.

*Rhet.* Troope on——Loue, Loue, what a wonder thou  
art ? *Exeunt.*

*Kala and Eroclea staves.*

*Kala.* May I not be offensiue, Sir ?

*Ero.* Your pleasure ; yet pray be brieft.

880 *Kala.* Then briefly, good, resolute mee :  
Haue you a Mistris, or a Wife ?

*Ero.* I haue neither.

*Kala* Nor did you euer loue in earnest any  
Faيرة Lady, whom you wisht to make your owne ?

885 *Ero.* Not any truly.

*Kala* What your friends or meanes are

I will not be inquisitiue to know,

Nor doe I care to hope for. But admit

A dowre were throwne downe before your choyce,

890 Of Beauty, Noble birth, and sincere affection,  
How gladly would you intertaine it ? (Young man)  
I doe not tempt you idly.

*Ero.* I shall thanke you,

When my vnsettled thoughts can make me sensible

895 Of what tis to be happy : for the present

I am your debtor: and faيرة Gentlewoman,

Pray giue me leaue as yet to study ignorance,

For



For my weake braines conceiue not what concerne me.

——— Another time. ———

900 *Enter Thamasta.*

*Tham.* Doe I breake off your Parley  
That you are parting ? Sure my woman loues you.  
Can she speake well, *Parthenophill* ?

*Ero.* Yes, Madame :

905 Discreetly chaste she can : she hath much won  
On my beliefe, and in few words, but pithy,  
Much moou'd my thankfulness. You are her Lady,  
Your goodnesse aimes (I know) at her preferment :  
Therefore I may be bold to make confession

910 Of truth, if euer I desire to thriue  
In womans fauour. *Kala* is the first  
Whom my ambition shall bend to.

*Tham.* Indeed.

But say a Nobler Loue should interpose ?

915 *Eroc.* Where reall worth, and constancy first settle  
A hearty truth, there greatnesse cannot shake it,  
Nor shall it mine : yet I am but an Infant  
In that construction, which must giue cleare light  
To *Kala's* merit : riper houres hereafter

920 Must learne me how to grow rich in deserts.  
Madame, my duty waits on you.

*Exit Eroclea.*

*Tham.* Come hither.

If euer henceforth I desire to thriue

925 In womans fauours, *Kala* is the first  
Whom my ambition shall bend to ——— 'twas so.

*Kal.* These very words he spake.

*Tham.* These very words

Curse thee, vnfaithfull creature, to thy graue :

930 Thou wood'st him for thy selfe ?

*Kala.* You said I should.

*Tham.* My name was neuer mentioned !

*Kala.* Madame, no :

We were not come to that.

935 *Tham.* Not come to that ?

Art thou a Riual fit to crosse my Fate ?

Now pouerty and a dishonest fame,

The waiting-womans wages, be thy payment.

False, faithlesse, wanton beast, Ile spoile your carriage ;

940 There's not a Page, a Groome, nay, not a Citizen

That shall be cast vpon yee. *Kala,*

Ile keepe thee in my seruice all thy life time,

Without hope of a husband or a suter.

*Kala.* I haue not verily deseru'd this cruelty.

945 *Tham.* *Parthenophill* shall know, if he respect

My birth, the danger of a fond neglect. *Exit Tham.*

*Kala.* Are you so quick ? Well, I may chance to crosse

Your peeuishnesse. Now though I neuer meant

The young man for my selfe ; yet if he loue me,

950 Ile haue him, or Ile run away with him,

And let her doe her worst then : what, we are all

But flesh and blood ; the same thing that will doe

My Lady good, will please her woman too. *Exit.*

*Enter Cleophila and Trollio.*

955 *Cleo.* Tread softly (*Trollio*) my Father sleepes still.

*Troll.* I forsooth : but he sleepes like a Hare with his eyes open, and that's no good signe.

*Cleo.* Sure thou art weary of this sullen liuing,

But I am not ; for I take more content

960 In my obedience here, then all delights

The time presents elsewhere.

*Menander*

*Menander within. Oh !*

*Cleo. Do'st heare that groane ?*

*Troll. Heare it? I shudder, it was a strong blast, young*

965 *Mistris, able to roote vp heart, liuer, lungs and all.*

*Cleo. My much-wrong'd Father: let me view his face.*

*Drawes the Arras, Meleander discovered in a chaire  
sleeping.*

*Troll. Lady Mistris, shall I fetch a Barbour to steale*  
970 *away his rough beard, whiles he sleepes in's naps ? He*  
*neuer lookes in a glasse, and tis high time on conscience*  
*for him to bee trimd, has not been vnder the Shauers*  
*hand almost these foure yeeres.*

*Cleo. Peace, foole.*

975 *Trol. I could clip the old Ruffian, there's haire enough*  
*to stuffe all the great Codpieces in Switzerland. A be-*  
*gins to stirre, a stirres. Blesse vs how his eyes rowle. A*  
*good yeere keepe your Lordship in your right wits, I*  
*beseech yee.*

980 *Mel. Cleophila ?*

*Cleo. Sir, I am here, how d'ee Sir ?*

*Troll. Sir, is your stomacke vp yet? get some warme*  
*porredge in your belly, 'tis a very good settle-braine.*

*Mel. The Rauens croakt, and hollow shrieks of Owles*  
985 *Sung Dirges at her funerall ; I laugh'd*  
*The whiles : for twas no boot to weepe. The Girle*  
*Was fresh and full of youth : but, O the cunning*  
*Of Tyrants that looke bigge, their very frownes*  
*Doomes poore soules guilty, ere their cause be heard.*

990 *Good. What art thou, and thou ?*

*Cleo. I am Cleophila,*  
*Your wofull daughter.*

*Troll. I am Trollia your honest implement.*

*Mel. I know yee both. 'las, why d'ee vse me thus !*

*Thy*



- 995 Thy Sister, my *Eroclea*, was so gentle,  
 That Turtles in their Downe doe feed more gall,  
 Then her spleene mixt with: yet when winds and storme  
 Drive dirt and dust on banks of spotlesse snow,  
 The purest whitenesse is no such defence  
 1000 Against the sullyng foulennesse of that fury.  
 So rau'd *Agenor*, that great man, mischief  
 Against the Girle——'twas a politick tricke,  
 We were too old in Honour.——I am leane  
 And falne away extremely; most assuredly  
 1005 I haue not dyn'd these three dayes.

*Cleo.* Will you now, Sir?

*Troll.* I beseech yee heartily Sir. I feele a horrible  
 puking my selfe.

*Mel.* Am I starke mad?

- 1010 *Troll.* No, no, you are but a little staring.——there's  
 difference betweene staring and starke mad. You are  
 but whymised, yet crotchetted, conundroun'd, or so.

*Mel.* Here's all my care: and I doe often sigh  
 For thee, *Cleophyla*: we are seclused

- 1015 From all good people. But take heed, *Amethus*  
 Was sonne to *Doryla*, *Agenors* Sister.  
 There's some ill blood about him, if the Surgeon  
 Haue not been very skilfull to let all out.

- Cleo.* I am (alas) too grieu'd to thinke of loue,  
 1020 That must concerne me least.

*Mel.* Sirra, be wise, be wise.

*Enter Amethus, Menaphon, Eroclea (as before)  
 and Rhetias.*

- Troll.* Who I? I will be monstrous and wise immedi-  
 1025 ately. Welcome, Gentlemen, the more the merrier, Ile  
 lay the cloth, and set the stooles in a readinesse, for I see  
 here is some hope of dinner now. *Exit. Trollio.*

*Amet.*

*Amet.* My Lord *Meleander*, *Menaphon* your Kinsman  
Newly return'd from trauaile, comes to tender  
1030 His duty t'ee : to you his loue, faire Mistris.

*Men.* I would I could as easily remoue  
Sadnesse from your remembrance, Sir, as study  
To doe you faithfull seruice——my deare Cousin,  
All best of comforts blesse your sweet obedience.

1035 *Clo.* One chiefe of 'em (worthy Cousin) liues  
In you, and your well-doing.

*Men.* This young stranger  
Will well deserue your knowledge.

*Amet.* For my friends sake,  
1040 Lady pray giue him welcome.

*Cleo.* He has met it, if sorrowes can looke kindly.

*Eroc.* You much honour me.

*Rhet.* How a eyes the company : sure my passion will  
betray my weakenesse——O my Master, my Noble  
1045 Master, doe not forget me, I am still the humblest, and  
the most faithfull in heart of those that serue you.

*Mel.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Rhet.* There's wormewood in that laughter, tis the  
vsher to a violent extremity.

1050 *Mel.* I am a weake old man. All these are come  
To ieere my ripe calamities. *Mena.* Good Vncle !

*Mel.* But Ile out-stare'ee all, fooles, desperate fooles,  
You are cheated, grossely cheated, range, range on,  
And rowle about the world to gather mosse,  
1055 The mosse of honour, gay reports, gay clothes,  
Gay wiues, huge empty buildings, whose proud roofes,  
Shall with their pinacles, euen reach the starres.  
Ye worke and worke like Moles, blind in the paths,  
That are bor'd through the crannies of the earth,  
1060 To charge your hungry soules with such full surfets,

- As being gorg'd once, make 'ee leane with plenty.  
 And when ye haue skimd the vomit of your riots,  
 Y'are fat in no felicity but folly,  
 Then your last sleepes seize on 'ee. Then the troopes  
 1065 Of wormes crawl round, & feast, good cheare, rich fare,  
 Dainty delicious—— here's *Cleophyla*:  
 All the poore stocke of my remaining thrift ;  
 You, you, the Princes Cousin : how d'ee like her ?  
 (*Amethus*) how d'ee like her ?  
 1070 *Amet.* My intents are iust and honourable.  
*Men.* Sir, beleue him.  
*Mel.* Take her.——we two must part, go to him, doe.  
*Ero.* This sight is full of horror.  
*Rhet.* This is sence yet in this distraction.  
 1075 *Mel.* In this lewell I haue giuen away,  
 All what I can call mine. When I am dead,  
 Saue charge ; let me be buried in a nooke.  
 No guns, no pompous whining : these are fooleries.  
 If whiles we liue, we stalke about the streets,  
 1080 Iustled by Carmen, Foot-poasts, and fine Apes,  
 In silken coates, vnminde, and scarce thought on;  
 It is not comely to be hal'd to the earth,  
 Like high fed lades vpon a Tilting-day,  
 In antique trappings : scorne to vse-lesse teares.  
 1085 *Eroclea* was not coffind so : she perisht,  
 And no eye dropt saue mine, and I am childish.  
 I talke like one that doates ; laugh at me, *Rhetias*,  
 Or raile at me : they will not giue me meate :  
 They haue staru'd me : but Ile henceforth be mine owne  
 1090 Good morrow : tis too early for my cares (Cook.  
 To reuell. I will breake my heart a little,  
 And tell yee more hereafter. Pray be merry.

*Exit Meleander.*

*Rhet.*



*Rhet.* Ile follow him. My Lord *Amethus*, vse your time  
 1095 Respectiue. Few words to purpose soon'st preuaile :  
 Study no long Orations ; be plaine and short,  
 Ile follow him. *Exit Rhetias.*

*Amet.* *Cleophyla*, although these blacker clouds  
 Of sadnes, thicken and make darke the sky  
 1100 Of thy faire eyes, yet giue me leaue to follow  
 The streame of my affections : they are pure,  
 Without all mixture of vnnoble thoughts.  
 Can you be euer mine ?

*Cleo.* I am so low  
 1105 In mine owne fortunes, and my Fathers woes,  
 That I want words to tell yee, you deserue  
 A worthier choice.

*Amet.* But giue me leaue to hope.

*Men.* My friend is serious.

1110 *Cleo.* Sir, this for answer : If I euer thriue  
 In an earthly happinesse, the next  
 To my good Fathers wisht recouery,  
 Must be my thankfulnesse to your great merit ;  
 Which I dare promise for the present time :

1115 You cannot vrge more from me.

*Mel.* Ho, *Cleophyla* ?

*Cleo.* This Gentleman is moou'd.

*Ame.* Your eyes, *Parthenophill*,  
 Are guilty of some passion.

1120 *Men.* Friend, what ailes thee ?

*Eroc.* All is not well within me, Sir.

*Meleander within.* *Cleophyla* ?

*Ame.* Sweet Maid, forget me not ; we now must part.

*Cleo.* Still you shall haue my prayer.

1125 *Ame.* Still you my truth. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Finis Actus secundi.*

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 Actus III. Scena I.

*Enter Cuculus and Grilla, Cuculus in a blacke veluet  
Cap, and a white Feather, with a paper in  
his hand.*

1130

*Cuculus.*

**D**Oe not I looke freshly, and like a Youth of the  
Trim?

*Gril.* As rare an old Youth as euer walkt  
1135 crosse-gartered.

*Cucul.* Here are my Mistrisses mustred in white and  
blacke. *Kala* the Waiting-woman. I will first begin at  
the foote : stand thou for *Kala*.

*Gril.* I stand for *Kala*, doe your best and your worst.

1140 *Cucul.* I must looke bigge, and care little or nothing  
for her, because shee is a creature that stands at liuery.  
Thus I talke wisely, and to no purpose. Wench, as it is  
not fit that thou should'st be either faire or honest ; so  
considering thy seruice, thou art as thou art, and so are  
1145 thy betters, let them bee what they can bee. Thus in  
despite and defiance of all thy good parts, if I cannot in-  
dure thy basenesse, tis more out of thy courtesie, then my  
deseruing, and so I expect thy answer.

*Grill.* I must confesse——

1150 *Cucul.* Well said.

*Gril.* You are——

*Cucul.* That's true too.

*Gril.* To speake you right, a very scuruy fellow.—

*Cucul.* Away, away, do'st thinke so?

*Grill.*

1155 *Grill.* A very foule-mouth'd, and misshapen Cocks-  
combe.

*Cucul.* Ile neuer beleeeue it by this hand.

*Grill.* A Magot, most vnworthy to creepe in——

——To the least wrinkle of a Gentlewomans

1160 (What d'ee call) good conceit, or so, or what  
You will else.——Were you not refin'd by Courtship  
And education, which in my bleare eyes  
Makes you appeare as sweet as any nosegay,  
Or sauory cod of Muske new fall'n from th'Cat.

1165 *Cucul.* This shall serue well enough for the Waiting-  
woman. My next Mistris is *Cleophyla*, the old mad-mans  
daughter : I must come to her in whining tune, sigh,  
wipe mine eyes, fold my Armes, and blubber out my  
speech as thus: Euen as a Kennell of Hounds (sweet

1170 Lady) cannot catch a Hare, when they are full pauncht  
on the Carrion of a dead Horse : so, euen so the gorge of  
my affections being full cramm'd with the garboyles of  
your condolements, doth tickle me with the prick (as it  
were) about mee, and fellow-feeling of howling out-  
1175 right.

*Grill.* This will doo't, if we will heare.

*Cucul.* Thou seest I am crying ripe, I am such another  
tender-hearted foole.

*Grill.* Euen as the snuffe of a candle that is burnt in  
1180 the socket, goes out, and leaues a strong perfume behind  
it ; or as a piece of toasted cheese next the heart in a  
morning is a restorative for a sweet breath : so, euen so  
the odoriferous sauour of your loue doth perfume my  
heart, (Hay ho) with the pure sent of an intolerable  
1185 content, and not to be indur'd.

*Cucul.* By this hand tis excellent. Haue at thee last  
of all : for the Princesse *Thamasta*, she that is my Mistris

F 3

indeed,



indeed, she is abominably proud. A Lady of a damnable, high, turbulent, and generous spirit. But I haue a  
 1190 loud-mouth'd Cannon of mine owne to batter her, and  
 a pen'd speech of purpose ; obserue it.

*Grill.* Thus I walke by, heare and minde you not.

*Cucul.* Though haughty as the Diuell or his Dam,  
 Thou dost appeare, great Mistris : yet I am  
 1195 Like to an vgly fire-worke, and can mount  
 About the Region of thy sweet Ac——count.  
 Wert thou the Moone her selfe, yet hauing seene thee,  
 Behold the man ordain'd to mooue within thee.

—— Looke to your selfe, Houswife ; answer me

1200 In strong Lines y'are best (thee blinde :

*Gril.* Keepe off, poore foole, my beames will strike  
 Else if thou touch me, touch me but behind.

In Palaces, such as passe in before,

Must be great Princes ; for at the backe dore

1205 Tatter-demallians waite, who know not how  
 To get admittance : such a one——art Thou.

*Cucul.* S'foot, this is downe-right roaring.

*Grill.* I know how to present a big Lady in her owne  
 cue. But pray in earnest, are you in loue with all these?

1210 *Cucul.* Pish, I haue not a ragge of loue about me. Tis  
 only a foolish humour I am possest with, to be surnam'd  
 the Conquerour. I will court any thing ; be in loue  
 with nothing, nor no——thing.

*Grill.* A rare man you are, I protest.

1215 *Cucul.* Yes, I know I am a rare man, and I euer held  
 my selfe so.

*Enter Pelias and Corax.*

*Pel.* In amorous contemplation on my life ;  
 Courting his Page by *Helicon*.

*Cucul.*

1220 *Cucul.* Tis false.

*Grill.* A grosse vntruth ; Ile iustifie it, Sir,  
At any time,place,weapon.

*Cucul.* Marry shall she.

*Cora.* No quarrels, good'ee *Whiske.* Lay by your  
1225 Trumperies,and fall to your practice. Instructions are  
ready for you all. *Pelias* is your Leader,follow him. Get  
credit now or neuer. Vanish,Doodles,vanish.

*Cucul.* For the Deuice.

*Cora.* The same,get'ee gone,and make no bawling.

1230 *Exeunt.*

To waste my time thus Droane-like in the Court,  
And lose so many houres, as my studies  
Haue horded vp, is to be like a man  
That creepes both on his hands and knees,to climbe

1235 A mountaines top,where when he is ascended,  
One carelesse slip downe,tumbles him againe  
Into the bottome whence a first began.

I need no Princes fauour : Princes need  
My Art. Then *Corax*, be no more a Gull,

1240 The best of'em cannot foole thee,nay,they shall not.

*Enter Sophronos and Aretus.*

*Soph.* We find him timely now ; let's learne the cause.

*Aret.* Tis fit we should——Sir,we approue you learn'd,  
And since your skill can best discern the humours

1245 That are predominant,in bodies subiect  
To alteration : tell vs (pray) what diuell  
This *Melancholy* is, which can transforme  
Men into Monsters.

*Cora.* Y'ar your selfe a Scholer,

1250 And quicke of apprehension : *Melancholy*  
Is not as you conceiue. Indisposition

Of

- Of body, but the mindes disease. So Extasie,  
 Fantastick Dotage, Madnesse, Phrenzey, Rupture,  
 Of meere imagination differ partly  
*Vid. De-* From *Melancholy*, which is briefly this,  
*mocrit. lu-* A meere commotion of the minde, o're-charg'd  
*nior.* With feare and sorrow; first begot i'th'braine,  
 The Seate of Reason, and from thence deriu'd  
 As suddenly into the Heart, the Seate  
 1260 Of our Affection.  
     *Aret.* There are sundry kinds  
     Of this disturbance.  
     *Cora.* Infinite, it were  
     More easie to coniecture euery houre  
 1265 We haue to liue, then reckon vp the kinds,  
     Or causes of this anguish of the minde.  
     *Soph.* Thus you conclude, that as the cause is doubt-  
     The cure must be impossible; and then (full,  
     Our Prince (poore Gentleman) is lost for euer,  
 1270 As well vnto himselfe, as to his subiects.  
     *Cora.* My Lord, you are too quick; thus much I dare  
     Promise, and doe, ere many minutes passe,  
     I will discouer whence his sadnesse is,  
     Or vndergoe the censure of my ignorance.  
 1275 *Aret.* You are a Noble Scholer.  
     *Soph.* For reward,  
     You shall make your owne demand.  
     *Cora.* May I be sure?  
     *Aret.* We both will pledge our truth.  
 1280 *Cora.* Tis soone perform'd,  
     That I may be discharg'd from my attendance  
     At Court, and neuer more be sent for after :  
     Or if I be, may Rats gnaw all my bookes,  
     If I get home once, and come here againe,

Though



1285 Though my necke stretch a halter for't, I care not.

*Soph.* Come, come, you shall not feare it.

*Cora.* Ile acquaint yee

With what is to be done, and you shall fashion it.

*Exeunt omnes.*

1290 *Enter Kala and Eroclea, as before.*

*Kala.* My Lady do's expect'ee, thinks all time  
Too slow till you come to her : wherefore young man,  
If you intend to loue me, and me onely,  
Before we part, without more circumstance

1295 Let vs betroth our selues.

*Eroc.* I dare not wrong'ee ;

You are too violent.

*Kala.* Wrong me no more

Then I wrong you : be mine, and I am yours :

1300 I cannot stand on points.

*Eroc.* Then to resolute

All further hopes, you neuer can be mine,  
Must not, (and pardon though I say) you shall not.

*Kala.* The thing is sure a Gelding——Shal not? well,

1305 Y'are best to prate vnto my Lady now,

What proffer I haue made.

*Eroc.* Neuer, I vow.

*Kala.* Doe, doe, tis but a kind heart of mine owne,  
And ill lucke can vndoe me.——Be refus'd ?

1310 O sciruy.——Pray walke on, Ile ouertake'ee.

What a greene-sickness-liuer'd Boy is this ! *Exit Ero.*

My Maiden-head will shortly grow so stale,  
That'twill be mouldy : but Ile marre her market.

*Enter Menaphon.*

1315 *Men. Parthenophill* past the way ; prethee *Kala*

G

Direct

Direct me to him.

*Kala.* Yes, I can direct'ee :  
But you (Sir) must forbear.

*Men.* Forbear !

1320 *Kala.* I said so.

Your bounty h'as ingag'd my truth ; receiue  
A secret, that will, as you are a man,  
Startle your Reason : tis but meere respect  
Of what I owe to thankfulness. (Deare Sir)

1325 The Stranger whom your courtesie receiued  
For Friend, is made your Riual.

*Men.* Riual, *Kala.*

Take heed, thou art too credulous.

*Kala.* My Lady

1330 Doates on him : I will place you in a roome,  
Where, though you cannot heare, yet you shall see  
Such passages as will confirme the truth  
Of my intelligence.

*Men.* Twill make me mad.

1335 *Kala.* Yes, yes : it makes me mad too, that a Gentle-  
So excellently sweet, so liberall, (man  
So kind, so proper, should be so betray'd  
By a young smooth-chind straggler: but for loues sake  
Beare all with manly courage.—— Not a word,

1340 I am vndone then.

*Mena.* That were too much pity :  
Honest, most honest *Kala*; tis thy care,  
Thy seruiceable care.

*Kal.* You haue euen spoken all can be said or thought.

1345 *Men.* I will reward thee :

But as for him, vngentle Boy, Ile whip  
His falshood with a vengeance.——

*Kala.* O speake little.

Walke

Walke vp these staires, and take this key, it opens  
1350 A Chamber doore, where at that window yonder,  
You may see all their courtship.

*Men.* I am silent.

*Exit Menap.*

*Kala.* As little noyse as may be, I beseech yee;  
There is a backe-staire to conuey yee forth  
1355 Vnseene or vnsuspected.—He that cheates  
A Waiting-woman of a free good turne  
She longs for, must expect a shrewd reuenge.  
Sheepe-spirited Boy, although he had not married me,  
He might haue proferd kindnesse in a corner,  
1360 And ne'er haue been the worse for't. They are come;  
On goes my set of Faces most demurely.

*Enter Thamasta and Eroclea.*

*Tham.* Forbeare the roome.

*Kala.* Yes, Madame.

1365 *Tham.* Whosoeuer requires accesse to me, deny him  
entrance till I call thee, and wait without.

*Kala.* I shall. Sweet *Venus*, turne his courage to a  
Snow-ball, I heartily beseech it.

*Exit.*

*Tham.* I expose

1370 The Honour of my Birth, my Fame, my Youth,  
To hazard of much hard construction,  
In seeking an aduventure of a parley  
So priuate with a Stranger; if your thoughts  
Censure me not with mercy, you may soone  
1375 Conceiue, I haue laid by that modesty,  
Which should preserue a vertuous name vnstain'd.

*Eroc.* Lady, to shorten long excuses; time  
And safe experience haue so throughly arm'd  
My apprehension, with a reall taste

1380 Of your most Noble nature, that to question  
The least part of your bounties, or that freedome



- Which Heauen hath with a plenty made you rich in,  
 Would argue me vnciuill, which is more,  
 Base-bred, and which is most of all, vnthankfull.
- 1385 *Tham.* The constant Loadstone, and the Steele are  
 In seuerall Mines : yet is there such a league (found  
 Betweene these *Minerals*, as if one Veine  
 Of earth had nourisht both. The gentle Mirtle  
 Is not ingraft vpon an Oliues stocke :
- 1390 Yet nature hath betweene them lockt a secret  
 Of Sympathy, that being planted neere,  
 They will both in their branches, and their rootes  
 Imbrace each other ; twines of Iuie round  
 The well growne Oake ; the Vine doth court the Elme ;
- 1395 Yet these are different Plants. *Parthenophill*,  
 Consider this aright, then these sleight creatures,  
 Will fortifie the reasons I should frame  
 For that vngrounded (as thou think'st) affection,  
 Which is submitted to a strangers pitie.
- 1400 True loue may blush, when shame repents too late,  
 But in all actions, Nature yeelds to Fate.  
*Eroc.* Great Lady, 'twere a dulnesse must exceed  
 The grossest and most sottish kind of ignorance,  
 Not to be sensible of your intents :
- 1405 I clearely vnderstand them. Yet so much  
 The difference betweene that height and lownesse,  
 Which doth distinguish our vnequall fortunes,  
 Disswades me from ambition ; that I am  
 Humbler in my desires, then Loues owne power
- 1410 Can any way raise vp.  
*Tham.* I am a Princesse,  
 And know no law of slauery, to sue,  
 Yet be denied ?  
*Ero.* I am so much a subiect

- 1415 To euery law of Noble honesty,  
 That to transgresse the vowes of perfect friendship,  
 I hold a sacriledge as foule, and curs'd,  
 As if some holy Temple had bin robd,  
 And I the thiefe.
- 1420 *Tham.* Thou art vnwise, young man,  
 To inrage a Lyonesse.  
*Eroc.* It were vniust  
 To falsifie a faith, and euer after  
 Disroab'd of that faire ornament, liue naked,
- 1425 A scorne to time and truth.  
*Tham.* Remember well who I am, and what thou art.  
*Ero.* That remembrance  
 Prompts me to worthy duty, O great Lady.  
 If some few dayes haue tempted your free heart,
- 1430 To cast away affection on a stranger :  
 If that affection haue so ouersway'd  
 Your Iudgement, that it in a manner hath  
 Declyn'd your soueraignty of birth and spirit:  
 How can yee turne your eyes off from that glasse,
- 1435 Wherein you may new Trim, and settle right  
 A memorable name ?  
*Tham.* The Youth is idle.  
*Ero.* Dayes, months and yeeres are past, since *Mena-*  
 Hath lou'd and seru'd you truly : *Menaphon* ; (*phon*)
- 1440 A man of no large distance in his bloud,  
 From yours ; in qualities desertfull, grac't  
 With Youth, Experience ; euery happy gift  
 That can by nature, or by Education  
 Improue a Gentleman : for him (great Lady)
- 1445 Let me preuaile, that you will yet at last,  
 Vnlocke the bounty, which your loue and care  
 Haue wisely treasur'd vp, t'inrich his life.

- Tha.* Thou hast a moouing eloquence; *Parthenoph ill,*  
*Parthenophill,* in vaine we striue to crosse  
1450 The destiny that guides vs. My great heart  
Is stoopt so much beneath that wonted pride  
That first disguiz'd it, that I now preferre  
A miserable life with thee, before  
All other earthly comforts.
- 1455 *Eroc. Menaphon,* by me, repeates the selfe-same words  
You are too cruell, if you can distrust (to you:  
His truth, or my report.  
*Tham.* Goe where thou wilt,  
Ile be an exile with thee, I will learne  
1460 To beare all change of fortunes.  
*Ero.* For my friend, I pleade with grounds of reason.  
*Tham.* For thy loue,  
Hard-hearted youth, I here renounce all thoughts  
Of other hopes, of other intertainements, ——
- 1465 *Eroc.* Stay, as you honour Vertue.  
*Tham.* When the proffers of other greatnesse ——  
*Eroc.* Lady.  
*Tham.* When intreats of friends; ——  
*Eroc.* Ile ease your grieffe.
- 1470 *Tham.* Respect of kindred;  
*Eroc.* Pray giue me hearing.  
*Tham.* Losse of Fame;  
*Eroc.* I craue but some few minutes.  
*Tham.* Shall infringe my vowes, let Heauen ——
- 1475 *Eroc.* My loue speake t'ee; heare then, goe on.  
*Tham.* Thy loue, why, tis a Charme to stop a vow  
In its most violent course.  
*Eroc.* *Cupid* has broke  
His Arrowes here; and like a child vnarm'd,  
1480 Comes to make sport betweene vs with no weapon,  
But



But feathers stolne from his mothers Doues.

*Tham.* This is meere trifling.

*Eroc.* Lady, take a secret.

I am as you are, in a lower ranke

1485 Else of the selfe samesexe, a maide, a virgine.

And now to vse your owne words, if your thoughts

Censure me not with mercy, you may soone

Conceiue, I haue laid by that modesty,

Which should preserue a vertuous name vnstain'd.

1490 *Tham.* Are you not mankind then ?

*Eroc.* When you shall reade

The story of my sorrowes, with the change

Of my misfortunes, in a letter printed

From my vnforg'd relation ; I beleeue

1495 You will not thinke the sheading of one teare,

A prodigality that misbecomes

Your pitie and my fortune.

*Tham.* Pray conceale the errors of my passions.

*Eroc.* Would I had

1500 Much more of honour (as for life I value't not)

To venture on your secrecy.

*Tham.* It will be

A hard taske for my Reason, to relinquish

The affection which was once deuoted thine,

1505 I shall a while repute thee still the youth

I lou'd so dearly.

*Eroc.* You shall find mee euer, your ready faithfull

*Tham.* O the powers (seruant.

Who doe direct our hearts, laugh at our follies!

1510 We must not part yet.

*Ero.* Let not my vnworthines alter your good opinion.

*Tham.* I shall henceforth

Be iealous of thy company with any ;

My

My feares are strong and many.

*Kala enters.*

1515 *Kala.* Did your Ladiship call me ?

*Tham.* For what ?

*Kala.* Your seruant *Menaphon* desires admittance.

*Enter Menaphon.*

*Men.* With your leaue, great Mistris ! I come——

1520 So priuate : is this well, *Parthenophill* ?

*Eroc.* Sir, Noble Sir.

*Men.* You are vnkind and treacherous.

This tis to trust a straggler.

*Tham.* Prethee seruant.

1525 *Men.* I dare not question you, you are my Mistris ;  
My Princes neerest Kinswoman, but he——

*Tham.* Come, you are angry.

*Mena.* Henceforth I will bury

Vnmanly passion in perpetuall silence.

1530 Ile court mine owne distraction, dote on folly,  
Creepe to the mirth and madnesse of the age,  
Rather then be so slau'd againe to woman,  
Which in her best of constancy is steddist  
In change and scorne.

1535 *Tham.* How dare ye talke to me thus ?

*Men.* Dare ? Were you not owne Sister to my friend,  
Sister to my *Amethus* ; I would hurle ye  
As farre off from mine eyes, as from my heart ;  
For I would neuer more looke on yee. Take

1540 Your Iewell t'ee. And Youth, keepe vnder wing,  
Or——Boy——Boy.

*Tham.* If commands be of no force,  
Let me intreat thee, *Menaphon*.

*Men.* Tis naught, fye, fye, *Parthenophill*, haue I deseru'd

1545 To be thus vs'd ?

*Eroc.* I doe protest——

*Men.*

*Men.* You shall not,  
Henceforth I will be free, and hate my bondage.

*Enter Amethus.*

- 1550 *Amet.* Away, away to Court, the Prince is pleas'd  
To see a Maske to night, we must attend him :  
Tis neere vpon the time. — How thriues your suit ?  
*Men.* The Iudge, your Sister, will decide it shortly.  
*Tham. Parthenophill,* I will not trust you from me.

- 1555 *Enter Prince, Aretas, Corax (with a Paper-plot)*  
*seruants with torches.*

- Cor.* Lights and attendance, I will shew your highnes,  
A trifle of mine owne braine. If you can,  
Imagine you were now in the Vniuersity,  
1560 You'll take it well enough, a Schollers fancy,  
A quab. Tis nothing else a very quab.

*Prince.* We will obserue it.

*Soph.* Yes, and grace it too Sir.

For *Corax* else is humorous and testy.

- 1565 *Aret.* By any meanes, men singular in Art,  
Haue alwayes some odde whimsey more then vsuall.

*Prince.* The name of this conceit.

*Cora.* Sir, it is called the Maske of Melancholy.

*Aret.* We must looke for nothing but sadnesse, here

- 1570 *Cora.* Madnesse rather (then.

In seuerall changes : *Melancholy* is  
The Roote aswell of euery Apish Phrensey,  
Laughter and mirth, as dulnesse. Pray my Lord  
Hold and obserue the plot, tis there exprest

- 1575 In kind, what shall be now exprest in action.

*Enter Amethus, Menaphon, Thamasta, Eroclea.*

No interruption, take your places quickly.

H

Nay,



Nay,nay,leau ceremony : sound to the entrance.

*Florish.*

1580 *Enter Rhetias,his face whited,blacke shag haire,long nailes,  
a piece of raw meate.*

*Rhet.* Bow, Bow, wow, wow; the Moone's eclipsed,  
Ile to the Church-yard and sup : Since I turn'd Wolfe,  
I bark and howle,and digge vp graues, I will neuer haue  
1585 the Sunne shine againe,tis midnight, deepe darke mid-  
night,get a prey, and fall too, I haue catcht thee now.  
*Arre.*

*Cora.* This kind is called, *Lycanthropia*, Sir,  
When men conceiue themselues Wolues.

1590 *Prince.* Here I finde it.

*Enter Pelias. A Crowne of feathers on, Antick-  
ly rich.*

*Pel.* I will hang'em all,and burne my wife:was I not an  
Emperour ; my hand was kist,and Ladies lay downe be-  
1595 fore me. In triumph did I ride with my Nobles about  
me,till the mad-dog bit mee, I fell, and I fell, and I fell.  
It shall be treason by Statute for any man to name wa-  
ter,or wash his hands throughout all my Dominions ;  
breake all the looking-glasses, I will not see my hornes ;  
1600 my wife Cuckolds me,she is a whore,a whore, a whore,  
a whore.

*Prince.* *Hydrophobia* terme you this ?

*Cora.* And mien possest so, shun all sight of water :  
Sometimes, if mixt with iealousie, it renders them  
1605 Incurable,and oftentimes brings death.

*Enter*

*Enter Philosopher in blacke rags, a copper chaine on, an old  
Gowne halfe off, and Booke.*

*Phi.* Philosophers dwel in the Moone. Speculation and  
Theory girdle the world about like a wall. Ignorance  
1610 like an Atheist, must bee damn'd in the pit. I am very,  
very poore, and pouerty is the phisicke for the soule : my  
opinions are pure and perfect. Enuy is a monster, and  
I defie the beast.

*Cora.* *Delirium* this is call'd, which is meere dotage,  
1615 Sprung from Ambition first, and singularity,  
Selfe loue, and blind opinion of true merit.

*Prince.* I not dislike the course.

*Enter Grilla in a rich Gowne, great Vardingale, great Ruffe,  
Muffe, Fan, and Coxcombe on her head.*

1620 *Grill.* Yes forsooth, and no forsooth, is not this fine,  
I pray, your blessing Gaffer, here, here, here did hee giue  
me a shough, and cut offs taile : busse, busse Nuncle, and  
ther's a pum for Daddee.

*Cora.* You find this noted there, *Phrenitis*.

1625 *Prince.* True.

*Cora.* Pride is the ground on't ;  
It raignes most in women.

*Enter Cuculus like a Bedlam singing.*

*Cucul.* *They that will learne to drinke a health in Hell,*  
1630 *Must learne on earth to take Tobacco well,*  
*To take Tobacco well, to take Tobacco well :*  
*For in Hell they drink nor Wine, nor Ale, nor Beere,*  
*But fire, and smoake, and stench, as we do heere.*

H 2

*Rhet.*

*Rhet.* Ile soope thee vp.

1635 *Pel.* Thou'st straight to execution.

*Gril.* Foole, Foole, Foole, catch me and thou canst.

*Philos.* Expell him the house, tis a Dunce.

Cuculus sings.

1640 *Harke, did yee not heare a rumbling,  
The Gobblings are now a tumbling :  
Ile teare'em, Ile seare'em,  
Ile roare'm, Ile goare'em :  
Now, now, now, my braines are a lumbling, —*

Bounce, the gun's off.

1645 *Prince.* You name this here, *Hypocondriacall.*

*Cora.* Which is a windy flattuous humour stuffing

The head, and thence deriu'd to th'animall parts

To be too ouer-curious, losse of goods,

Or friends, excesse of feare, or sorrowes cause it.

1650 *Enter a Sea-nymph big-bellied, singing and dancing.*

*Good your Honours,*

*Pray your Worships,*

*Deare your Beauties,*

1655 *Cucul.* *Hang thee.*

*To lash your sides,*

*To tame your hides,*

*To scourge your prides,*

*And bang thee.*

1660 *Nym.* *Were pretty and dainty, and I will begin,*

*See how they doe leere me, deride me, and grin :*

*Comesport me, come court me, your Topsaile aduance,*

*And let vs conclude our delights in a Dance.*

*All.*



*All.* A Dance, a Dance, a Dance.

1665 *Cora.* This is the *Wanton Melancholy*; women  
With child possest with this strange fury often,  
Haue danc'd three dayes together without ceasing.

*Prince.* Tis very strange: but Heau'n is full of miracles.

*The Dance* : —————

1670 *Which ended, they all run out in couples.*

*Prince.* We are thy debtor (*Corax*) for the gift  
Of this inuention : but the plot deceiues vs ;  
What meanes this empty space.

*Cora.* One kind of Melancholy

1675 Is onely left vntouch'd ; twas not in Art  
To personate the shadow of that Fancy.  
Tis nam'd *Loue-Melancholy*. As for instance,  
Admit this stranger here (Young man, stand forth)  
Intangled by the beauty of this Lady,

1680 The great *Thamasta*, cherisht in his heart  
The waight of hopes and feares : it were impossible,  
To lymne his passions in such liuely colours,  
As his owne proper sufferance coo'd expresse.

*Ero.* You are not modest Sir.

1685 *Tham.* Am I your mirth ?

*Cora.* Loue is the Tyrant of the heart, it darkens  
Reason, confounds discretion, deafe to counsell :  
It runnes a headlong course to desperate madnesse.

O were your Highnes but toucht home, and throughly,

1690 With this (what shall I call it) Diuell ——— (agen

*Prince.* Hold, let no man henceforth name the word  
Wait you my pleasure, Youth ; tis late ; to rest.

*Cora.* My Lords —————

*Soph.* Enough, thou art a perfect Arts-man. (skin:

1695 *Cora.* Panthers may hide their heads, not change the  
And loue pent ne're so close yet will be seene. *Exeunt.*

*Finis actus Tertij.*

*Actus*

## Actus IIII. Scena I.

*Enter Amethus and Menaphon.*

1700

*Amethus.***D** Oate on a stranger ?*Mena.* Court him, plead, and sue to him,*Amet.* Affectionately ?*Mena.* Seruilely ; and pardon me, if I say basely.

1705

*Amet.* Women in their passions,

Like false fiers flash, to fright our trembling sences ;

Yet in themselues containe nor light nor heate.

My Sister doe this ? Shee, whose pride did scorne

All thoughts that were not busied on a Crowne ?

1710

To fall so farre beneath her fortunes now ?

You are my friend.

*Mena.* What I confirme, is truth.*Amet.* Truth, *Menaphon* ?*Mena.* If I conceiu'd you were

1715

lealous of my sincerity and plainnesse,

Then Sir——

*Amet.* What then, Sir ?*Mena.* I would then resolute,

You were as changeable in vowes of friendship,

1720

As is *Thamasta* in her choice of loue.

That sinne is double, running in a blood,

Which iustifies another being worse.

*Amet.* My *Menaphon*, excuse me, I grow wilde,

And would not willingly beleue the truth

1725

Of my dishonour : She shall know how much

I am

I am a debtor to thy noble goodnesse,  
By checking the contempt, her poore desires  
Haue sunke her fame in. Prethee tell me (friend)  
How did the Youth receiue her ?

- 1730 *Mena.* With a coldnesse,  
As modest and as hopelesse, as the trust  
I did repose in him, coo'd wish, or merit.

*Enter Thamasta and Kala.*

*Ame.* I will esteeme him dearely.

- 1735 *Men.* Sir, your Sister.

*Tha.* Seruant, I haue imployment for yee.

*'Amet.* Harke yee :

The maske of your ambition is fallen off,  
Your pride hath stoop't to such an abiect lownesse,

- 1740 That you haue now discouer'd to report  
Your nakednesse in vertue, honors, shame——

*Tham.* You are turn'd Satyre.

*Ame.* All the flatteries

Of greatnesse haue expos'd yee to contempt.

- 1745 *Tham.* This is meere rayling.

*Amet.* You haue sold your birth, for lust.

*Tham.* Lust ?

*Amet.* Yes, and at a deare expence

Purchast the onely glories of a Wanton.

- 1750 *Tham.* A Wanton ?

*Amet.* Let repentance stop your mouth.

Learne to redeeme your fault.

*Kal.* I hope your tongue ha's not betrayd my honesty.

*Men.* Feare nothing.

- 1755 *Tham.* If (*Menaphon,*) I hitherto haue stroue ;

To keepe a wary guard about my fame ;

If I haue vsed a womans skill to sift

The



- The constancy of your protested loue ;  
 You cannot in the Iustice of your iudgment,  
 1760 Impute that to a Coynesse, or neglect,  
 Which my discretion and your seruice aym'd  
 For noble purposes.
- Mena.* Great Mistris, no :  
 I rather quarrell with mine owne ambition,  
 1765 That durst to soare so high, as to feed hope  
 Of any least desert, that might intitle  
 My duty, to a pension from your fauours.
- Ame.* And therefore Lady (pray obserue him well)  
 He henceforth couets playne equality ;  
 1770 Indeuouring to rancke his fortunes low,  
 With some fit partner, whom without presumption,  
 Without offence, or danger, he may cherish ;  
 Yes and command too, as a Wife ; a Wife ;  
 A Wife, my most great Lady
- 1775 *Kala* all will out.  
*Tham.* Now I perceiue the league of Amitye,  
 Which you haue long betweene yee, vow'd and kept,  
 Is sacred and inuiolable , secrets  
 Of euery nature are in common t'ee :
- 1780 I haue trespass'd, and I haue been faulty :  
 Let not too rude a Censure doome me guilty,  
 Or iudge my errour wilfull without pardon.
- Men.* Gracious and vertuous Mistris.  
*Ame.* Tis a tricke,
- 1785 There is no trust in female cunning (friend)  
 Let her first purge her follies past, and cleere  
 The wrongs done to her honor, by some sure  
 Apparant testimony of her constancy :  
 Or wee will not beleeeue these childish plots ;  
 1790 As you respect my friendship, lend no eare

To

To a reply. Thinke on't.

*Men.* Pray loue your fame. . . . *Exeunt Men. Amet.*

*Tham.* Gon ! I am sure awakt. *Kala* I finde,

You haue not been so trusty as the duty

1795 You ow'd,requir'd.

*Kala* Not I ? I doe protest,I haue been,Madam.

*Tham.* Bee no matter what.

I'me pay'd in mine owne Coyne ; something I must,

And speedily——so,——seeke out *Cuculus*

1800 Bid him attend me instantly.

*Kala* That Anticke !

The trim old Youth shall wait yee. (indeed :

*Tham.* Wounds may be mortall,which are wounds

“ But no wounds deadly,till our Honors bleed. *Exeunt.*

1805 *Enter Rhetias and Corax.*

*Rhet.* Thar't an excellent fellow. *Diabolo.* O this lousie  
close-stoole Empricks,that will vndertake all Cures, yet  
know not the causes of any disease. Dog-leaches. By the  
four Elements I honor thee,coo'd finde in my heart to

1810 turne knaue, and bee thy flatterer.

*Cora.* Sirra,tis pittty th'ast not been a Scholer ;

Th'art honest,blunt,and rude enough. O Conscience !

But for thy Lord now,I haue put him too't.

*Rhet.* He chafes hugely, fumes like a stew-pot ; Is he  
1815 not monstrously ouergone in frenzy ?

*Cora.* *Rhetias*,tis not a madnesse,but his sorrow's

Close griping griefe, and anguish of the soule

That torture him : he carries Hell on earth

Within his bosome,'twas a Princes tyranny

1820 Caus'd his distraction,and a Princes sweetnes

Must qualifie that tempest of his minde.

*Rhet.* *Corax*,to prayse thy Art, were to assure

The misbeleeuing world,that the Sunne shines,

I

When

When tis in th'full Meridian of his beauty.

1825 No cloud of blacke detraction can eclipse  
The light of thy rare knowledge ; henceforth casting  
All poore disguises off, that play in rudenesse,  
Call me your seruant : onely for the present,  
I wish a happy blessing to your Labours ;

1830 Heauen crowne your vndertakings ; and beleeeue me,  
Ere many houres can passe,at our next meeting,  
The bonds my duty owes,shall be full cancelled. *Exit.*

*Cora.* Farwell—a shrewd-braine Whorson, there's  
In his vntoward plainenesse.— (pith

1835 *Enter Trollio with a Murrion on.*

Now,the newes !

*Troll.* Worshipfull Master Doctor, I haue a great  
deale of I cannot tell what,to say t'ee ; My Lord thun-  
ders : euery word that comes out of his mouth, roares  
1840 like a Cannon : the house shooke once,my young Lady  
dares not be seene.

*Cora.* We will roare with him,*Trollio*,if he roare.

*Trol.* He has got a great Poll-axe in his hand, and  
fences it vp and downe the house, as if he were to make  
1845 roome for the Pageants. I haue prouided me a Murrion  
for feare of a clap on the Coxcombe.

*Cora.* No matter for the Murrion, here's my Cap :  
Thus I will pull it downe ; and thus out-stare him.

*Trol.* The Physicion is got as mad as my Lord.—  
1850 O braue,a man of Worship.

*Cor.*Let him come,*Trollio*,I will firke his Trangdido,  
And bounce,and bounce in metall, honest *Trollio*.

*Trol.* Hee vapours like a Tinker, and struts like a  
luggler. *Menander within.* So ho: So ho.

1855 *Troll.*There,there, there; looke to your Right Wor-  
shipfull,looke to your selfe.

*Enter*



*Enter Meleander with a poll-axe.*

*Mel.* Show me the Dog, whose triple throated noyse,  
Hath rowzd a Lyon from his vncoth den,

1860 To teare the Curre in pieces.

*Cor.* Stay thy pawes,

Couragious beast, else lo, the gorgeous skull,  
That shall transforme thee, to that restlesse stone,  
Which *Sysiphus* rouses vp against the hill ;

1865 Whence tumbling downe againe, it, with his waight  
Shall crush thy bones, and puffe thee into Ayre.

*Mel.* Hold, hold thy conqu'ring breath, tis stronger far  
Then Gun-powder and Garlike. If the Fates  
Haue spun my thred, and my spent-clue of life

1870 Be now vntwisted, let vs part like friends.

Lay vp my weapon, *Trollio*, and be gone.

*Trol.* Yes Sir, with all my heart. ——— *Exit. Trollio*

*Mel.* This friend and I will walke, and gabble wisely.

*Cor.* I allow the motion : On.

1875 *Mel.* So Polititians thriue,

That with their crabbed faces, and sly tricks  
Legerdemayne, ducks, cringes, formall beards,  
Crisp'd haire, and punctuall cheats, do wriggle in  
Their heads first, like a Foxe, to roomes of State,

1880 Then the whole body followes.

*Cor.* Then they fill Lordships, steale womens hearts :  
with them and their's the world runnes round, yet these  
are square men still.

*Mel.* There are none poore, but such as ingrosse offices.

1885 *Cor.* None wise ; but vnthrifths, bankrupts, beggers,

*Mel.* The hangman is a rare Phisician. (Rascals.

*Cor.* Thats not so good, it shalbe granted.

*Mel.* All the buz of Drugs, and Myneralls and Simples,

- Bloud-lettings, Vomits, Purges, or what else  
 1890 Is coniur'd vp by men of Art, to gull  
 Liege-people, and reare golden piles, are trash  
 To a well-strong-wrought halter ; there the Goute,  
 The stone, yes and the *Melancholy* deuill,  
 Are cur'd in lesse time then a paire of minutes.  
 1895 Build me a Gallows in this very plot,  
 And Ile dispatch your businesse.  
*Cora.* Fix the knot right vnder the left eare.  
*Mel.* Sirra, make ready.  
*Cora.* Yet doe not be too sudden, grant me leaue,  
 1900 To giue a farewell to a creature long  
 Absented from me, tis a daughter (Sir)  
 Snatcht from me in her youth, a handsome girle,  
 Shee comes to aske a blessing.  
*Mel.* Pray where is shee ? I cannot see her yet.  
 1905 *Cora.* Shee makes more haste  
 In her quicke prayers then her trembling steppes,  
 Which many griefes haue weakened.  
*Mel.* Cruell man !  
 How canst thou rip a heart, that's cleft already  
 1910 With iniuries of time ? whilst I am franticke,  
 Whilst throngs of rude diuisions huddle on,  
 And doe disranke my braines from peace, and sleepe ;  
 So long I am insensible of cares.  
 As balls of wild-fire may be safely toucht,  
 1915 Not violently sundred, and throwne vp ;  
 So my distemper'd thoughts rest in their rage,  
 Not hurried in the Ayre of repetition,  
 Or memory of my misfortunes past.  
 Then are my griefes strooke home,  
 1920 When they are reclaym'd,  
 To their owne pittie of themselues——Proceed;

What

What of your daughter now ?

*Cor.* I cannot tell yee,  
Tis now out of my head againe ; my braines  
1925 Are crazie ; I haue scarce slept one sound sleepe  
These twelue moneths.

*Mel.* 'las poore man ; canst thou imagine  
To prosper in the taske thou tak'st in hand,  
By practising a cure vpon my weakenesse,  
1930 And yet be no Physician for thy selfe ?  
Goe,goe, turne ouer all thy bookes once more,  
And learne to thriue in modesty ; for impudence  
Does least become a Scholer. Thou art a foole,  
A kind of learned foole.

1935 *Cor.* I doe confesse it.

*Mel.* If thou canst wake with me,forget to eate,  
Renounce the thought of Greatnesse ; tread on Fate;  
Sigh out a lamentable tale of things  
Done long agoe,and ill done ; and when sighes  
1940 Are wearied,piece vp what remaines behind,  
With weeping eyes,and hearts that bleed to death:  
Thou shalt be a companion fit for me,  
And we will sit together like true friends,  
And neuer be deuided. With what greedinesse  
1945 Doe I hug my afflictions ? there's no mirth  
Which is not truly season'd with some madnesse.  
As for example.—————

*Exit.*

*Cora.* What new Crochet next ?  
There is so much sence in this wilde distraction,  
1950 That I am almost out of my wits too,  
To see and heare him : some few houres more  
Spent here,would turne me Apish, if not frantick.

*Enter Meleander and Cleophyla.*

In all the volumes thou hast turn'd,thou *Man*



- 1955 Of knowledge, hast thou met with any rarity,  
 Worthy thy contemplation like to this ?  
 The modell of the Heauens, the Earth, the Waters,  
 The harmony, and sweet consent of times,  
 Are not of such an excellence, in forme
- 1960 Of their Creation, as the infinite wonder  
 That dwelles within the compasse of this face :  
 And yet I tell thee, Scholer, vnder this  
 Well-ord'red signe, is lodg'd such an obedience,  
 As will hereafter in another age,
- 1965 Strike all comparison into a silence.  
 She had a Sister too : but as for her,  
 If I were giuen to talke, I coo'd describe  
 A pretty piece of goodnesse : let that passe——  
 We must be wise somtimes: What would you with her?
- 1970 *Cor.* I with her / nothing by your leaue, Sir, I:  
 It is not my profession.  
*Mel.* You are sawcy,  
 And as I take it, scuruy in your sawcinesse,  
 To vse no more respect——good soule, be patient:
- 1975 We are a paire of things the world doth laugh at :  
 Yet be content, *Cleophila* ; those clouds  
 Which barre the Sunne from shining on our miseries,  
 Will neuer be chac'd off till I am dead ;  
 And then some charitable soule will take thee
- 1980 Into protection. I am hasting on,  
 The time cannot be long.  
*Cleo.* I doe beseech yee,  
 Sir, as you loue your health, as you respect  
 My safety, let not passion ouerrule you.
- 1985 *Mel.* It shall not, I am friends with all the world.  
 Get me some wine, to witnesse that I will be  
 An absolute good fellow, I will drinke with thee.

*Cora.*

*Cora.* Haue you prepar'd his Cup ?

*Cleo.* Tis in readinesse.

1990

*Enter Cuculus and Grilla.*

*Cucul.* By your leaue, Gallants, I come to speake with a young Lady, as they say, the old *Troianes* daughter of the house.

*Mel.* Your businesse with my Lady daughter, Tosse-

1995

*Gril.* Tosse-pot ? O base ! Tosse-pot ? (pot ?

*Cucul.* Peace; do'st not see in what case he is? I would doe my owne commendations to her ; that's all.

*Mel.* Doe, come my *Genius*, we will quaffe in wine Till we grow wise.

2000

*Cora.* True Nectar is diuine. *Exit Mel. & Cora.*

*Cucul.* So, I am glad he is gone. Page, walke aside. Sweet Beauty, I am sent Embassadour from the Mistris of my thoughts, to you, the Mistris of my desires.

*Cleo.* So Sir, I pray be briefe.

2005

*Cucul.* That you may know, I am not as they say, an Animall ; which is as they say, a kinde of Cokes, which is as the learned terme, an Asse, a Puppy, a Widgin, a Dolt, a Noddy, a——

*Cleo.* As you please.

2010

*Cucul.* Pardon me for that, it shall be as you please indeed. Forsooth I loue to be courtly, and in fashion.

*Cleo.* Well, to your Embasie ; what, or from whom ?

*Cucul.* Marry *what* is more then I know? for to know *what's what*, is to know *what's what*, and for *what's what* :

2015

but these are foolish figures, and to little purpose.

*Cleo.* From whom then are you sent ?

*Cucul.* There you come to me agen: O, to bee in the fauour of great Ladies, is asmuch to say, as to be great in Ladies fauours.

2020

*Cleo.* Good time a day t'ee ; I can stay no longer.

*Cucul.*

*Cukul.* By this light but you must, for now I come toot.  
 The most excellent, most wise, most dainty, precious, lo-  
 uing, kinde, sweet, intolerably faire Lady *Thamasta*  
 commends to your little hands, this letter of impor-  
 2025 tance. By your leaue, let me first kisse and then deliuer it  
 in fashion, to your owne proper beauty.

*Cleo.* To me from her? Tis strange; I dare peruse it.

*Cukul.* Good, O that I had not resolu'd to liue a sin-  
 gle life! Heer's temptation able to coniure vp a spirit  
 2030 with a witnesse. So so: she has read it.

*Cleo.* Is't possible? Heauen, thou art great and bountiful.  
 Sir, I much thanke your paines: and to the Princesse,  
 Let my loue, duty, seruice, be remembred.

*Cukul.* They shall Mad-dame.

2035 *Cleo.* When we of hopes, or helps, are quite bereauen,  
 Our humble pray'rs haue entrance into heau'n.

*Cukul.* Thats my opinion cleerely and without doubt.  
*Exit.*

*Enter Aretas and Sophronos.*

2040 *Aret.* The Prince is throughly mou'd.

*Sophron.* I neuer saw him so much distemp' red.

*Aret.* What should this young man bee,  
 Or whither can he be conuay'd?

*Sophr.* Tis to me a mystery, I vnderstand it not.

2045 *Aret.* Nor I.

*Enter Prince Amethus and Pelias.*

*Prince* Yee haue consented all to worke vpon  
 The softnesse of my nature; but take heede:  
 Though I can sleepe in silence, and looke on  
 2050 The mockery yee make of my dull patience;  
 Yet'ee shall know, the best of yee, that in mee  
 There is a masculin, a stirring spirit;

Which

Which prouokt, shall like a bearded Comet  
Set yee at gaze, and threaten horreur.

2055 *Pel.* Good Sir.

*Prin.* Good Sir. Tis not your actiue wit or language,  
Nor your graue politicke wisdomes (Lords) shall dare  
To check-mate and controle my iust commands.

*Enter Menaphon.*

2060 Where is the Youth your friend? is he found yet?

*Men.* Not to be heard of.

*Prince.* Flye then to the desart,  
Where thou didst first encounter this Fantasticke,  
This airie apparition; come no more

2065 In sight: Get yee all from me; he that staves,  
Is not my friend.

*Amet.* Tis strange.

*Aret. Soph.* We must obey. *Exeunt all but the Prince.*

*Prince.* Some angry power, cheates with rare delusions,

2070 My credulous sense: the very soule of Reason  
Is troubled in me—the Physician  
Presented a strange Maske, the view of it  
Puzzl'd my vnderstanding: but the Boy—

*Enter Rhetias.*

2075 *Rhetias*, thou art acquainted with my griefes,  
*Parthenophill* is lost, and I would see him;  
For he is like to some thing I remember  
A great while since, a long, long time agoe.

*Rhet.* I haue been diligent (Sir) to pry into euery cor-  
2080 ner for discouery, but cannot meet with him:  
There is some tricke I am confident.

*Prin.* There is, there is some practice, sleight or plot.

*Rhet.* I haue apprehended a faire Wench, in an odde  
Priuate lodging in the Citie, as like the Youth

2085 In face, as can by possibility be discern'd.

K

*Prince.*



*Prince.* How *Rhetias* !

*Rhet.* If it be not *Parthenophill* in long coates,  
Tis a spirit in his likenesse ; answer  
I can get none from her ; you shall see her.

2090 *Prince.* The young man in disguise vpon my life,  
To steale out of the Land.

*Rhet.* Ile send him t'ee.

*Exit Rhet.*

*Enter Eroclea in womans attire, and listens.*

*Prince.* Doe, doe my *Rhetias*. As there is by nature  
2095 In euery thing created contrarietie :

So likewise is there vnity and league  
Betweene them in their kind ; but *Man*, the abstract  
Of all perfection, which the workmanship  
Of Heauen hath model'd, in himselfe containes

2100 Passions of seuerall qualitie, the musicke  
Of mans faire composition best accords,  
When tis in consort, not in single straines.  
My heart has been vntun'd these many moneths,  
Wanting her presence, in whose equall loue

2105 True harmony consisted ; liuing here  
We are Heau'ns bounty all, but Fortunes exercise.

*Eroc.* Minutes are numbred by the fall of Sands ;  
As by an houre-glasse, the span of time  
Doth waste vs to our graues, and we looke on it.

2110 An age of pleasures reuel'd out, comes home  
At last, and ends in sorrow, but the life  
Weary of ryot, numbers euery Sand,  
Wayling in sighes, vntill the last drop downe,  
So to conclude calamity in rest.

2115 *Prince.* What Eccho yeelds a voyce to my complaints?  
Can I be no where priuate ?

*Eroc.* Let the substance  
As suddenly be hurried from your eyes,

As

- As the vaine sound can passe your eare,  
 2120 If no impression of a troth vow'd yours, *Kneeles.*  
 Retaine a constant memory. (cheekes,  
*Prince.* Stand vp ; tis not the figure stamp't vpon thy  
 The coozenage of thy beauty, grace, or tongue,  
 Can draw from me a secret, that hath been  
 2125 The onely Iewell of my speechlesse thoughts.  
*Eroc.* I am so worne away with feares and sorrowes,  
 So wintred with the tempests of affliction,  
 That the bright Sunne of your life-quickning presence  
 Hath scarce one beame of force, to warme againe  
 2130 That spring of chearefull comfort, which youth once  
 Apparel'd in fresh lookes.  
*Prince.* Cunning Impostor,  
 Vntruth hath made thee subtle in thy trade :  
 If any neighbouring *Greatnesse* hath seduc'd  
 2135 A free-borne resolution, to attempt  
 Some bolder act of treachery, by cutting  
 My weary dayes off. Wherefore (*Cruell-mercy*)  
 Hast thou assum'd a shape, that would make treason  
 A piety, guilt pardonable, blood-shed  
 2140 As holy as the sacrifice of peace ?  
*Eroc.* The Incense of my loue-desires, are flam'd  
 Vpon an Altar of more constant prooffe.  
 Sir, O Sir, turne me backe into the world,  
 Command me to forget my name, my birth,  
 2145 My Fathers sadnesse, and my death aliue,  
 If all remembrance of my Faith hath found  
 A buriall, without pitie in your scorne. (weaue  
*Prince.* My scorne (disdainefull Boy) shall soone vn-  
 The web thy Art hath twisted : cast thy shape off,  
 2150 Disroabe the mantle of a fained Sex,  
 And so I may be gentle ; as thou art,

- There's witch-craft in thy language, in thy face,  
 In thy demeanors ; turne, turne from me (prethee)  
 For my beliefe is arm'd else. Yet (*faire subtilty*)  
 2155 Before we part (for part we must) be true,  
 Tell me thy Countrey.  
*Eroc. Cyprus.*  
*Prince. Ha : thy Father.*  
*Eroc. Meleander.*  
 2160 *Prince. Hast a name ?*  
*Eroc. A name of misery, the vnfortunate Eroclea.*  
*Prince. There is danger*  
 In this seducing counterfeit, great goodnesse !  
 Hath honesty and vertue left the time ?  
 2165 Are we become so impious, that to tread  
 The path of impudence, is Law and Iustice ?  
 Thou vizard of a beauty euer sacred,  
 Giue me thy name.  
*Eroc. Whil'st I was lost to memory,*  
 2170 *Parthenophill* did shrowd my shame in change  
 Of sundry rare misfortunes : but since now  
 I am, before I dye, return'd to claime  
 A Conuoy to my graue, I must not blush  
 To let Prince *Pallador* (if I offend,)  
 2175 Know when he doomes me, that he doomes *Eroclea*.  
 I am that wofull Maid.  
*Prince. Ioyne not too fast*  
 Thy penance, with the story of my sufferings.  
 So dwelt *simplicity* with virgin *truth* ;  
 2180 So *Martyrdome* and *holinesse* are twins,  
 As *innocence* and *sweetnesse* on thy tongue.  
 But let me by degrees collect my senses,  
 I may abuse my trust. Tell me, what ayre  
 Hast thou perfum'd, since Tyranny first rauisht

The

- 2185 The contract of our hearts ?  
*Eroc.* Deare Sir, in *Athens* haue I been buried.  
*Prince.* Buried ! Right, as I  
 In *Cyprus*.—Come to triall, if thou beest  
*Eroclea*, in my bosome I can finde thee.
- 2190 *Eroc.* As I, *Prince Palador*, in mine: This gift  
*She shewes him a Tablet.*  
 His bounty blest me with, the onely physicke  
 My solitary cares haue houely tooke,  
 To keepe me from despaire.
- 2195 *Prince.* We are but Fooles  
 To trifle in disputes, or vainely struggle  
 With that eternall *mercy* which protects vs.  
 Come home, home to my heart, thou *banisht-peace*,  
 My extasie of ioyes would speake in passion,
- 2200 But that I would not lose that part of man,  
 Which is reseru'd to intertaine content.  
*Eroclea*, I am thine ; O let me seize thee  
 As my inheritance. *Hymen* shall now  
 Set all his Torches burning, to giue light
- 2205 Throughout this Land, new settled in thy welcome.  
*Eroc.* You are still gracious. Sir, how I haue liu'd,  
 By what meanes been conuey'd, by what preseru'd,  
 By what return'd ; *Rhetias*, my trusty seruant,  
 Directed by the wisdom of my Vncle,
- 2210 The good *Sophronos*, can informe at large.  
*Prince.* Enough, in stead of Musicke, euery night  
 To make our sleepes delightfull, thou shalt cloze  
 Our weary eyes with some part of thy story.  
*Eroc.* O but my Father !
- 2215 *Prince.* Feare not : to behold  
*Eroclea* safe, will make him young againe ;  
 It shall be our first taske. Blush sensuall follies,



Which are not guarded with thoughts chastly pure.

“ There is no faith in lust, but baytes of Artes ;

2220 “ Tis vertuous loue keeps cleare contracted hearts.

Actus V. Scena I.

*Enter Corax and Cleophila.*

*Corax.*

2225 **T** Is well, tis well, the houre is at hand,  
Which must conclude the busines, that no Art  
Coo'd al this while make ripe for wisht content.

O Lady, in the turmoyles of our liues,

Men are like politike States, or troubled Seas,

Tost vp and downe with seuerall stormes and tempests,

2230 Change, and varietie of wracks, and fortunes,

Till labouring to the Hauens of our homes,

We struggle for the Calme that crownes our ends.

*Cleo.* A happy end Heauen blesse vs with.

*Cora.* Tis well said, the old man sleepes still soundly?

2235 *Cleo.* May soft dreames

Play in his fancy, that when he awakes,

With comfort, he may by degrees, digest

The present blessings in a moderate Ioy.

*Cora.* I drencht his cup to purpose ; he ne're stir'd

2240 At Barber or at Taylor : a will laugh

At his owne Metamorphosis, and wonder.

We must be watchfull. Does the Coach stand ready ?

*Enter Trollio.*

*Cleo.* All as you commanded. What's your haste for ?

2245 *Trol.* A brace of bigge women, vs her'd by the young  
old

old Ape, with his shee-clog at his bum, are enterd the  
Castle ; Shall they come on ?

*Cora.* By any meanes, the time is precious now ;  
Lady, be quick and carefull, follow, *Trollio.*

2250 *Trol.* I owe all Sir-Reuerence to your Right Wor-  
shipfulnesse.

*Cleo.* So many feares, so many ioyes, encounter  
My doubtfull expectations, that I wauer  
Betweene the resolution of my hopes  
2255 And my obedience ; tis not (O my Fate)  
The apprehension of a timely blessing  
In pleasures, shakes my weakenesse ; but the danger  
Of a mistaken duty, that confines  
The limits of my reason ; let me liue,  
2260 *Vertue*, to thee as chaste, as *Truth* to time.

*Enter Thamasta.*

*Tham.* Attend me till I call. — My sweet *Cleophila.*

*Cleo.* Great Princesse ———

*Tham.* I bring peace, to sue a Pardon  
2265 For my neglect, of all those noble vertues  
Thy minde and duty are apparel'd with.  
I haue deseru'd ill from thee, and must say,  
Thou art too gentle, if thou canst forget it.

*Cleo.* Alas, you haue not wrong'd me ; for indeed,  
2270 Acquaintance with my sorrowes, and my fortune,  
Were growne to such familiarity,  
That twas an impudence, more then presumption,  
To wish so great a Lady as you are,  
Should lose affection on my Vncles Sonne,  
2275 But that your Brother, equall in your blood,  
Should stoope to such a lownesse, as to loue

A Cast-away, a poore despised Maid,  
 Onely for me to hope was almost sinne,  
 Yet troth I neuer tempted him. (Sweetnes)

2280 *Tha.* Chide not the grossenes of my trespasse (louely  
 In such an humble language, I haue smarted  
 Already in the wounds, my pride hath made  
 Vpon thy sufferings. Henceforth tis in you  
 To worke my happinesse.

2285 *Cleo.* Call any seruice  
 Of mine a debt, for such it is ; the Letter  
 You lately sent me, in the blest contents  
 It made me priuy to, hath largely quitted  
 Euery suspicion of your Grace or goodnesse.

2290 *Tham.* Let me imbrace thee with a Sisters loue,  
 A Sisters loue, *Cleophila* : for should  
 My Brother henceforth study to forget  
 The vowes that he hath made thee, I would euer  
 Sollicite thy deserts.

2295 *Enter Amethus and Menaphon.*

*Ame.* We must haue entrance.

*Tham.* Must ? Who are they say, must ? you are vn-  
 Brother is't you, and you too, Sir ? (mannerly.)

*Ame.* Your Ladiship has had a time of

2300 Scolding to your humour :  
 Does the storme hold still ?

*Cleo.* Neuer fell a showre  
 More seasonably gentle on the barren  
 Parcht thirsty earth, then showres of courtesie

2305 Haue from this Princesse been distilled on me,  
 To make my growth in quiet of my mind  
 Secure and lasting.

*Tham.* You may both beleeeue that I was not vnciuill.

*Ame.* Pish, I know her spirit, and her enuy.

*Cleo.*

- 2310 *Cleo.* Now in throth, Sir,  
 Pray credit me, I doe not vse to sweare ;  
 The vertuous Princesse hath in words and carriage  
 Been kind, so ouer-kind, that I doe blush :  
 I am not rich enough in thanks sufficient
- 2315 For her vnequall'd bounty.——My good Cousin,  
 I haue a suite to you.  
*Men.* It shall be granted.  
*Cleo.* That no time, no perswasion, no respects  
 Of lealousies past, present, or hereafter
- 2320 By possibilitie to be conceiued,  
 Draw you from that sincerity and purenesse  
 Of loue, which you haue oftentimes protested  
 To this great worthy Lady: she deserues  
 A duty more, then what the tyes of Marriage
- 2325 Can claime, or warrant : be for euer hers,  
 As she is yours, and Heauen increase your comforts.  
*Ame.* *Clophila* hath play'd the Church-mans part,  
 Ile not forbid the Banes.  
*Men.* Are you consented ?
- 2330 *Tha.* I haue one taske in charge first, which concernes  
 Brother, be not more cruell then this Lady, (me.  
 She hath forgiuen my follies, so may you:  
 Her youth, her beauty, innocence, discretion,  
 Without additions of estate or birth,
- 2335 Are dower for a Prince indeed. You lou'd her;  
 For sure you swore you did : else if you did not  
 Here fixe your heart, and thus resolute, if now  
 You misse this Heauen on earth, you cannot find  
 In any other choice ought but a hell. (somely
- 2340 *Ame.* The Ladies are turn'd Lawyers, and pleade hand-  
 Their Clients cases. I am an easie Iudge,  
 And so shalt thou be, *Menaphon.* I giue thee

L

My



My Sister for a wife ; a good one, friend.

*Men.* Lady, will you confirme the gift ?

2345 *Tham.* The errors of my mistaken iudgement being  
To your remembrance, I shall euer striue (lost,  
In my obedience to deserue your pity.

*Men.* My loue, my care, my all.

*Amet.* What rests for me ?

2350 I'm still a Batchelor : Sweet Maid, resolute me,  
May I yet call you mine ?

*Cleo.* My Lord *Amethus*,

Blame not my plainnesse, I am young and simple,  
And haue not any power to dispose

2355 Mine owne will without warrant from my father :  
That purchast, I am yours.

*Amet.* It shall suffice me.

*Enter Cuculus, Pelias, Trollio and Grilla pluckt  
in by 'em.*

2360 *Cucul.* Reuenge, I must haue reuenge ; I will haue re-  
uenge, bitter and abominable reuenge ; I will haue re-  
uenge. This vnfashionable Mungrill, this Linsey-wool-  
sey of mortality, by this hand, Mistris, this shee-Rogue  
is drunke, and clapper-clawd me without any reuerence  
2365 to my person, or good garments, why d'ee not speake,  
Gentlemen.

*Pel.* Some certaine blowes haue past, and't like your  
Highnesse.

*Troll.* Some few knocks of Friendship, some loue-

2370 toyes, some Cuffes in kindnesse, or so.

*Gril.* Ile turne him away, he shall bee my Master no  
longer.

*Men.* Is this your she-Page, *Cuculus*? tis a Boy, sure.

*Cucul.* A Boy, an arrant Boy in long coates.

2375 *Troll.* He has mumbled his nose, that tis as big as a  
great

great Cod peece.

*Cucul.* Oh thou Cock-vermine of iniquity.

*Tha.Pelias*, take hence the wag, and schoole him for't.

For your part, seruant, Ile intreate the Prince

2380 To grant you some fit place about his Wardrobe.

*Cucul.* Euer after a bloody nose do I dreame of good  
I horribly thanke your Ladiship. (lucke.

Whil'st I'm in office, the old garbe shall agen

Grow in request, and Taylors shall be men.

2385 Come *Trollio*, helpe to wash my face, prethee.

*Trol.* Yes, and to scowre it too.——

*Exit Cuculus, Trollio, Pelias, Grill.*

*Enter Rhetias, Corax.*

*Rhet.* The Prince and Princesse are at hand, giue ouer  
2390 your amorous Dialogues. Most honor'd Lady, hence-  
forth forbear your sadnesse: are you ready to practise  
your instructions?

*Cleo.* I haue studied

My part with care, and will performe it (*Rhetias*)

2395 With all the skill I can.

*Cor.* Ile passe my word for her.

*Florish. Enter Prince, Sophronus, Aretius, and  
Eroclea.*

*Prince.* Thus Princes should be circled with a guard  
2400 Of truly noble friends, and watchfull subiects.

O *Rhetias*, thou art iust; the Youth thou told'st me,

That liu'd at Athens, is returnd at last

To her owne fortunes, and contracted Loue.

*Rhet.* My knowledge made me sure of my report, Sir.

2405 *Prince. Eroclea*, cleare thy feares, when the Sun shines,  
 Clouds must not dare to muster in the skie,  
 Nor shal they here——Why do they kneele? Stand vp,  
 The day and place is priuiledg'd. (a Sanctuary.

*Soph.* Your presence, Great Sir, makes euey roome

2410 *Prince.* Wherefore does this young virgin vse such cir-  
 In duty to vs ? Rise. (cumstance,

*Eroc.* Tis I must raise her.

Forgiue me, Sister, I haue been too priuate,  
 In hiding from your knowledge any secret

2415 That should haue been in common twixt our soules:  
 But I was rul'd by counsell.

*Cleo.* That I shew my selfe a Girle (Sister) and bewray  
 Ioy in too soft a passion 'fore all these,  
 I hope you cannot blame me.

2420 *Prince.* We must part :

The sudden meeting of these two faire Riuolets  
 With th' Iland of our armes, *Cleophila*,  
 The custome of thy piety hath built  
 Euen to thy younger yeeres a Monument

2425 Of memorable Fame ; some great reward  
 Must wait on thy desert.

*Soph.* The Prince speakes t'ee, Neece.

*Cor.* Chat low, I pray ; let's about our businesse.  
 The good old man awakes : my Lord, with-draw ;

2430 *Rhetias*, let's settle here the Coach.

*Prince.* Away then.

*Exit.*

*Soft Musicke. Enter Melander (in a Coach) his haire and  
 beard trimd, habit and gowne chang'd. Rhetias  
 and Corax, and Boy that  
 sings.*

2435

*The*

The Song.

Fly hence, shadowes, that doe keep  
 Watchfull sorrowes, charm'd in sleepe;  
 Though the Eyes be ouertaken,  
 2440 Yet the Heart doth euer waken  
 Thoughts, chain'd vp in busie snares  
 Of continuall woes and cares :  
 Loue and griefes are so exprest,  
 As they rather sigh then rest.  
 2445 Fly hence, shadowes, that doe keepe  
 Watchfull sorrowes, charm'd in sleepe.

Mel. Where am I ? Ha ? What sounds are these? Tis  
 Oh, I haue slept belike: tis but the foolery (day, sure.  
 Of some beguiling dreame. So, so, I will not  
 2450 Trouble the play of my delighted Fancy  
 But dreame my dreame out.

Cor. Morrow to your Lordship :

You tooke a iolly nap, and slept it soundly.

2455 Mel. Away, beast, let me alone.

Cease musicke.

Cora. O, by your leaue, Sir.

I must be bold to raise yee, else your Phisicke  
 Will turne to further sicknes.

Mel. Phisick, Beare-leech?

2460 Cor. Yes phisick, you are mad.

Mel. Trollio, Cleophila.

Rhet. Sir, I am here.

Mel. I know thee, Rhetias, prethee rid the roome  
 Of this tormenting noyse. He tells me, sirra.

2465 I haue tooke phisick, Rhetias, phisicke.

L 3

Ret.



*Rhet.* Sir, true, you haue ; and this most learned Scho-  
Apply'd t'ee. O you were in dangerous plight (ler  
Before he tooke ye hand.

*Mel.* These things are drunke,

2470 Directly drunke. Where did you get your liquor ?

*Cor.* I neuer saw a body in the wane  
Of age, so ouer-spred with seuerall sorts  
Of such diseases, as the strength of Youth  
Would groane vnder and sinke.

2475 *Rhet.* The more your glory in the miraculous cure.

*Cor.* Bring me the Cordiall  
Prepar'd for him to take after his sleepe,  
Twill doe him good at heart.

*Rhet.* I hope it will, Sir. *Exit.*

2480 *Mel.* What do'st think I am, that thou should'st fiddle  
So much vpon my patience ? Foole, the waight  
Of my disease sits on my heart so heauy,  
That all the hands of Art cannot remoue  
One graine to ease my griefe. If thou cood'st poyson

2485 My memory, or wrap my senses vp  
Into a dulnesse, hard and cold as Flints ?  
If thou cood'st make me walke, speake, eate and laugh  
Without a sense or knowledge of my faculties,  
Why then perhaps at Marts thou might'st make benefit  
2490 Of such an Anticke motion, and get credit  
From credulous gazers, but not profit me.  
Study to gull the wise ; I am too simple  
To be wrought on.

*Cor.* Ile burne my bookes (old man)

2495 But I will doe thee good, and quickly too.

*Enter Aretus with a Patent.*

*Aret.* Most honor'd Lord *Meleander*, our great Master,  
Prince

Prince *Palador* of Cyprus, hath by me  
Sent you this Patent, in which is contain'd  
2500 Not onely confirmation of the Honors  
You formerly enioyed, but the addition  
Of the Marshalship of Cyprus, and ere long  
He meanes to visit you. Excuse my haste,  
I must attend the Prince. ——— *Exit.*

2505 *Cor.* There's one Pill workes.

*Mel.* Do'st know that spirit? tis a graue familiar,  
And talkt I know not what.

*Cor.* Hee's like, me thinks, the Prince his Tutor, *Aretus.*

*Mel.* Yes, yes ; it may be I haue seene such a formality;  
2510 No matter where, or when.

*Enter Amethus with a Staffe.*

*Amet.* The Prince hath sent ye  
(My Lord) this Staffe of Office, and withall  
Salutes you Grand Commander of the Ports  
2515 Throughout his Principalities. He shortly  
Will visit you himselfe: I must attend him. — *Exit.*

*Cor.* D'ee feele your physick stirring yet ?

*Mel.* A Diuell is a rare Iuggler, and can cheate the  
But not corrupt the reason in the Throne (eye,  
2520 Of a pure soule. ——— Another ? I will stand thee,  
Be what thou canst, I care not.

*Enter Sophronus with a  
Tablet.*

(this rich Relique,  
2525 *Soph.* From the Prince, deare Brother, I present you  
A Iewell he hath long worne in his bosome :  
Henceforth he bade mee say, he does beseech you

To

To call him sonne, for he will call you Father.  
It is an honor (brother) that a subiect

2530 Cannot but intertaine with thankfull pray'rs.  
Be moderate in your loyes, he will in person  
Confirm me my errand, but commands my seruice. *Exit.*

*Cora.* What hope now of your Cure ?

*Mel.* Stay, stay———What Earthquakes

2535 Roule in my flesh? here's Prince, and Prince, and Prince;  
Prince vpon Prince: the dotage of my sorrowes  
Reuells in magick of ambitious scorne,  
Be they Inchantments deadly (as the graue)  
Ile looke vpon'em: Patent, staffe, and Relick  
2540 To the last first. Round me, ye guarding ministers  
And euer keepe me waking till the Cliffes  
That ouer-hang my sight fall off, and leaue  
These hollow spaces to be cram'd with dust.

*Cor.* Tis time I see to fetch the Cordiall. Prethee

2545 Sit downe: Ile instantly be here againe——— *Exit.*

*Mel.* Good, giue me leaue, I will sit downe indeed:

Here's Company enough for me to prate to,  
*Eroclea.* Tis the same, the cunning Artsman  
Faultred not in a line. Coo'd he haue fashen'd

2550 A little hollow space here, and blowne breath  
To haue made it moue, and whisper, 't had bin excellent.  
But faith, tis well, tis very well as tis.  
Passing, most passing well.

*Enter Cleophila, Eroclea, Rhetias.*

2555 *Cleo.* The soueraigne Greatnesse,  
Who, by Commission from the powers of heauen,  
Swayes both this Land and vs, our gracious Prince,  
By me presents you (Sir) with this large bounty,

- A gift more precious to him then his birth-right.  
2560 Here let your cares take end ; now set at liberty  
Your long imprison'd heart, and welcome home  
The solace of your soule, too long kept from you.  
*Eroc.* Deare Sir, you know me.  
*Mel.* Yes, thou art my Daughter :  
2565 My eldest blessing. Know thee ? Why *Eroclea*,  
I neuer did forget thee in thy absence.  
Poore soule, how do'st ?  
*Eroc.* The best of my well-being consists in yours.  
*Mel.* Stand vp : the gods who hitherto  
2570 Haue kept vs both aliue, preserue thee euer.  
*Cleophila*, I thanke thee and the Prince,  
I thanke thee too, *Eroclea*, that thou would'st  
In pitie of my age, take so much paines  
To liue, till I might once more looke vpon thee,  
2575 Before I broke my heart : O twas a piece  
Of piety and duty vnexampled.  
*Rhet.* The good-man rellisheth his comforts strangely,  
The sight doth turne me child.  
*Eroc.* I haue not words that can expresse my ioyes.  
2580 *Cleo.* Nor I.  
*Mel.* Nor I : yet let vs gaze on one another freely,  
And surfet with our eyes ; let me be plaine,  
If I should speake as much as I should speake,  
I should talke of a thousand things at once,  
2585 And all of thee, of thee (my child) of thee :  
My teares like ruffling winds lockt vp in Caues,  
Doe bustle for a vent — on t'other side,  
To flye out into mirth were not so comely.  
Come hither, let me kisse thee — with a pride,  
2590 Strength, courage, and fresh blood, which now thy pre-  
Hath stor'd me with, I kneele before their Altars, (sence

M

Whose



Whose soueraignty kept guard about thy safety.  
 Aske, aske thy Sister (prethee) shee'le tell thee  
 How I haue been much mad.

- 2595 *Cleo.* Much discontented,  
 Shunning all meanes that might procure him comfort.  
*Eroc.* Heauen ha's at last been gracious.  
*Mel.* So say I: but wherefore drop thy words in such  
 As if thou wert afraid to mingle truth (a sloth,  
 2600 With thy misfortunes? Vnderstand me thoroughly,  
 I would not haue thee to report at large  
 From point to point, a Iournall of thy absence :  
 Twill take vp too much time, I would securely  
 Ingrosse the little remnant of my life,  
 2605 That thou might'st euery day be telling somewhat,  
 Which might conuay me to my rest with comfort.  
 Let me bethinke me, how we parted first :  
 Puzzles my faint remembrance—— But soft,  
*Cleophila*, thou toldst me, that the Prince  
 2610 Sent me this present.  
*Cleo.* From his own faire hands I did receiue my Sister.  
*Mel.* To requite him, we will not dig his Fathers graue  
 Although the mention of him much concernes (anew,  
 The businesse we inquire of——as I said,  
 2615 We parted in a hurry at the Court,  
 I to this Castle, after made my Iayle.  
 But whither thou, deare heart?  
*Rhet.* Now they fall too't, I lookt for this.  
*Eroc.* I by my Vncles care (*Sophronos*, my good Vncle)  
 2620 suddenly was like a Saylers Boy conuey'd a shipboord  
 that very night.  
*Mel.* A policie quicke and strange.  
*Eroc.* The ship was bound for Corinth, whither first  
 Attended onely with your seruant *Rhetias*,

And

- 2625 And all fit necessities, we arriu'd :  
 From thence in habit of a youth we iourney'd  
 To Athens, where till our returne of late,  
 Haue we liu'd safe.
- Mel.* Oh what a thing is man,
- 2630 To bandy factions of distemp' red passions,  
 Against the sacred prouidence about him ?  
 Here in the Legend of thy two yeeres exile,  
 Rare pity and delight are sweetly mixt,  
 And still thou wert a Boy.
- 2635 *Eroc.* So I obey'd my Vncles wise command.  
*Mel.* Twas' safely carried, I humbly thanke thy Fate.  
*Eroc.* If earthly treasures  
 Are powr'd in plenty downe from Heau'n on mortals ;  
 They reigne amongst those Oracles, that flow
- 2640 In Scholes of sacred knowledge ; such is *Athens* :  
 Yet *Athens* was to me but a faire prison :  
 The thoughts of you, my Sister, Country, Fortunes,  
 And something of the Prince, barr'd all contents,  
 Which else might rauish sence : for had not, *Rhetias*,
- 2645 Been alwaies comfortable to me, certainly  
 Things had gone worse.  
*Mel.* Speake low *Eroclea* ;  
 That something of the Prince beares danger in it :  
 Yet thou hast trauayl'd (Wench) for such Indowments,
- 2650 As might create a Prince a wife fit for him,  
 Had he the World to guide : but touch not there ;  
 How cam'st thou home ?  
*Rhet.* Sir, with your Noble fauour,  
 Kissing your hand first, that point I can answer.
- 2655 *Mel.* Honest, right honest *Rhetias*.  
*Rhet.* Your graue Brother  
 Perceiu'd with what a hopelesse loue his sonne,

Lord *Menaphon*, too eagerly pursu'd  
*Thamasta*, Cousin to our present Prince ;

2660 And to remoue the violence of affection,  
 Sent him to Athens, where for twelue moneths space  
 Your daughter, my young Lady and her Cousin  
 Enioy'd each others griefes, till by his Father  
 The Lord *Sophronos* we were all call'd home.

2665 *Mel.* Enough, enough, the world shall henceforth  
 My thankfulness to Heauen, and those people (witnesses  
 Who haue been pitifull to me and mine.  
 Lend me a Looking-glasse—How now ? How came I  
 So courtly in fresh rayments ?

2670 *Rhet.* Here's the Glasse, Sir.

*Mel.* I'm in the trim too.—O *Cleophila*,  
 This was the goodnesse of thy care and cunning.—  
 Whence comes this noyse ? *Loud Musicke.*

*Rhet.* The Prince my Lord in person.

2675 Enter *Prince, Sophronos, Aretas, Amethus, Menaphon, Thamasta, Corax, Kala.*

*Prince.* Ye shall not kneele to vs; rise all, I charge ye :  
 Father, you wrong your age, henceforth my armes  
 And heart shall be your guard; we haue o're-heard

2680 All passages of your vnited loues.  
 Be young againe, *Meleander*, liue to number  
 A happy generation, and dye old  
 In comforts as in yeeres. The Offices

And Honours which I late on thee conferr'd,  
 2685 Are not fantasticke bounties, but thy merit;  
 Enioy them liberally.

*Mel.* My teares must thanke ye, for my tongue cannot.

*Cor.* I haue kept my promise, & giuen you a sure cordial.

*Mel.*

*Mel.* O, a rare one. (sadnes :

2690 *Prince.* Good man, wee both haue shar'd enough of  
 Though thine ha's tasted deeper of th'extreme ;  
 Let vs forget it henceforth. Where's the picture  
 I sent yee ? Keepe it, tis a counterfeit,  
 And in exchange of that, I ceaze on this,  
 2695 The reall substance : with this other hand  
 I giue away before her Fathers face  
 His younger ioy, *Cleophila*, to thee  
 Cousin *Amethus* : take her, and be to her  
 More then a Father, a deseruing husband.  
 2700 Thus rob'd of both thy children in a minute,  
 Thy cares are taken off.

*Mel.* My braines are dull'd ;  
 I am intranc'd, and know not what you meane :  
 Great, gracious Sir, alas, why do you mocke me ?  
 2705 I am a weake old man, so poore and feeble,  
 That my vntoward ioynts can scarcely creepe  
 Vnto the graue, where I must seeke my rest.

*Prince.* *Eroclea* was, you know, contracted mine ;  
*Cleophila*, my Cousins by consent  
 2710 Of both their hearts : *We both* now claime our owne ;  
 It onely rests in you to giue a blessing  
 For confirmation.

*Rhetias.* Sir, tis truth and iustice.

*Mel.* The gods that lent ye to me, blesse your vowes :  
 2715 O Children, children, pay your prayers to Heauen,  
 For they haue shew'd much mercy. But *Sophonos*,  
 Thou art my Brother : I can say no more :  
 A good, good Brother.

*Prince.* Leaue the rest to time.  
 2720 Cousin *Thamasta*, I must giue you too :  
 She's thy wife, *Menaphon*. *Rhetias*, for thee



And *Corax*, I haue more then common thanks.  
On, to the Temple ; there all solemne Rites  
Perform'd, a generall Feast shall be proclaim'd.

2725 The *Louers Melancholy* hath found cure ;  
Sorrowes are chang'd to Bride-songs. So they thriue,  
Whom Fate in spite of stormes hath kept aliue.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*FINIS.*

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1771 page 22

LOUES  
Sacrifice. SC

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A  
TRAGEDIE  
RECEIVED GENERALLY  
WELL.

---

Acted by the QUEEN'S Ma-  
jesties Servants at the Phoenix in  
*Drury-Lane.*

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LONDON:  
Printed by I. B. for HUGH BEESTON, dwell-  
ling next the Castle in Cornhill.  
1633.



# The Sceanē PAVYE.

## The Speakers in this TRAGEDY.

|                            |   |                                 |
|----------------------------|---|---------------------------------|
| <b>P</b> hillippo Caraffa. | — | Duke of Pavy.                   |
| Pauls Baglione.            | — | Vnckle to the Dutchesse.        |
| Fernando                   | — | Favorite to the Duke.           |
| Ferentes                   | — | A wanton Courtier.              |
| Roseilli                   | — | A young Nobleman.               |
| Petruchio                  | — | { Two Counse-<br>lors of State. |
| Nibrassa                   | — |                                 |
| D'auolos                   | — | Secretary to the Duke.          |
| Maurucio                   | — | An old Antike.                  |
| Giacopo                    | — | Servanto MAURUCIO.              |
| Attendants.                | — |                                 |

## Women.

|                 |   |                        |
|-----------------|---|------------------------|
| <b>B</b> iancha | — | The Dutchesse.         |
| Fiormonda       | — | The Dukes Sister.      |
| Colona          | — | Daughter to Petruchio. |
| Julia           | — | Daughter to Nibrassa.  |
| Morona          | — | an old Lady.           |





91

# LOUES

## Sacrifice.

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### A

# TRAGEDIE

RECEIUED GENE-  
RALLY WELL.

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Acted by the QUEENES Ma-  
jesties Seruants at the *Phœniæ* in  
*Drury-lane.*

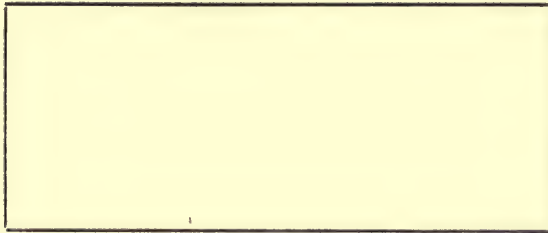
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LONDON:  
Printed by I. B. for HUGH BEESTON, dwel-  
ling next the Castle in *Cornhill.*  
1633







To my truest friend, my worthiest  
Kinsman, I O H N F O R D of *Grayes-*  
*Inne, Esquire.*

5  
10  
15  
20

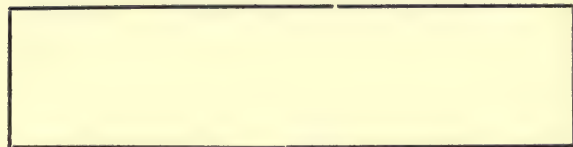
T

H E Title of *this little worke* (may good Cozen) is in sence but the argument of a Dedication ; which being in most writers a *Custom*, in many a *complement*, I question not but your cleere knowledg of my intents, will in me read as the *earnest of affection*. My ambition herein aimes at a faire flight, borne vp on the double wings of gratitude, for a receiued, and acknowledgement for a continued loue. It is not so frequent to number many kinsmen, & amongst them some friends ; as to presume on some friends, and amongst them little friendship. But in euery fulnesse of these particulars, I doe not more partake *through you* (my Cozen) the delight, then enioy the benefit of them. This *Inscription to your name*, is onely a faithfull deliuerance to *Memory* of the truth of my respects to *vertue*, and to the equall

A in

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

in honour with vertue, *Desert*. The contempt throwne  
on *studies of this kinde*, by such as dote on their owne sin-  
25 gularity, hath almost so out-fac'd *Inuention*, and pre-  
scrib'd *Iudgement* ; that it is more safe, more wise, to be  
*suspectedly silent*, then *modestly confident* of opinion, here-  
in. Let me be bold to tell the seuerity of *censurers*, how  
willingly I neglect their practise, so long as I digresse  
30 from no becomming thankfulnesse. Accept then (my  
Cozen) this *witnesse to Posteritie* of my constancy to  
your Merits ; for no *Ties* of blood, no ingagements of  
*Friendship* shall more justly liue a *President*, then the sin-  
cerity of *Both* in the Heart of



To my friend M<sup>r</sup>. IOHN FORD.

**V** *Nto this Altar, rich with thy owne spice,  
I bring one graine, to thy Loves Sacrifice :  
And boast to see thy flames ascending, while  
40 Perfumes enrich our Ayre from thy sweet Pile.*

*Looke here THOV that hast malice to the Stage,  
And Impudence enough for the whole Age ;  
Voluminously-Ignorant ! be vex  
To read this Tragedy, and thy owne be next.*



# The Sceane *P A V Y E*.

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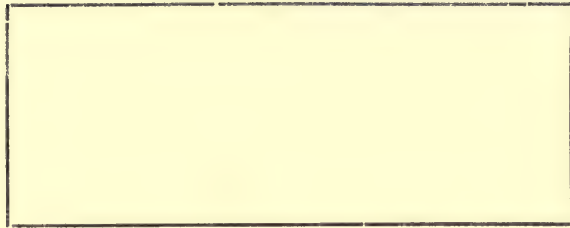
## The Speakers in this TRAGEDY.

|    |                            |       |                                  |
|----|----------------------------|-------|----------------------------------|
|    | <b>P</b> hillippo Caraffa. | — — — | Duke of Pavy.                    |
|    | Paulo Baglione,            | — —   | Vnckle to the Dutchesse.         |
| 50 | Fernando                   | — — — | Favorite to the Duke.            |
|    | Ferentes                   | — — — | A wanton Courtier.               |
|    | Roseilli                   |       | A young Nobleman.                |
|    | Petruchio                  |       | { Two Counsel-<br>lors of State. |
|    | Nibrassa                   |       |                                  |
| 55 | D'auolos                   | — — — | Secretary to the Duke.           |
|    | Maurucio                   | — — — | An old Antike.                   |
|    | Giacopo                    | —     | Servant to <i>Maurucio</i> .     |
|    | Attendants.                |       |                                  |

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## Women.

|    |                 |       |                                |
|----|-----------------|-------|--------------------------------|
| 60 | <b>B</b> iancha | — — — | The Dutchesse.                 |
|    | Fiormonda       | — — — | The Dukes Sister.              |
|    | Colona          | —     | Daughter to <i>Petruchio</i> . |
|    | Iulia           | — — — | Daughter to <i>Nibrassa</i> .  |
|    | Morona          | — — — | an old Lady.                   |



65 Loues Sacrifice.

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*Actus Primus.*

*Enter Roseilli and Roderico D'anolos.*

- Ros. D Epert the Court.  
 70 D *R.D.* Such was the Dukes command.  
*Ros.* You'ar Secretary to the State and him,  
 Great in his counsels, wise, & (I think) honest;  
 Haue you, in turning ouer old Records,  
 Read but one name descended of the house  
 Of *Lesui*, in his loyalty remisse?  
 75 *R.D.* Neuer, my Lord.  
*Ros.* Why then should I now, now, when glorious peace  
 Triumphs in change of pleasures, be wip'd off,  
 Like to a vselesse moth, from Courtly ease:  
 And whither must I goe?  
 80 *R.D.* You haue the open world before you.  
*Ros.* Why then tis like I'me banisht.  
*R.D.* Not so;  
 My warrant is onely to command you from the Court,  
 Within fiue houres to depart after notice taken,  
 85 And not to liue within thirty miles of it,

B

Vntill

Vntill it be thought meet by his Excellence  
 To call you backe : now I haue warn'd you, my Lord,  
 At your perill be it if you disobey ; I shall  
 Informe the Duke of your discontent. ——— *Exit R. D.*

- 90 *Ros.* Doe, Politician, doe :  
 I scent the plot of this disgrace ; 'tis *Fiormonda*, shee,  
 That glorious Widow, whose commanding checke  
 Ruines my Loue ; like foolish beasts, thus they  
 Finde danger, that prey too neere the Lions denne.

95 *Enter Fernando and Petruchio.*

*Fer.* My Noble Lord *Roseilli* !

*Ros.* Sir, the joy

- I should haue welcom'd you with, is wrap'd vp  
 In Clouds of my disgrace ; yet, honoured Sir,  
 100 Howsoeuer frownes of great ones cast me downe,  
 My seruice shall pay tribute in my lownesse,  
 To your vprising vertues.

*Fer.* Sir, I know

- You are so well acquainted with your owne,  
 105 You need not flatter mine ; trust me, my Lord,  
 I'll be a sutor for you.

*Petr.* And I'll second

My Nephewes suit with importunity.

*Ros.* You are, my Lord *Fernando*, late return'd

- 110 From trauels ; pray instruct me, since the voyce  
 Of most supreme Authority commands  
 My absence : I determine to bestow  
 Some time in learning Languages abroad ;  
 Perhaps the change of ayre may change in me  
 115 Remembrance of my wrongs at home : Good Sir  
 Informe me ; say I meant to liue in *Spaine*,  
 What benefit of knowledge might I treasure ?

*Fer.* Troth, Sir, I'll freely speake as I haue sound :

- In *Spaine* you lose experience ; 'tis a Clymate  
 120 To hot to nourish Arts ; the Nation proud,  
 And in their pride vnsociable ; the Court  
 More playable to glorifie it selfe

Then

- Then doe a stranger grace ; if you intend  
To trafficke like a Merchant, 'twere a place  
125 Might better much your Trade ; but as for me,  
I soone tooke surfeit on it.  
*Ros.* What for *France* ?  
*Fer.* *France* I more praise and loue ; you are (my Lord)  
Your selfe for horsemanship much fam'd ; and there  
130 You shall haue many proofes to shew your skill.  
The French are passing Courtly, ripe of wit,  
Kind, but extreme dissemblers ; you shall haue  
A French-man ducking lower than your knee,  
At th' instant mocking euen your very shoo-tyes :  
135 To giue the Countrey due, it is on earth  
A Paradise ; and if you can neglect  
Your owne appropriaments, but praysing that  
In others, wherein you excell your selfe,  
You shall be much belou'd there.  
140 *Ros.* Yet, me thought,  
I heard you and the Dutchesse, two nights since,  
Discoursing of an Iland thereabouts  
Call'd ——— let me thinke ——— 'twas ———  
*Fer.* *England.*  
145 *Ros.* That, pray Sir,  
You haue beene there, me thought I heard you praise it.  
*Fer.* I'll tell you what I found there ; men as neat,  
As Courtly as the French, but in Condition  
Quite opposite : Put case that you (my Lord)  
150 Could be more rare on horse-backe than you are,  
If there (as there are many) one excell'd  
You in your Art, as much as you doe others,  
Yet will the English thinke, their owne is nothing  
Compar'd with you a stranger ; in their habits  
155 They are not more fantasticket han vncertaine :  
In short, their fare abundance ; manhood, beauty,  
No Nation can disparage but it selfe.  
*Ros.* My Lord, you haue much eas'd me, I resolute.  
*Fer.* And whither are you bent ?



- 160 *Ros.* My Lord for trauell,  
 To speed for *England*.  
*Fer.* No, my Lord, you mu st not ;  
 I haue yet some priuate Conference  
 To impart vnto you for your good:at night  
 165 I'le meet you at my Lord *Petruchio's* house,  
 Till then be secret.  
*Ros.* Dares my Cozen trust me ?  
*Petr.* Dare I, my Lord ! yes, 'lesse your fact were greater  
 Than a bold womans spleene.
- 170 *Ros.* The Duke's at hand,  
 And I must hence, my seruice to your Lordships. *Exit.*  
*Petr.* Now Nephew, as I told you, since the Duke  
 Hath held the reines of state in his owne hand,  
 Much altered from the man he was before,  
 175 (As if he were transformed in his mind)  
 To sooth him in his pleasures, amongst whom  
 Is fond *Ferentes* ; one whose pride takes pride  
 In nothing more then to delight his lust ;  
 And he (with grieve I speake it) hath, I feare,  
 180 Too much besotted my vnhappy daughter,  
 My poore *Colona* ; whom, for kinreds sake,  
 As you are noble, as you honour vertue,  
 Perswade to loue her selfe : a word from you  
 May win her more then my entreaties or frownes.
- 185 *Fer.* Vnckle, I'le doe my best ; meane time pray tell me  
 Whose mediation wrought the Marriage  
 Betwixt the Duke and Dutchesse ? who was agent ?  
*Petr.* His rouing eye, and her inchanting face,  
 The onely dower Nature had ordained  
 190 T'aduance her to her Bride-bed : She was daughter  
 Vnto a Gentleman of *Millaine*, no better ;  
 Prefer'd to serue in the Duke of *Millaine's* Court :  
 Where, for her beauty, she was greatly fam'd :  
 And passing late from thence to *Monacho*,  
 195 To visit there her Vncle, *Paul Bagloone*,  
 The Abbot ; Fortune (Queene to such blind matches)

Presents

Presents her to the Dukes eye, on the way  
 As he pursues the Deere : in short, my Lord,  
 He saw her, lou'd her, woo'd her, won her, match'd her,  
 200 No counsell could diuert him.

*Fer.* She is faire.

*Petr.* She is ; and to speake truth, I thinke right Noble  
 In her Conditions.

*Fer.* If when I should choose,  
 205 Beauty and Vertue were the Fee propos'd,  
 I should not passe for parentage.

*Petr.* The Duke doth come.

*Fer.* Let's breake off talke : if euer, now  
 Good Angell of my soule protect my truth.

210 *Enter Duke, Biancha, Fiormonda, Nibrassa. Ferentes,  
 Iulia and D'auolos.*

*Duke.* Come my *Biancha*, reuell in mine armes,  
 Whiles I, wrapt in my admiration, view  
 Lillies and Roses growing in thy cheekes.

215 *Fernando* ! oh thou halfe my selfe ! no ioy  
 Could make my pleasures full without thy presence.  
 I am a Monarch of felicitie,  
 Proud in a paire of Iewels, rich and beautifull ;  
 A perfect Friend, a Wife aboue compare.

220 *Fer.* Sir, if a man so low in ranke, may hope  
 By loyall duty, and deuoted zeale,  
 To hold a Correspondence in friendship  
 With one so mighty as the Duke of *Pavy*,  
 My vttermost ambition is to climbe

225 To those deserts may giue the stile of seruant.

*Duke.* Of partner in my Dukedome, in my heart,  
 As freely as the priuilege of blood  
 Hath made them mine, *Phillippo* and *Fernando*  
 Shall be without distinction : Looke, *Biancha*,

230 On this good man ; in all respects to him  
 Be as to me : onely the name of husband,  
 And reuerent obseruance of our bed

- Shall differ vs in persons, else in soule  
 We are all one.
- 235 *Bian.* I shall, in best of Loue,  
 Regard the bosome-partner of my Lord.  
*Fior.* *Ferentes.*  
*Fere.* Madam.  
*Fior.* You are one loues Courtship,
- 240 He had some change of words ; 'twere no lost labour  
 To stuffe your Table-bookes, the man speakes wisely.  
*Feren.* I'me glad your Highnesse is so pleasant.  
*Duke.* Sister.  
*Fior.* My Lord and brother.
- 245 *Duke.* You are too silent ;  
 Quicknen your sad remembrance : though the losse  
 Of your dead husband be of more account  
 Then slight neglect, yet 'tis a sinne against  
 The state of Princes to exceed a meane
- 250 In mourning for the dead.  
*Fior.* Should forme, my Lord,  
 Preuaile aboue affection ? no, it cannot.  
 You haue your selfe here a right noble Dutchesse,  
 (Vertuous at least) and should your grace now pay  
 255 (Which heauen forbid) the debt you owe to Nature,  
 I dare presume, shee'd not so soone forget  
 A Prince that thus aduanc'd her. — Madam, could you ?  
*R. D.* Bitter and shrewd.  
*Bian.* Sister, I should too much bewray my weaknesse,
- 260 To giue a resolution on a passion  
 I neuer felt nor fear'd.  
*Nibr.* A modest answer.  
*Fer.* If credit may be giuen to a face,  
 My Lord, I'le vndertake on her behalfe ;
- 265 Her words are trusty Heralds to her mind.  
*Fior.* Exceeding good ; the man will vndertake :  
 Obserue it, *Da'uolos.*  
*R. D.* I doe, Lady ; 'tis a smooth prayse.  
*Duke.* Friend, in thy iudgement I approue thy loue,  
And

- 270 And loue thee better for thy iudging mine ;  
 Though my gray-headed Senate in the lawes  
 Of strickt opinion and seure dispute,  
 Would tye the limits of our free effects,  
 (Like superstitious lewes, to match with none  
 275 But in a tribe of Princes like our selues)  
 Grosse nurtur'd slaues, who force their wretched soules  
 To crouch to profit ; nay, for trash and wealth,  
 Dote on some crooked or mishapen forme,  
 Hugging wise Natures lame deformity,  
 280 Begetting creatures vgly as themselues :  
 But why should Princes doe so, that command  
 The store-house of the earths hid minerals ?  
 No, my *Biancha*, thou art to me as deare  
 As if thy portion had bin Europes riches,  
 285 Since in thine eyes lyes more than these are worth :  
 Set on ; they shall be strangers to my heart  
 That enuy thee thy Fortunes :  
 Come, *Fernando*, my but divided selfe, what we haue done  
 We are onely debtor to heauen for. — On.  
 290 *Fior*. Now take thy time, or neuer, *Da'uolos* ;  
 Preuaile, and I will raise thee high in grace. ——— *Exeunt*.  
*R.D.* Madam, I will omit no Art. *Da'uolos stayes*  
 My honour'd Lord *Fernando*. *Fernando*.  
*Fer.* To me, Sir ?  
 295 *R.D.* Let me beseech your Lordship  
 To excuse me, in the noblenesse of your wisdomes,  
 If I exceed good manners : I am one, my Lord,  
 Who in the admiration of your perfect vertues,  
 Doe so truly honour and reuerence your deserts,  
 300 That there is not a creature beares life  
 Shall more faithfully study to doe you seruice  
 In all offices of duty, and vowes of due respect.  
*Fer.* Good sir, you bind me to you : is this all ?  
*R.D.* I beseech your eare a little, good my Lord ; what I  
 305 Haue to speake, concernes your reputation and best fortune.  
*Fer.* How's that ? my Reputation ? lay aside

Superflu-



Superfluous Ceremony ; speake, what is't ?

*R.D.* I doe repute my selfe

The blessed'st man aliue, that I shall be the first

310 Giues your Lordship newes of your perpetuall comfort.

*Fer.* As how ?

*R.D.* If singular beauty, vnimitable vertues, honor, youth,  
And absolute goodnesse be a fortune, all those are at once  
Offered to your particular choyce.

315 *Fer.* Without delayes, which way ?

*R.D.* The great and gracious Lady *Fiormonda* loue you,  
Infinitely loues you. — But, my Lord, as euer you tendered  
A seruant to your pleasures, let mee not be reueal'd, that  
I gaue you notice on't.

320 *Fer.* Sure you are strangely out of tune, Sir.

*R.D.* Please but to speake to her, be but Courtly ceremonius  
With her, vse once but the language of affection, if I  
Mis-report ought besides my knowledge, let me neuer  
Haue place in your good opinion: oh, these women, my Lord  
325 Are as brittle mettle as your glasses, as smooth, as slippery :  
Their very first substance was quicke-sands ; let 'em looke  
Neuer so demurely, one phillip choakes them : my Lord,  
Shee loues you I know it. — But I beseech your Lordship  
Not to discouer me ; I would not for the world shee

330 Should know that you know it by me.

*Fer.* I vnderstand you, and to thanke your care  
Will studie to requite it ; and I vow  
She neuer shall haue notice of your newes  
By me, or by my meanes. And, worthy Sir,

335 Let me alike inioyne you not to spaake

A word of that I vnderstand her loue ;  
And as for me, my word shall be your suretie  
I'll not as much as giue her cause to thinke  
I euer heard it.

340 *R.D.* Nay, my Lord,

Whatsoeuer I inferre, you may breake with her in it  
If you please, for rather than silence should hinder  
You one step to such a fortune, I will expose my selfe

To

To any rebuke for your sake, my good Lord.

- 345 *Fer.* You shall not, indeed Sir, I am still your friend,  
And will proue so ; for the present I am forc'd  
To attend the Duke, good houres befall ye, I must leaue you.

*Exit.*

- R.D.* Gon already ; S'foot I ha marr'd all, this is worse  
350 and worse, he's as cold as Hemlocke; if her Highnesse knows  
how I haue gone to worke, she'll thanke me scruily : a pox  
of all dull braines ; I tooke the cleane contrary course : there  
is a mysterie in this slight carelesnesse of his, I must sift it,  
and I will find it. We's me foole, my selfe out of my wit :  
355 well, I'll choose some fitter opportunity to inueagle him,  
and till then, smooth her vp, that hee is a man ouerloyed  
with the report.

*Exit.*

*Enter Ferentes and Colona.*

- Feren.* Madam, by this light I vow my selfe your seruant ;  
360 onely yours, inesppecially yours : time, like a turne-coat, may  
order and disorder the outward fashions of our bodies, but  
shall neuer inforce a change on the constancy of my minde,  
sweet *Colona*, faire *Colona*, young and sprightfull Lady, doe  
not let me in the best of my youth, languish in my earnest  
365 affections.

*Col.* Why should you seeke, my Lord, to purchase glory  
By the disgrace of a silly maid ?

*Feren.* That I confesse too ;

- I am euery way so vnworthy of the first fruits of thy em-  
370 braces, so farbeneath the riches of thy merit, that it can be no  
honor to thy fame, to rank me in the number of thy seruants,  
yet proue me how true, how firme I will stand to thy plea-  
sures, to thy command ; and as time shall serue be euer thine :  
Now prethe deere *Colona*.

- 375 *Col.* Well, well, my Lord, I haue no heart of flint ;  
Or if I had, you know by cunning words  
How to out-weare it. — But.

*Feren.* But what ? doe not pittie thy owne gentlenesse,  
Louely *Colona* ; shall I speake ? shall I ? say

D

But

380 But I, and our wishes are made vp.

*Col.* How shall I say I, when my feares say no ?

*Feren.* You wil not faile to meet two houres hence, sweet.

*Col.* No; yes, yes, I would haue said, how my tongue trips.

*Fere.* I take that promise, & that double yes as an assurance

385 Of thy faith, in the groue (good sweet remember)

In any case alone (d'ee marke loue) not as much as your  
Dutchesse little dog, (you'll not forget) two houres hence,  
(Thinke on't, and misse not,) till then ———

*Col.* Oh, if you should proue false, and loue another ?

390 *Feren.* Defie me t hen ; I'le be all thine, and a seruant

Onely to thee, onely to thee. ————— *Exit Colona.*

Very passing good, three honest women in our Courts

Here of *Italy*, are enough to discredit a whole Nation

Of that sexe : he that is not a Cuckold, or a Bastard,

395 Is a strangely happy man ; for a chaste wife, or a mother

That neuer stept awry, are wonders, wonders in *Italy*.

S'lfe I haue got the feat on't, and am euery day

More actiue in my trade ; 'tis a sweet sinne, this slip

Of mortality, and I haue tasted enough for one

400 Passion of my senses : Here comes more worke for me.

*Enter Iulia.*

And how does my owne *Iulia*, mew vpon this sadnesse ?

What's the matter you are melancholly ?

Whither away, wench ?

405 *Iul.* 'Tis well, the time has bin when your smooth tongue

Would not haue mock'd my griefes, and had I bin more

Chary of mine honor, you had still bin lowly as you were.

*Feren.* Lowly? why I am sure I cannot be much more lowly

Then I am to thee, thou bring'st me on my bare knees

410 Wench, twice in euery foure and twenty houres, besides

Halfe turnes instead of Beuers ; what must we next

Doe, sweet-heart ?

*Iul.* Breake vowes on your side, I expect no other,

But euery day looke when some newer choice

415 May violate your honour and my trust.

*Feren.* Indeed forsooth, how shey by that la, I hope I neglect

No

No opportunity to your *Nunquam satis*, to be call'd  
 In question for ; goe, thou art as fretting as an old  
 Grogrum, by this hand I loue thee for't, it becomes thee  
 420 So prettily to be angry : well, if thou should'st dye,  
 Farewell all loue with me for euer : goe, I'll meet  
 Thee soone in thy Ladies backe lobby, I will, wench,  
 Looke for me.

*Iul.* But shall I be resolu'd you will be mine ?

425 *Feren.* All thine ; I will reserue my best ability,  
 My heart, my honour, onely to thee, onely to thee :  
 Pitty of my blood away, I heare company  
 Comming on : remember soone I am all thine,  
 I will liue perpetually onely to thee, away. — — *Exit Iul.*

430 S'foot I wonder about what time of the yeare  
 I was begot ; sure it was when the Moone was  
 In coniunction, and all the other Planets  
 Drunke at a Morrice-dance : I am haunted  
 About patience, my mind is not as infinite to doe,  
 435 As my occasions are proffered of doing : Chastity ! I am  
 An Eunuch, if I thinke there be any such thing ; or  
 If there be, 'tis amongst vs men, for I neuer found it  
 In a woman, thoroughly tempted, yet : I haue a shrewd hard  
 Taske comming on, but let it passe : who comes now ?

440 *Enter Fernando.*

My Lord, the Dukes friend ! I will striue to be inward with  
 Him, my Noble Lord *Fernando*.

*Fer.* My Lord *Ferentes*, I should change some words  
 Of consequence with you ; but since I am,  
 445 For this time, busied in more serious thoughts,  
 I'll picke some fitter opportunity.

*Feren.* I will wait your pleasure, my Lord, — Good day to  
 Your Lordship. — — — *Exit Feren.*

*Fer.* Traytor to friendship, whither shall I runne,  
 450 That lost to reason cannot sway the float  
 Of the vnruely faction in my bloud ?  
 The Dutchesse, oh the Dutchesse ! in her smiles  
 Are all my ioyes abstracted ; death to my thoughts,



My other plague comes to me.

455 *Enter Fiormonda and Iulia.*

*Fior.* My Lord *Fernando*, what, so hard at study ?  
You are a kind companion to your selfe,  
That loue to be alone so.

*Fer.* Madame, no ;

460 I rather chose this leasure to admire  
The glories of this little world, the Court,  
Where like so many starres on seuerall thrones,  
Beauty and greatnesse shine in proper Orbes,  
Sweet matter for my meditation.

465 *Fior.* So, so, Sir, (leaue vs *Iulia*) your owne prooffe *Exit Iul.*  
By trauell and prompt obseruation,  
Instruct you how to place the vse of speech ;  
But since you are at leisure, pray let's sit ;  
Wee'll passe the time a little in discourse :

470 What haue you seene abroad ?

*Fer.* No wonders, Lady,  
Like these I see at home.

*Fior.* At home ! as how ?

*Fer.* Your pardon, if my tongue (the voyce of truth)

475 Report but what is warranted by sight.

*Fior.* What sight ?

*Fer.* Looke in your glasse, and you shall see  
A miracle.

*Fior.* What miracle ?

480 *Fer.* Your Beauty,  
So farre aboue all beauties else abroad,  
As you are in your owne, superlatiue.

*Fior.* Fie, fie, your wit hath too much edge.

*Fer.* Would that,

485 Or any thing, that I could challenge mine,  
Were but of value to expresse how much  
I serue in loue the sister of my Prince.

*Fior.* 'Tis for your Princes sake then, not for mine.

*Fer.* For you in him, and much for him in you.

490 I must acknowledge, Madam, I obserue

In your affects a thing to me most strange,  
Which makes me so much honour you the more.

*Fior.* Pray tell it.

*Fer.* Gladly, Lady :

495 I see how opposite to youth and custome  
You set before you in your Tableture  
Of your remembrance, the becomming griefes  
Of a most loyall Lady ; for the losse  
Of so renown'd a Prince as was your Lord.

500 *Fior.* Now good my Lord, no more of him.

*Fer.* Of him !

I know it is a needlesse taske in me  
To set him forth in his deserued praise,  
You better can record it ; For you find  
505 How much more hee exceeded other men  
In most Heroick vertues of account,  
So much more was your losse in losing him.  
Of him ! his praise should be a field too large,  
Too spacious, for so meane an Orator

510 As I, to range in.

*Fior.* Sir, enough ; 'tis true,

He well deseru'd your labour ; on his death-bed  
This Ring hee gaue mee, bade mee neuer part  
With this, but to the man I lou'd as dearely  
515 As I lou'd him ; yet since you know which way  
To blaze his worth so rightly, in returne  
To your deserts, weare this for him and me.

*Fer.* Madam.

*Fior.* 'Tis yours.

520 *Fer.* Me thought you said, he charg'd you  
Not to imparr it but to him you lou'd  
As dearely as you lou'd him.

*Fior.* True, I said so.

*Fer.* O then farre be it, my vnhalloved hand  
525 With any rude intrusion should vnaile  
A Testament enacted by the dead.

*Fior.* Why man, that Testament is disanull'd,

- And cancell'd quite by vs that liue : looke here,  
 My bloud is not yet freez'd ; for better instance  
 530 Be iudge your selfe, experience is no danger :  
 Cold are my sighs ; but feelee, my lips are warme. (*kisses him*  
*Fer.* What meanes the vertuous Marqnesse ?  
*Fior.* To new kisse  
 The oath to thee, which whiles he liu'd was his :  
 535 Hast thou yet power to loue ?  
*Fer.* To loue ?  
*Fior.* To meet  
 Sweetnesse of language in discourse as sweet.  
*Fer.* Madam, 'twere dulnesse, past the ignorance  
 540 Of common blockheads, not to vnderstand  
 Whereto this fauour tends ; and 'tis a fortune  
 So much aboue my Fate, that I could wish  
 No greater happinesse on earth ; but know,  
 Long since, I vow'd to liue a single life.  
 545 *Fior.* What was't you said ?  
*Fer.* I said I made a vow.  
*Enter Biancha, Petruchio, Colona, Da'uolos.*  
 Blessed deliuerance !  
*Fior.* Preuented ? mischiefe on this interruption.  
 550 *Bian.* My Lord *Fernando* you encounter fitly,  
 I haue a suit t'ee.  
*Fer.* 'Tis my duty, Madam,  
 To be commanded.  
*Bian.* Since my Lord the Duke  
 555 Is now dispos'd to mirth, the time serues well  
 For mediation, that he would be pleas'd  
 To take the Lord *Roseilli* to his grace,  
 He is a Noble Gentleman : I dare  
 Ingage my credit, loyall to the state :  
 560 And, Sister, one that euer stroue (me thought)  
 By speciall seruice, and obsequious care,  
 To win respect from you ; it were a part  
 Of gracious fauour, if you pleas'd to ioyn  
 With vs, in being sutors to the Duke

565 For his returne to Court.

*Fior.* To Court! indeed

You haue some cause to speake ; he vndertooke  
Most Champion-like to win the prize at tilt,  
In honour of your picture. — Marry did he :

570 There's not a Groome o'th Querry, could haue matcht  
The jolly riding man ; pray get him backe,  
I doe not need his seruice, Madam, I.

*Bian.* Not need it, sister? why? I hope you thinke  
'Tis no necessity in me to moue it,

575 More then respect of honour.

*Fior.* Honour? puh,  
Honour is talk'd of more than knowne by some.

*Bian.* Sister, these words I vnderstand not.

*Fer.* Swell not vnruely thoughts :

580 Madam, the motion you propose, proceeds  
From the true touch of goodnesse ; 'tis a plea  
Wherein my tongue and knee shall ioynly striue  
To beg his Highnesse for *Roseillie's* cause :  
Your iudgement rightly speakes him ; there is not

585 In any Court of Christendome, a man  
For quality or trust more absolute.

*Fior.* How? is't euen so?

*Petr.* I shall for euer blesse

Your Highnesse for your gracious kind esteeme

590 Of my dishartned kinsman ; and to adde  
Encouragement to what you vndertake,  
I dare affirme, 'tis no important fault  
Hath caus'd the Dukes distaste.

*Bian.* I hope so too.

595 *R.D.* Let your Highnes, and you al, my Lords, take aduice  
How you motion his Excellency on *Roseillie's* behalfe :

There is more danger in that man than is fit to be  
Publicly reported ; I could wish things were otherwise  
For his owne sake ; but I'll assure ye, you will exceedingly

600 Alter his Excellencies disposition (he now is in) if you but  
Mention the name of *Roseilli* to his eare ; I am so much

Acquainted



Acquainted in the processe of his actions.

*Bian.* If it be so, I am the sorrier, Sir ;  
I'me loth to moue my Lord vnto offence,

605 Yet I'll adventure chiding.

*Fer.* Oh had I *India's* gold, I'de giue it all  
T' exchange one priuate word, one minutes breath  
With this hart-wounding beauty.

*Enter Duke, Ferentes, and Nibrassa.*

610 *Duke.* Prethe no more, *Ferentes*, by the faith  
I owe to honour, thou hast made me laugh  
Beside my spleene ; *Fernando*, hadst thou heard  
The pleasant humour of *Maurucio's* dotage  
Discours'd, how in the winter of his age  
615 He is become a Louer, thou wouldst sweare  
A Morris-dance were but a Tragedy  
Compar'd to that : well, we will see the youth :  
What Councell hold you now, sirs ?

*Bia.* We, my Lord, were talking of the horsmanship in *France*  
620 Which, as your friend reports, he thinks exceeds  
All other Nations.

*Duke.* How ? why, haue not we  
As gallant Riders here ?

*Fer.* None that I know.

625 *Duke.* Pish, your affection leads you ; I dare  
Wage a thousand Ducats not a man in *France*  
Out-rides *Roseilli*.

*Fior.* I shall quit this wrong.

*Bian.* I said as much, my Lord.

630 *Fer.* I haue not seene  
His practice, since my comming backe.

*Duke.* Where is he ?

How is't we see him not ?

*Petr.* What's this ? what's this ?

635 *Fer.* I heare he was commanded from the Court.

*R.D.* Oh confusion on this villanous occasion.

*Duke.* True ; but we meant a day or two at most,  
Should be his furthest terme ; not yet return'd ?

Where's

Where's *D'auolos* ?

640 *R.D.* My Lord.

*Duke.* You know our minds,  
How comes it thus to passe, we misse *Roseilli*.

*R.D.* My Lord, in a sudden discontent I heare he departed  
towards *Beneuento*, determining (as I am giuen to vnder-  
645 stand) to passe to *Siuiil*, minding to visit his Cozen *Don Pedro*  
*de Toledo*, in the Spanish Court.

*Duke.* The Spanish Court ! now by the blessed bones  
Of good *S. Francis*, let there postes be sent  
To call him backe, or I will poste thy head  
650 Beneath my foot ; ha ! you, you know my mind,  
Looke that you get him backe ; the Spanish Court,  
And without our Commission, ——— say !

*Petr.* Here's fine jugling.

*Bian.* Good Sir be not so mou'd.

655 *Duke.* Fie, fie, *Biancha* ;  
'Tis such a grosse indignity, I'de rather  
Haue lost seuen yeares reuenue. ——— The Spanish Court !  
How now, what ayles our sister ?

*Fior.* On the sudden

660 I fall a bleeding, 'tis an ominous signe ;  
Pray heauen it turne to good. — Your highnes leaue. — *Exit*

*Duke.* Looke to her ; come *Fernando*, come *Biancha*,  
Let's striue to ouerpasse this cholericke heat :  
Sirra, see that you trifle not. How we,  
665 Who sway the mannage of authority,  
May be abus'd by smooth officious agents ?  
But looke well to our sister. ——— *Exeunt.*

*Petr.* Nephew, please you  
To see your friend to night ?

670 *Fer.* Yes, Vnckle, yes :  
Thus bodies walke vnsold ; mine eyes but followes  
My heart intomb'd in yonder goodly shrine :  
Life without her, is but death's subtill snares,  
And I am but a Coffin to my cares.

*Exeunt.*

675

*Actus Secundus.*

*Enter Maurucio looking in a glasse, trimming his Beard ;  
Giacopo brushing him.*

*Mau.* **B**Eard be confin'd to neatnesse, that no haire  
May stouer vp to pricke my mistris lip,  
680 More rude than bristles of a Porcupine.

*Giacopo.*

*Gia.* My Lord.

*Mau.* Am I all sweet behind ?

*Gia.* I haue no Powlterers nose, but your apparell sits  
685 About you most debonarely.

*Mau.* But *Giacopo*, with what grace doe my words proceed out of my mouth ? haue I a mouing countenance ? is there harmony in my voyce ? canst thou perceiue, as it were, a hansomenesse of shape in my very breath, as it is formed  
690 into syllable, *Giacopo* ?

*Enter Duke, Lords and Ladies aboue.*

*Gia.* Yes indeed, Sir, I doe feele a sauour as pleasant as  
—— a Glister-pipe, —— Calamus or Ciuet.

*Duke.* Obserue him and be silent.

695 *Mau.* Hold thou the glasse, *Giacopo*, and marke me with what exceeding comlinesse I could court the Lady Marquesse if it come to the push.

*Duke.* Sister, you are his ayme.

*Fior.* A subiect fit

700 To be the stall of laughter.

*Bian.* That's your musicke.

*Mau.* Thus I reuerse my pace, and thus stalkingly in Courtly gate I aduance, one, two, and three. — Good, I kisse my hand, make my Congee, settle my countenance, and thus  
705 begin. — Hold vp the glasse higher, *Giacopo*.

*Gia.* Thus high, Sir ?

*Mau.* 'Tis well, now marke me :

Most

- Most excellent Marquesse, most faire La-dy,  
 Let not old age, or haire that are sil-uer
- 710 Dis-parage my desire ; for it may-be  
 I am then other greene youth nimb-ler :  
 Since I am your gra-ces seruant so true,  
 Great Lady then loue me for my ver-tue.  
 Oh *Giacopo* ! *Petrach* was a dunce, *Dantes* a lig-maker,
- 715 *S'anazar* a goose, and *Ariosto* a puck-fist to me :  
 I tell thee, *Giacopo*, I am wrap'd with fury,  
 And haue beene for these six nights together  
 Drunke with the pure liquor of *Helycon*.  
*Gia*. I thinke no lesse, Sir ;
- 720 For you looke as wild, and talke as idly  
 As if you had not slept these nine yeares.  
*Duke*. What thinke you of this language, sister ?  
*Fior*. Sir, I thinke, in princes Courts, no age nor greatnes  
 But must admit the foole ; in me 'twere folly
- 725 To scorne what greater states than I haue bin.  
*Bian*. O, but you are too generall.  
*Fior*. A foole ;  
 I thanke your Highnesse ; many a womans wit  
 Haue thought themselues much better, was much worse.
- 730 *Bian*. You still mistake me.  
*Duke*. Silence, note the rest.  
*Mau*. God-a-mercy braines ; *Giacopo*, I haue it.  
*Gia*. What ? my Lord ?  
*Mau*. A conceit, *Giacopo*, and a fine one ; downe on thy
- 735 knees, *Giacopo*, and worship my wit ; giue me both thy eares :  
 thus it is, I wil haue my picture drawn most composituously  
 in a square table of some too foot long, from the crowne of  
 the head to the waste downward, no further.  
*Gia*. Then you'll looke like a dwarfe, Sir, being cut off by
- 740 the middle.  
*Mau*. Speake not thou, but wonder at the conceit that  
 followes ; In my bosome on my left side, I will haue a leafe  
 of blood-red crimson veluet (as it were part of my doublet)  
 open ; which being open'd, *Giacopo*, (now marke) I will  
 D 2 haue



745 haue a cleare and most transparent Chrystall in the forme of  
a heart. ----- (Singular admirable.) When I haue framed  
this, I will, as some rare outlandish peece of workemanship,  
bestow it on the most faire and illustrious Lady *Fiormonda*.

*Gia*. But now, Sir, for the conceit.

750 *Mau*. *Simplicity* and *Ignorance*, prate no more : blockhead,  
dost not vnderstand yet ? why this being to her instead of a  
Looking-glasse, she shall no oftner powder her haire, surfell  
her cheekes, cleanse her teeth, or conforme the haire of her  
eye-browes, but hauing occasion to vse this glasse (which for  
755 the rarenesse and richnesse of it, she will hourelly doe) but she  
shall as often gaze on my picture, remember me, and behold  
the excellencie of her excellencies beauty, in the prospectiue  
and mirror, as it were, in my heart.

*Gia*. I marry, Sir, this is something.

760 *All aboue*. Ha, ha, ha. ----- *Exit Fiormonda*.

*Bian*. My sister's gone in anger.

*Mau*. Who's that laughs? search with thine eyes, *Giacopo*.

*Gia*. O my Lord, my Lord, you haue gotten an euerlasting  
fame ; the Dukes grace, and the Dutchesse grace, and my  
765 Lord *Fernando's* grace, with all the rabble of Courtiers, haue  
heard euery word, looke where they stand : now you shall  
be made a Count for your wit, and I Lord for my Counsell.

*Duke*. Beshrew the chance, we are discouer'd.

*Mau*. Pitty, — oh my wisdom! I must speake to them.

770 O Duke most great, and most renowned Dutchesse !

Excuse my apprehension, which not much-is :

'Tis loue, my Lord, that's all the hurt you see,

*Angelica* her selfe plead for me.

*Duke*. We pardon you, most wise and learned Lord,

775 And that we may all glorifie your wit,

Intreat your wisdomes company to day,

To grace our talke with your graue discourse :

What sayes your mighty eloquence ?

*Mau*. *Giacopo*, helpe me ; his Grace has put mee out my  
780 owne Bias, and I know not what to answer in forme.

*Gia*. Vd's me, tell him you'll come.

*Mau*.

*Mau.* Yes, I will come, my Lord the Duke, I will.

*Duke.* We take your word, and wish your honor health.

Away then ; come *Biancha*, we haue found

785 A salue for mellancholy. Mirth & ease. — *Exit Duke cum suis.*

*Manent Biancha & Fernando.*

*Bian.* I'le see the jolly loue and his glasse  
Take leaue of one another.

*Mau.* Are they gone ?

790 *Gia.* O my Lord, I doe now smell newes.

*Mau.* What newes, *Giacopo* ?

*Gia.* The Duke has a smacking towards you, and you  
shall clap vp with his sister, the widow, suddenly.

*Mau.* She is mine, *Giacopo*, she is mine ; aduance the glasse,  
795 *Giacopo*, that I may practise as I passe, to walke a portly grace  
like a Marquesse ; to which degree I am now a climbing.

Thus doe we march to honors haue of blisse,  
To ride in triumph through *Persepolis*.

800 { *Exit Gia. going backward with the*  
          { *glasse, Mau. complementing.*

*Bian.* Now, as I liue,  
Here's laughter worthy our presence ;  
I will not lose him so. —————

*She is going out.*

*Fer.* Madam.

805 *Bian.* To me, my Lord !

*Fer.* Please but to heare  
The story of a Cast-away in loue ;  
And ô let not the passage of a jest  
Make slight a sadder subiect, who hath plac'd

810 All happinesse in your diuiner eyes.

*Bian.* My Lord, the time ———

*Fer.* The time ! yet heare me speake,  
For I must speake or burst : I haue a soule  
So anchor'd downe with cares in seas of woe,  
815 That passion, and the vowes I owe to you,  
Haue chang'd me to a leane *Anatomy*,  
Sweet Princesse of my life ———

*Bian.* Forbeare, or I shall ———

*Fer.* Yet as you honour vertue, doe not freeze  
 820 My hopes to more discomfort, then as yet  
 My feares suggest ; no *beautys* so adornes  
 The composition of a well-built mind,  
 As *pitty* : heare me out.

*Bian.* No more ; I spare  
 825 To tell you what you are ; and must confesse,  
 Doe almost hate my judgement, that it once  
 Thought goodnesse dwelt in you : remember now  
 It is the third time since your treacherous tongue  
 Hath pleaded treason to my eare and fame ;  
 830 Yet for the friendship 'twixt my Lord and you,  
 I haue not voyc'd your follies ; if you dare  
 To speake a fourth time, you shall rue your lust :  
 'Tis all no better ; learne, and loue your selfe. — *Exit*

*Fer.* Gon ! oh my sorrowes ! how am I vndone ?  
 835 Not speake againe ? no, no, in her chast brest  
*Vertue* and *resolution* haue discharg'd  
 All female weaknesse : I haue su'd and su'd,  
 Kneel'd, wept, and begg'd ; but teares, and vowes, and words,  
 Moue her no more then summer-winds a rocke :  
 840 I must resolute to checke this rage of blood,  
 And will ; she is all ycie to my fires,  
 Yet euen that yce inflames in me desires. *Exit.*

*Enter Petruchio and Roseilli.*

*Ros.* Is't possible the Duke should be so mou'd ?  
 845 *Petr.* 'Tis true ; you haue no enemy at Court  
 But her, for whom you pine so much in loue :  
 Then master your affections ; I am sory you hug your ruine so.  
 What say you to the proiect I propos'd ?

*Ros.* I entertaine it, with a greater ioy  
 850 Then shame can checke.

*Enter Fernando.*

*Petr.* You are come as I could wish, my Cozen is resolu'd.

*Fer.* Without delay  
 Prapare your selfe, and meet at Court anon.  
 855 Some halfe houre hence ; and *Cupid* blesse your ioy.

*Ros.*

Ros. If euer man was bounden to a friend ———

Fer. No more; away: loues rage is yet vnknown, *Exeunt*

In his (aye me) too well, I feele my owne :

So, now I am alone, now let me thinke ;

860 Shee is the Dutchesse ; say she be : A Creature

Sow'd vp in painted cloth, might so be styl'd,

That's but a name ; shee's married too, she is,

And therefore better might distinguish loue :

She's young, and faire ; why, Madam, that's the bait

865 Inuites me more to hope ; she's the Dukes wife ;

Who knowes not this ? she's bosom'd to my friend :

*There, there*, I am quite lost : will not be won ;

Still worse and worse ; abhorres to heare me speake :

Eternall mischiefe, I must vrge no more :

870 For were I not beleapred in my soule,

Here were enough to quench the flames of hell.

What then ? pish, I must not speake, I'll write.

Come then, sad Secretery to my plaints,

Plead thou my faith, for words are turn'd to sighs. (*he draws*

875 What says this paper ? ——— *he reads to himselfe a letter.*

*Enter D'aurlos with two Pictures.*

R.D. Now is the time ; alone ; reading a letter ; good ;

how now ? striking his brest ? what, in the name of policy,

should this meane ? tearing his haire ? passion, by all the

880 hopes of my life, *plaine passion* : now I perceiue it ; if this bee

not a fit of some violent affection, I am an asse in vnderstand-

ing ; why 'tis plaine, plainer and plainer : Loue in the ex-

treamest : oh for the party, who now ? the greatnesse of his

spirits is to high cherish'd to be caught with some ordinary

885 stufte, and if it bee my Lady *Fiormonda*, I am strangely mi-

stooke : well, that I haue fit occasion soone to vnderstand :

I haue here two pictures, newly drawne, to bee sent for a

present to the Abbot of *Monacho*, the Dutchesse Vncle, her

owne and my Ladies : I'll obserue which of these may, per-

890 haps, bewray him : — a turnes about, my noble Lord.

Fer. Y'are welcome, Sir, I thanke you.

R.D. Me, my Lord ? for what, my Lord ?

*Fer.*



*Fer.* Who's there ? I cry you merey, *D'auolos*,  
I tooke you for another, pray excuse me ;

895 What is't you beare there ?

*R.D.* No secret, my Lord, but may be imparted to you :  
A couple of Pictures, my good Lord, pleafe you see them.

*Fer.* I care not much for pictures : but whose are they ?

*R.D.* Th'one is for my Lords sister , the other is the  
900 Dutchesse.

*Fer.* Ha, *D'auolos*, the Dutchessees ?

*R.D.* Yes, my Lord : — sure the word startled him —  
—— Obserue that.

*Fer.* You told me, master Secretary, once,  
905 You ow'd me loue.

*R.D.* Seruice, my honour'd Lord, howsoeuer you please  
to terme it.

*Fer.* 'Twere rudenesse to be sutor for a sight,  
Yet trust me, Sir, I'll be all secret.

910 *R.D.* I beseech your Lordship ;

They are, as I am, constant to your pleasure :

This (my Lord) is the widow Marquesses, as it now newly  
came from the Picture-drawers, the oyle yet greene; a sweet  
Picture ; and in my iudgement, Art hath not bin a niggard  
915 in striuing to equall the life. *Michael Angelo* himselfe needed  
not blush to owne the workmanship.

*Fer.* A very pretty Picture ;

But, kind Signior, to whose vse is it ?

*R.D.* For the Dukes, my Lord, who determines to send it  
920 with all speed as a present to *Paul Baglione*, Vnckle to the  
Dutchesse ; that he may see the riches of two such lustres as  
shine in the Court of *Pauly*.

*Fer.* Pray Sir, the other ?

*R.D.* This (my Lord) is for the Dutchesse *Biancha*, a  
925 wondrous sweet Picture, if you well obserue with what sin-  
gularity the Arts-man hath stroue to set forth each limbe in  
exquisitest proportion, not missing a haire.

*Fer.* A haire ?

*R.D.* She cannot more formally,

Or

930 Or (if it may be lawfull to vse the word)more really, behold  
her owne *Symetry* in her glasse, then in taking a sensible view  
of this counterfeit : when I first saw it, I verily almost was  
of a mind that this was her very lip.

*Fer.* Lip !

935 *R.D.* How constantly he dwels vpon this portrayture ?  
Nay, I'le assure your Lordship there is no defect of cunning.  
His eye is fixt as if it were incorporated there.—Were not  
the party her selfe aliue to witnesse that there is a Creature  
compos'd of flesh and blood, as naturally enriched with such  
940 harmony of admirall beauty, as is here artificially counter-  
feited, a very curious eye might repute it as an imaginary  
rapture of some transported conceit, to ayme at an impossi-  
bility ; whose very first gaze is of force almost to perswade  
a substantiall loue in a settled heart.

945 *Fer.* Loue ! heart.

*R.D.* My honor'd Lord.

*Fer.* Oh heauens !

*R.D.* I am confirm'd.—Whst ayles your Lordship ?

*Fer.* You need not praise it, Sir, it selfe is praise.

950 How neere had I forgot my selfe ? — I thanke you.

'Tis such a picture as might well become

The shrine of some fain'd *Venus* ; I am dazeld

With looking on't : — pray Sir conuey it hence.

*R.D.* I am all your seruant : — blessed, blessed discovery !

955 Please you to command me ?

*Fer.* No, gentle Sir : I'me lost beyond my senses.

D'ee heare Sir, good where dwels the picture maker ?

*R.D.* By the Castles farther draw-bridge, neare *Galzazzo's*  
statue ; his name is *Alphonso Trinultio*—happy aboue all fate.

960 *Fer.* You say enough, my thanks t'ee. *Exit R.D.*

Were that picture

But rated at my Lordship, 'twere too cheape.

I feare I spoke or did I know not what,

All sense of prouidence was in mine eye.

965 *Enter Ferentes, Maurucio, and Giacopo.*

*Fere.* Youth in threescore years and ten ; trust me (my Lord

E

*Maurucio)*

*Maurucio*) you are now younger in the iudgement of those that compare your former age with your latter, by seuen and twenty yeares, then you were three yeares agoe : by all my  
 970 fidelity, 'tis a miracle : the Ladies wonder at you.

*Mau.* Let them wonder ; I am wise, as I am Courtly.

*Gia.* The Ladies, my Lord, call him the *Greene broome* of the Court, he sweeps all before him, and sweare he has a stabbing wit : it is a very glister to laughter-

975 *Mau.* Nay, I know I can tickle 'em at my pleasure : I am stiffe and strong, *Ferentes*.

*Gia.* A Rhedish root is a speare of steele in comparison of I know what. —

*Feren.* The Marquesse doth loue you.

980 *Mau.* She doth loue me.

*Feren.* And begins to doe you infinite grace. *Maurucio*, infinite grace.

*Fer.* I'll take this time :

Good houre, my Lords, to both.

985 *Mau.* Right Princely *Fernando*, the best of the *Fernando's*: by the pith of generation, the man I looke for. His Highnes hath sent to find you out ; hee is determin'd to weather his owne proper individuall person, for two dayes space, in my Lord *Narbassa's* forrest, to hunt the Deere, the Bucke, the  
 990 Roe, and eke the Barren Doe.

*Fer.* Is his Highnesse preparing to hunt ?

*Feren.* Yes, my Lord, and resolu'd to lye forth for the breuiating the prolixity of some superfluous transmigration of the Suns double Cadence to the western *Horizon*, my most

995 perspicuous good Lord.

*Fer.* Oh, Sir, let mee beseech you to speake in your owne mother tongue — two dayes absence — well — my Lord *Maurucio*, I haue a sute t'ee.

*Mau.* My Lord *Fernando*, I haue a sute to you.

1000 *Fer.* That you wil accept from me a very choice token of my loue, will you grant it ?

*Mau.* Will you grant mine ?

*Fer.* What is't ?

*Mau.*

*Mau.* Onely to know what the sute is, you please to pre-  
1005 ferre to me.

*Fer.* Why 'tis, my Lord, a Foole.

*Mau.* A Foole?

*Fer.* As very a Foole

As your Lordship is ——— hopefull to see in any time of  
1010 your life.

*Gia.* Now good my Lord part not with the Foole on  
any termes.

*Mau.* I beseech you, my Lord, has the foole qualities?

*Fer.* Very rare ones :

1015 You shall not heare him speake one wise word in a months  
conuerse; passing temperate of dyet, for keep him from meat  
foure and twenty houres, and he will fast a whole day and a  
night together : vnlesse you vrge him to sweare, there sel-  
dome comes an oath from his mouth : and of a Foole, my  
1020 Lord, to tell yee the plaine truth, had'a but halfe as much  
wit as you, my Lord, he would be in short time three quar-  
ters as arrant wise as your Lordship.

*Mau.* *Giacopo*, these are very rare elements in a creature  
of little vnderstanding : oh, that I long to see him.

1025 *Enter Petruchio, and Roseill like a foole.*

*Fer.* A very harmlesse Ideot,

And as you could wish, looke where he comes.

*Petr.* Nephew, here is the thing you sent for :  
Come hither Foole, come 'tis a good foole.

1030 *Fer.* Here my Lord,

I freely giue you the Foole, pray vse him well for my sake.

*Mau.* I take the Foole most thankfully at your hands,  
my Lord : Hast any qualities, my pretty foole? wilt dwell  
with me?

1035 *Ros.* A, a, a, a, I.

*Feren.* I neuer beheld a more naturall Creature in my life.

*Fer.* Vncle, the Duke I heare prepares to hunt :

Let's in and wait. Farewel *Maurucio*. ——— *Exit Fer. et Petr.*

*Mau.* Beast that I am, not to aske the fooles name :

1040 'Tis no matter, Foole is a sufficient title to call



The greatest Lord in the Court by, if he be no wiser then he.

*Gia.* Oh my Lord, what an arrant excellent pretty creature 'tis ? come hony, hony, hony, come.

*Fere.* You are beholding to my Lord *Fernando* for this gift.

1045 *Mau.* True ; oh that he could but speake methodically !

Canst speake, Foole ?

*Ros.* Can speake ; Deeeeee —

*Feren.* 'Tis a present for an Emperor : What an excellent instrument were this to purchase a sute, or a monopoly from

1050 the Dukes eare ?

*Mau.* I haue it, I am wise and fortunate ; *Giacopo*, I will leaue all conceits, and instead of my picture, offer the Lady Marquesse this mortall man of weake brayne.

*Gia.* My Lord you haue most rarely bethought you ;

1055 For so shall she no oftner see the Foole,

But she shall remember you better,

Then by a thousand Looking-glasses.

*Feren.* She will most graciously entertaine it.

*Mau.* I may tell you, *Ferentes*, there's not a great woman  
1060 amongst forty, but knowes how to make sport with a Foole.

Dost know how old thou art, sirrah ?

*Ros.* Dud — a clap cheek for nowne sake gaffer. heeeeee.

*Feren.* Alas, you must aske him no questions ; but clap him on the cheeke : I vnderstand his language ; your Foole is the

1065 tender hearted'st creature that is.

*Enter Fiormonda, D'auolos, Iulia.*

*Fior.* No more, thou hast, in this discouery,

Exceeded all my fauours, *D'auolos*.

Is't mistris Madam Dutchesse ? braue reuenge.

1070 *R.D.* But had your Grace seene the infinite appetite of lust in the piercing adultery of his eye, you would —

*Fior.* Or change him, or confound him, prompt dissembler ! Is here the bond of his Religious vow ?

And that, now when the Duke is rid abroad,

1075 My Gentleman will stay behind, is sicke — or so.

*R.D.* Not altogether in health, it was the excuse he made.

*Mau.* Most fit opportunitie :

Her

Her grace comes iust i'th nicke ; let me study.

*Feren.* Lose no time, my Lord.

1080 *Gia.* To her, Sir.

*Mau.* Vouchsafe to stay thy foot, most *Cynthia* hue.

And from a Creature, euer vow'd thy seruant,  
Accept this gift ; most rare, most fine, most new,  
The earnest penhy of a loue so feruent.

1085 *Fior.* What meanes the jolly youth ?

*Mau.* Nothing, sweet *Princesse*,  
But onely to present your grace with this sweet fac'd Foole;  
please you to accept him to make you merry; I'll assure your  
Grace, he is a very wholesome Foole.

1090 *Fior.* A foole ? you might as well ha giuen your selfe :  
Whence is he ?

*Mau.* Now, iust very now, giuen me out of speciall fauour,  
by the Lord *Fernando*, Madam.

*Fior.* By him ? well, I accept him ; thanke you for't:

1095 And in requitall, take that Tooth-picker.  
'Tis yours.

*Mau.* A Tooth-picker; I kisse your bounty: no quibble now?  
And Madam,

If I grow sicke, to make my spirits quicker,  
1100 I will reuiue them with this sweet Tooth-picker.

*Fior.* Make use on't as you list ; here *D'auolos*,  
Take in the Foole.

*R.D.* Come, sweet heart, wilt along with me ?

*Ros.* V v vmh—v v vmh—won not, won not—v v vmh

1105 *Fior.* Wilt goe with me, chicke ?

*Ros.* Will goe, te e e — goe will goe

*Fior.* Come *D'auolos*, obserue to night ; 'tis late:  
Or I will win my choyce, or curse my fate.

*Exit Fior. Ros. & D'auolos.*

1110 *Feren.* This was wisely done now : S'foot you purchase  
A fauour from a Creature, my Lord, the greatest King of the  
earth wud be proud of.

*Mau.* *Giacopo* !

*Gia.* My Lord.

1115 *Mau.* Come behind me, *Giacopo* ; I am big with conceit,  
and must be deliuered of poetry, in the eternall commendation  
of this gracious *Tooth-picker* : but first, I hold it a most  
healthy policy to make a slight supper.

For meat's the food that must preserue our liues,  
1120 And now's the time, when mortals whet their kniues  
on thresholds, shoo-soles, Cart-wheeles,&c. Away *Giacopo*.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Colona with lights, Biancha, Fiormonda, Iulia, Fernando,  
and D'auolos ; Colona placeth the lights on a Table, and  
1125 sets downe a Chesse-board.*

*Bian.* 'Tis yet but early night, too soone to sleepe :  
Sister, shall's haue a mate at Chesse ?

*Fior,* A mate !

No, Madam ; you are growne too hard for me :

1130 My Lord *Fernando* is a fitter match.

*Bian.* He's a well practiz'd gamester :

Well, I care not, how cunning so er'e he be,  
To passe an houre ; I'le try your skill, my Lord ;  
Reach here the Chesse-board.

1135 *R.D.* Are you so apt to try his skill, Madam Dutchesse ?  
Very good.

*Fer.* I shall bewray too much my ignorance  
In striuing with your Highnesse ; 'tis a game  
I lose at still, by ouersight.

1140 *Bian.* Well, well, I feare you not, let's too't.

*Fior.* You need not, Madam.

*R.D.* Marry needs she not ; how gladly will shee too't ?  
'tis a *Rooke* to a *Queene*, she heaues a *pawne* to a *Knights place* ;  
by'r lady, if all be truly noted, to a *Dukes place* ; and that's be-

1145 side the play, I can tell ye.

*Fernando and Dutchesse, play.*

*Fior.* Madam, I must entreat excuse ; I feele  
The temper of my body not in case  
To iudge the strife.

1150 *Bian.* Lights for our sister, sirs :

Good rest t'ee ; I'le but end my game and follow.

*Fior-*

*Fiormrnda takes her leaue, attended by D'auolos and Iulia:  
as she goes out, she speakes to D'auolos. ———*

- Fior.* Let 'em haue time enough, and as thou canst,  
1155 Be neare to heare their Courtship, *D'auolos.*  
*R, D.* Madam, I shall obserue 'em with all cunning secrecy.  
*Bian.* *Colona*, attend our sister to her chamber,  
*Col.* I shall Madam. ———— *Exit Fior. Col. Iul. & R. D.*  
*Bian.* Play.
- 1160 *Fer.* I must not lose th' aduantage of the game :  
Madam, your Queene is lost.  
*Bian.* My Clergy helpe me ;  
My Queene! and nothing for it but a pawne ?  
Why then the game's lost too ; but play.
- 1165 *Fer.* What Madam ? { *Fernando often*  
*Bian.* You must needs play well, { *lookes about.*  
You are so studious. ———  
Fie vpon't, you study past patience : ———  
What d'ee dreame on ? here's demurring
- 1170 Would weary out a statue. — Good now play.  
*Fer.* Forgiue me, let my knees for euer stick *he kneels.*  
Nay! d to the ground, as earthy as my feares ;  
E're I arise, to part away so curst  
In my vnbounded anguish, as the rage
- 1175 Of slame's, beyond all Vtterance of words,  
Deuoure me ; lightned by your sacred eyes.  
*Bian.* What meanes the man ?  
*Fer.* To lay before your feet  
In lowest vassalage, the bleeding heart
- 1180 That sighes the tender of a suit disdain'd.  
*Great Lady* pittie me, my youth, my wounds,  
And doe not thinke, that I haue cull'd this time  
From motions swiftest measure, to vnclasp  
The booke of lust ; if purity of loue
- 1185 Haue residence in vertues quest ; loe here,  
Bent lower in my heart than on my knee,  
I beg compassion to a loue, as chast  
As softnesse of desire can intimate.

*Enter*



*Enter D'auolos, ieering and listening.*

1190 *R.D.* At it already ? admirable hast.

*Bian.* Am I againe betray'd ? — bad man.

*Fer.* Keepe in

Bright Angell, that seuerer breath, to coole

That heat of cruelty, which swayes the Temple

1195 Of your too stony breast ; you cannot vrge

One reason to rebuke my trembling plea,

Which I haue not, with many nights expence,

Examin'd ; but, O *Madam*, still I find

No Physicke strong to cure a tortur'd mind,

1200 But freedome from the torture it sustaines.

*R.D.* Not kissing yet ? still on your knees ? O for a plump

Bed and cleane sheets, to comfort the aking of his shinnes !

We shall haue 'em clip anon, and lisse kisses ; here's ceremony with a vengeance.

1205 *Bian.* Rise vp, we charge you, rise ; looke on our face. { *heri-*  
What see you there that may perswade a hope { *seth.*

Of lawlesse loue ? Know, most *vnworthy man*,

So much we hate the basenesse of thy lust,

As were none liuing of thy sexe but thee,

1210 We had much rather prostitute our blood

To some inuenom'd Serpent, then admit

Thy bestiall dalliance : couldst thou dare to speake

Againe, when we forbad ? no, *wretched thing*,

Take this for answer ; If thou henceforth ope

1215 Thy leprous mouth to tempt our eare againe,

We shall not onely certifie our Lord

Of thy *disease in friendship*, but reuenge

Thy boldnesse with the forfeit of thy life.

Thinke on't.

1220 *R.D.* Now, now, now the game is afoot, your gray lennet

with the white face is curried, forsooth ; please your Lord-

ship leape vp into the saddle, forsooth ; — poore Duke, how

does thy head ake now ?

*Fer.* Stay, goe not hence in choller, *blessed woman* !

1225 Y'haue school'd me, lend me hearing ; though the float

Of

Of infinite desires swell to a tide  
Too high so soone to ebbe, yet by this hand, *kisses her hand*  
This glorious gracious hand of yours ———

*R.D.* I marry, the match is made, clap hands and too't ho.

- 1230 *Fer.* I sweare,  
Henceforth I neuer will asmuch in word,  
In letter, or in sillable, presume  
To make a repetition of my griefes.  
Good night t'ee : if when I am dead you rip  
1235 This Coffin of my heart, *there shall you read*  
*With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,*  
*Biancha's name caru'd out in bloody lines.*  
For euer, Lady, now good night.

*Enter with lights.*

- 1240 *Bian.* Good night :  
Rest in your goodnesse ; lights there ; Sir good night.

*Exeunt sundry wayes.*

- R.D.* So, *via* — to be cuckold (mercy and prouidence) is  
as natural to a married man, as to eat sleep or weare a night-  
1245 cap. Friends ! I will rather trust mine arme in the throat of  
a Lion, my purse with a Curtezan, my necke with the chance  
on a Dye, or my Religion in a Synagogue of Iewes, then my  
wife with a friend ; wherein doe Princes exceed the poorest  
peasant that euer was yoak'd to a sixpenny strumpet, but that  
1250 the hornes of the one are mounted some two inches higher  
by a *Choppine* then the other ? oh *Acteon* ! the goodliest headed  
beast of the Forrest, amongst wild cattle, is a Stag ; and the  
goodliest beast amongst tame fooles in a Corporation is a  
Cuckold.

*Enter Fiormonda.*

- 1255 *Fior.* Speake *D'auolos*, how thriues intelligence ?

*R.D.* Aboue the preuention of Fate, Madam : I saw him  
kneelee, make pittifull faces, kisse hands and forefingers, rise  
and by this time he is vp, vp Madam : dobtlesse the youth  
aymes to be Duke, for hee is gotten into the Dukes seat an

- 1260 hower agoe.

*Fior.* Is't true ?

*R.D.* Oracle, oracle ; siege was laid, parley admitted, com-  
F position

sition offered, and the Fort entrred ; there's no interruption,  
the Duke will be at home to morrow (gentle *Animal*) what

1265 d'ee resolute ?

*Fior.* To stirre vp Tragedies as blacke as braue ;  
And sending the Lecher panting to his graue. — *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Biancha, her haire about her eares, in her night mantle ;*  
*she drawes a Curtaine, where Fernando is discouered in*  
1270 *bed, sleeping, she sets downe the Candlo before the Bed,*  
*and goes to the Bed side.*

*Bian.* Resolute, and doe ; 'tis done. What, are those eyes  
Which lately were so ouerdrown'd in teares,  
So easie to take rest ? Oh happy man !

1275 How sweetly sleepe hath seal'd vp sorrowes here ?  
But I will call him : What ? *My Lord, my Lord,*  
*My Lord Fernando.*

*Fer.* Who calls me ?

*Biau.* My Lord,

1280 Sleeping or waking ?

*Fer.* Ha ! who is't ?

*Bian.* 'Tis I :

Haue you forgot my voyce ? or is your eare  
But vsefull to your eye ?

1285 *Fer.* Madam, the Dutchesse ?

*Bian.* Shee, 'tis she ; sit vp,  
Sit vp and wonder, whiles my sorrowes swell :  
The nights are short, and I haue much to say.

*Fer.* Is't possible, 'tis you ?

1290 *Bian.* 'Tis possible ;

Why doe you thinke I come ?

*Fer.* Why ! to crowne ioyes,  
And make me master of my best desires.

*Bian.* 'Tis true, you guesse aright ; sit vp and listen.

1295 With shame and passion now I must confesse,  
Since first mine eyes beheld you, in my heart  
You haue beene onely King ; if there can be  
A violence in loue, then I haue felt  
That tyranny ; be record to my soule,

1300 The Iustice which I for this folly feare :

*Fernando*, in short words, how e're my tongue  
Did often chide thy loue, each word thou spak'st  
Was musicke to my eare ; was neuer poore  
Poore wretched woman liu'd, that lou'd like me ;

1305 So truly, so vnfainedly.

*Fer.* Oh Madam —————

*Bian.* To witnesse that I speake is truth, — looke here,  
Thus singly I aduenture to thy bed,  
And doe confesse my weaknesse ; if thou tempt'st

1310 My bosome to thy pleasures, I will yeeld.

*Fer.* Perpetuall happinesse !

*Bian.* Now heare me out :

When first *Caraffa*, *Pauly's Duke*, my Lord,  
Saw me, he lou'd me ; and without respect  
1315 Of dower, tooke me to his bed and bosome,  
Aduanc'd me to the titles I possesse ;  
Not mou'd by *Counsell*, or remou'd by *greatnesse* ;  
Which to requite, betwixt my soule and heauen,  
I vow'd a vow to liue a constant wife ;

1320 I haue done so : nor was there in the world  
A mancreated, could haue broke that truth  
For all the glories of the earth, but thou ;  
But thou, *Fernando* : Doe I loue thee now ?

*Fer.* Beyond imagination.

1325 *Bian.* True, I doe,

Beyond imagination : if no pledge  
Of loue can instance what I speake is true,  
But losse of my best ioyes, here, here, *Fernando*,  
Be satisfied, and ruine me.

1330 *Fer.* What d'ee meane ?

*Bian.* To giue my body vp to thy embraces,  
A pleasure that I neuer wish'd to thriue in,  
Before this fatall minute : marke me now ;  
If thou dost spoyle me of this *robe of shame*,

1335 By my best comforts, here I vow agen,  
To thee, to heauen, to the world, to time,



E're yet the morning shall new christen day,  
I'll kill my selfe.

*Fer.* How madam, how ?

1340 *Bian.* I will :

Doe what thou wilt, 'tis in thy choyce ; what say yee ?

*Fer.* Pish, doe you come to try me ? tell me, first,

Will you but grant a kisse ?

*Bian.* Yes, take it ; that,

1345 Or what thy heart can wish : I am all thine. *Kisses her.*

*Fer.* Oh me — Come, come, how many women pray

Were euer heard or read of, granted loue,

And did as you protest you will ?

*Bian. Fernando;*

1350 Iest not at my calamity : I kneele : — *She kneeln.*

By these disheauel'd hayres, these wretched teares,

By all that's good, if what I speake, my heart

Vowes not eternally, then thinke, my Lord,

Was neuer man su'd to me I deny'd,

1355 Thinke me a common and most cunning whore,

And let my sinnes be written on my graue,

My name rest in reproofe. — Doe as you list

*Fer.* I must beleue ye, yet I hope anon,

When you are parted from me, you will say

1360 I was a good cold easie-spirited man :

Nay, laugh at my simplicity ; say, will ye ?

*Bian.* No by the faith I owe my Bridall vowes :

But euer hold thee much much dearer farre

Then all my ioyes on earth, by this chast kisse.

1365 *Fer.* You haue preuail'd, and heauen forbid that I

Should by a wanton appetite prophane

This sacred Temple ; 'tis enough for me

You'll please to call me seruant.

*Bian.* Nay, be thine :

1370 Command my power, my bosome ; and I'll write

This loue within the tables of my heart.

*Fer.* Enough ; I'll master passion, and triumph

In being conquer'd ; adding to it this,

In you my loue, as it begun, shall end.

- 1375 *Bian.* The latter I new vow— but day comes on,  
What now we leaue vnfinish'd of content,  
Each houre shall perfect vp : Sweet, let's part.

*Fer.* This kisse,—best life good rest.

*Kisse.*

*Bian,* All mine to thee.

- 1380 Remember this, and thinke I speake thy words :

*When I am dead, rip vp my heart and read  
With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,  
Fernando's name caru'd out in bloody lines.*

Once more good rest, Sweet.

- 1385 *Fer.* Your most faithfull seruant.

*Exeunt*

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*Actus Tertius.*

*Enter Nibrassa chafing, after him Iulia weeping:*

- Nib.* **G**Et from me, strumpet, infamous whore, leprosie of  
my blood, make thy moane to Ballad singers, and  
1390 Rimers, they'll ligge out thy wretchednesse and abominati-  
ons to newtunes; as for me, I renounce thee, th'art no daugh-  
ter of mine, I disclayne the legitimation of thy birth, and  
Curse the houre of thy Natiuity.

*Iul.* Pray Sir vouchsafe me hearing.

- 1395 *Nib.* With child ! shame to my graue !

Oh whoore, wretched beyond vtterance or reformation !  
What would'st say ?

*Iul.* Sir, by the honor of my mothers hearse,  
He has protested marriage, pledg'd his faith :

- 1400 If vovves haue any force, I am his wife.

*Nib.* His faith ?

- Why thou foole, thou wickedly credulous foole,  
Canst thou imagine Luxury is obseruant of Religion? No, no,  
it is with a frequent Lecher as vsuall to forswear as to  
1405 sweare, their piety is in making idolatry a worship, their

harts and their tongues are as different as thou(thou whore) and a Virgin.

*Iul.* You are too violent, his truth will proue  
His constancy, and so excuse my fault.

- 1410 *Nibr.* Shamelesse woman ! this beleefe will damne thee :  
how will thy Lady Marquesse iustly reprove me, for prefer-  
ring to her seruice a monster of so lewd and impudent a life?  
Looke too't ; if thy smooth diuell leaue thee to thy infamy,  
I will neuer pittie thy mortall pangs, neuer lodge thee vnder  
1415 my roofe, neuer owne thee for my childe ; mercy bee my  
witness.

—————  
*Enter Petruchio, leading Colona.*

*Petr.* Hide not thy folly by vnwise excuse,  
Thou art vndone, *Colona* ; no entreaties,  
1420 No warning, no perswasion, could put off  
The habit of thy dotage on that man  
Of much deceit, *Ferentes* : would thine eyes  
Had seene me in my graue, e're I had knowne  
The staine of this thine honour.

- 1425 *Col.* Good my Lord,  
Reclaime your incredulitie ; my fault  
Proceeds from lawfull composition  
Of Wedlocke ; he hath seal'd his oath to mine,  
To be my husband.

- 1430 *Nibr.* Husband ? hey da ! is't euen so ? nay then we haue  
partners in affliction: if my jolly gallants long Clapper haue  
strucke on both sides, all is well : *Petruchio*, thou art not wise  
enough to be a Parator; come hither man, come hither, speak  
softly, is thy daughter with child ?

- 1435 *Petr.* With child, *Nibrassa* ?

*Nib.* Fo, doe not trick me off, I ouerheard your gabling ;  
Harke in thine eare, so is mine too.

*Petr.* Alas, my Lord, by whom ?

- Nib.* Innocent by whom : what an idle question is that ?  
1440 One Cocke hath trod both our Hens, *Ferentes*, *Ferentes*: who  
else ? How dost take it ? me thinkes thou att wondrous pa-  
tient: Why, I am mad, starke mad.

*Petr.*

*Petr.* How like you this, *Colona*, 'tis too true ?  
Did not this man protest to be your husband ?

1445 *Col.* Ay me, to me he did.

*Nib.* What else, what else, *Petruchio* ? and Madam, my quondam daughter, I hope h'auē past some huge words of matrimony to you too.

*Iul.* Alas, to me he did.

1450 *Nib.* And how many more, the great *Incubus* of hel knows best . *Petruchio* , giue me your hand , mine owne daughter in this arme, and yours , *Colona*, in this ; there , there, sit ye down together ; neuer rise, as you hope to inherit our blessings, till you haue plotted some braue reuenge : thinke vpon it to  
1455 purpose, and you shall want no seconds to further it, be secret one to another : Come, *Petruchio*, let 'em alone, the wenches will demurre on't, and for the processe , wee'll giue 'em courage.

*Petr.* You counsell wisely, I approue your plot :

1460 Thinke on your shames, and who it was that wrought 'em.

*Nib.* I, I, I, leaue them alone : to worke , wenches, to worke. *Exeunt.*

*Iul.* We are quite ruin'd.

*Iul.* True, *Colona*,

1465 Betray'd to infamy, deceiu'd and mock'd  
By an vnconstant Villaine ; what shall's doe ?  
I am with childe.

*Col.* Hey-ho, and so am I :  
But what shall's doe now ?

1470 *Iul.* This ; with cunning words  
First proue his loue ; he knowes I am with child.

*Col.* And so he knowes I am : I told him on't  
Last meeting in the lobby, and in troth  
The false deceiuer laugh'd.

1475 *Iul.* Now by the starres he did the like to me,  
And said, 'twas well I was so hap'ly sped.

*Col.* Those very words  
He vs'd to me ; it fretted me to'th heart :  
I'le be reueng'd.

*Enter*



1480 *Enter Ferentes, and Morona an old Lady.*

*Iul.* Peace, here's a noyse me thinkes :

Let's rise, wee'll take a time to talke of this ?

*Feren.* Will yee ? hold : death of my delights, haue yee  
lost all sense of shame ? y'are best rore about the Court, that  
1485 I haue beene your womans-barber, and trimm'd yee, kinde  
*Morona.*

*Mor.* Defiance to thy kindnesse, th'ast robd me of my good  
name, didst promise to loue none but mee, mee, onely mee ;  
swor'st, like an vnconscionable villaine, to marry mee the  
1490 twelfth day of the month, two months since ; didst make my  
bed thine owne, mine house thine owne, mine, all and euery  
thing thine owne, I will exclaime to the world on thee, and  
begge Iustice of the Duke himselfe : Villaine, I will.

*Feren.* Yet againe ; nay, and if you be in that mood, shut  
1495 vp your fore-shop, I'll be your Iourny-man no longer: why  
wise *Madam Dryfist*, could your mouldy braine bee so addle,  
to imagine I would marry a stale widdow at six and forty ?  
Marry gip, are there not varieries enough of thirteene ?  
come, stop your *Clap-dish*, or I'll purchase a Carting for you :  
1500 By this light, I haue toyl'd more with this *tough Carrion hen*,  
then with ten *Quailes*, scarce growne into their *first Feathers*.

*Mor.* O Treason to all honesty or Religion, speake thou  
periur'd-damnablen vngracious-defiler of women, who shall  
father my child which thou hast begotten ?

1505 *Feren.* Why thee, Country woman; th'ast a larger purse to  
pay for the nursing: nay, if you'll needs haue the world know  
how you, reputed a *graue-Matron-like Motherly-Madam*,  
kick'd vp your heeles like a Iennet, whose mark is new come  
into her mouth, ee'ne doe, doe ; the worst can be said of me  
1510 is, that I was ill aduis'd to *digge for gold in a Cole-pit* : Are you  
answer'd ?

*Mor.* Answer'd ?

*Iul.* Let's fall amongst'em, — Loue — how is't chick ? ha.

*Col.* My deere *Ferentes*, my betrothed Lord.

1515 *Fereu.* Excellent : oh for three Barbary stone horses to  
top three Flanders Mares ? why how now Wenches, what  
means this ? *Mor.*

*Mor.* Out vpon me, here's more of his truls.

*Iul.* Loue, you must goe with me.

1520 *Col.* Good Loue, let's walke.

*Feren.* I must rid my hands of'em, or they'll ride on my shoulders ; by your leaue, Ladies : here's none but is of *Common Counsaile* one with another : in short, there are three of ye with child, you tell me *by me* : all of you I cannot satisfie,  
1525 (nor indeed hansomely any of ye) you all hope I should marry you, which for that it is impossible to be done, I am content to haue neither of ye ; for your looking big on the matter, keepe your owne Counsailes, I'le not bewray ye ; but for mariage, heauen blesse ye, & me frō ye ; this is my resolution.

1530 *Col.* How, not me !

*Iul.* Not me !

*Mor.* Not me !

*Feren.* Nor you, nor you, nor you.

And to giue you some satisfaction, I'le yeeld you reasons :  
1535 you, *Colona*, had a pretty art in your dalliance, but your fault was, you were *too suddenly won* ; you, *Madam Morona*, could haue pleas'd wel enough some three or foure & thirty yeares agoe, but you are *too old* ; you, *Iulia*, were young enough, but your fault is, you haue a *scuruy face* ; now euery one knowing  
1540 her proper defect, thanke me, that I euer vouchsaf'd you the honor of my bed once in your liues : if you want clouts, al I'le promise, is to rip vp an old shirt or two ; so wishing a speedy deliuerāce to al your burdēs, I cōmend you to your patience

*Mor.* Excellent.

1545 *Iul.* Notable.

*Col.* Vnmatch'd Villaine.

*Iul.* Madam, though strangers, yet we vnderstand  
Your wrongs doe equall ours ; which to reuenge,  
Please but to ioyne with vs, and wee'll redeeme  
1550 Our losse of honour, by a braue exploit.

*Mor.* I embrace your motion, Ladies, with gladnesse, and will striue by any action to ranke with you in any danger.

*Col.* Come Gentlewomen, let's together then,  
Thrice happy maids that neuer trusted men. — *Exeunt.*

G

*Enter*

1555 *Enter Duke, Biancha supported by Fernando, Fiormonda, Petru-  
chio, Nibrassa, Ferentes, and D'auolos.*

*Duke.* *Roseilli* will not come then? will not? well,  
His pride shall ruine him.— Our letters speake  
The Dutchesse Vncle will be here to morrow.

1560 To morrow, *D'auolos.*

*R.D.* To morrow night, my Lord, but not to make more  
then one dayes abode here: for his Holinesse has commanded  
him to be at *Rome* the tenth of this month, the Conclauē of  
Cardinals not being resolu'd to sit till his comming.

1565 *Duke.* Your Vncle (Sweet-hart) at his next returne,  
Must be saluted Cardinall : *Ferentes*,  
Be it your charge to thinke on some deuice  
To entertaine the present with delight.

*Fer.* My Lord, in honour to the Court of *Pauy*,

1570 I'll ioyne with you : *Ferentes*, not long since,  
I saw in *Bruxils*, at my being there,  
The Duke of *Brabant* welcome the Arch-bishop  
Of *Mentz* with rare conceit, euen on a sudden  
Perform'd by Knights and Ladies of his Court,

1575 In nature of an Anticke ; which, me thought,  
(For that I ne're before saw women Anticks)  
Was for the newnesse strange, and much commended.

*Bian.* Now good my Lord *Fernando* further this  
In any wise, it cannot but content.

1580 *Fior.* If she intreat, 'tis ten to one the man  
Is won before hand.

*Duke.* Friend, thou honour'st me :  
But can it be so speedily perform'd ?

*Fer.* I'll vndertake it, if the Ladies please

1585 To exercise in person onely that ;  
And we must haue a Foole, or such an one  
As can with Art well act him.

*Fior.* I shall fit yee,  
I haue a naturall.

1590 *Fer.* Best of all, Madam ; then nothing wants :  
You must make one, *Ferentes.*

*Feren.*

*Feren.* With my best seruice and dexterity, my Lord.

*Petr.* This fals out happily, *Nibrassa*.

*Nib.* We could not wish it better :

1595 *Heauen* is an vnbrib'd Iustice.

*Duke.* Wee'll meet our Vncle in a sol emne grace

Of zealous presence, as becomes the Church :

See all the Quire be ready, *D'auolos*.

*R.D.* I haue already made your Highnesse pleasure known  
1600 to them.

*Bian* Your lip, my Lord !

*Fer.* Madam.

*Bian.* Perhaps your teeth haue bled, wip't with my hand-  
kercher ; giue me, I'le doo't my selfe.—Speake, shall I steale  
1605 a kisse ? beleeeue me, my Lord, I long.

*Fer.* Not for the world.

*Fior.* Apparant impudence.

*R.D.* Beshrew my heart, but that's not so good.

*Duke.* Ha, what's that thou mislik'st *D'auolos* ?

1610 *R.D.* Nothing, my Lord, — but I was hammering a  
conceit of mine own, which cannot (I find) in so short a time  
thriue, as a dayes practise.

*Fior.* Well put off, Secretary.

*Duke.* We are too sad, me thinks the life of mirth  
1615 Should still be fed where we are ;  
Where's *Maurucio* ?

*Feren* And't please your Highnesse, hee's of late growne  
so affectionately inward with my Lady Marquesses Foole ,  
that I presume he is confident, there are few wise men wor-  
1620 thy of his society, who are not as innocently harmelesse as  
that creature ; it is almost impossible to seperate them, and  
'tis a question which of the two is the wiser man.

*Duke.* Would 'a were here, I haue a kind of dulnesse  
Hangs on me since my hunting, that I feele  
1625 As 'twere a disposition to be sicke, my head is euer aking.

*R.D.* A shrewd ominous token ; I like not that neither.

*Duke.* Againe ! what is't you like not ?

*R.D.* I beseech your Highnesse excuse me ; I am so busie  
with



with his friuolous proiect, and can bring it to no shape, that  
1630 it almost confounds my capacity.

*Bian.* My Lord, you were best to try a set at Maw ;  
I and your friend, to passe away the time,  
Will vndertake your Highnesse and your sistter

*Duke.* The game's too tedious.

1635 *Fior.* 'Tis a peeuish play,  
Your *Knaue* will heaue the *Queene* out, or your *King* ;  
Besides, 'tis all on fortune.

*Enter Maurucio, Roseilli ltk a foole, and Giacopo.*

*Mau.* Blesse thee, most excellent Duke ; I here present thee  
1640 as worthy and learned a Gentleman, as euer I (and yet I haue  
liued threescore yeares) conuers'd with ; take it from me, I  
haue try'd him, and is worthy to be priuy-Counsayer to the  
greatest *Turke in Christendome* : of a most apparant and deep  
vnderstanding, slow of speech, but speaks to the purpose ;  
1645 Come forward, Sir, and appeare before his Highnesse in  
your owne proper Elements.

*Ros.* Will—tye—to da new toate sure la now.

*Gia.* A very senselesse Gentleman, and please your High-  
nesse, one that has a great deale of little wit, as they say.

1650 *Mau.* Oh Sir, had you heard him as I did, deliuer whole  
histories in the *Tangay tongue*, you would sweare there were  
not such a linguist breath'd againe ; and did I but perfectly  
vnderstand his lagnage, I would be confident, in lesse then  
two houres, to distinguish the meaning of Bird, Beast, or  
1655 Fish, naturally, as I my selfe speake Italian, my Lord. —  
Well, he has rare qualities.

*Duke.* Now prethe question him, *Maurucio*.

*Mau.* I will, my Lord.

Tell me, rare scholler, which in thy opinion,  
1660 Doth cause the strongest breath, — *garlick* or *onyon*?

*Gia.* Answer him, brother foole ; doe, doe, speak thy mind  
chucke, doe.

*Ros.* Haue bid seen all da fyne knack, and d'ee  
Naghtye tat-tle of da *kna-ue*, dad la haue so.

1665 *Duke.* We vnderstand him not.

*Mau.*

*Mau.* Admirable, I protest, Duke ; marke oh Duke, mark !  
What did I aske him, *Giacopo* ?

*Gia.* Which caused the strongest breath, garlicke or ony-  
ons, I take it, Sir.

1670 *Mau.* Right, right by *Hellicon* ; and his answer is, that a  
knaue has a stronger breath then any of 'em ; wisdom (or  
I am an Asse) in the highest, a direct Figure ; put it downe,  
*Giacopo*.

*Duke.* How happy is that Ideot, whose ambition  
1675 Is but to eat, and sleepe, and shun the rod :  
Men that haue more of wit, and vse it ill,  
Are fooles in prooffe.

*Bian.* True, my Lord, there's many  
Who thinke themselues most wise, that are most fooles.

1680 *R.D.* Bitter girds if all were knowne, — but —

*Duke.* But what? speake out ; plague on your muttering  
Grumbling, I heare you, Sir, what is't ?

*R.D.* Nothing, I protest, to your Highnesse pertinent, to  
any moment.

1685 *Duke.* Wel, Sir, remember. — Friend, you promis'd study.  
I am not well in temper ; come *Biancha*,  
Attend our friend *Ferentes*. { *exeunt. manent Fer.*

*Fer. Ferentes*, take *Maurucio* in with you { *Ros. Feren. et Mau.*  
He must be one in action,

1690 *Feren.* Come, my Lord, I shall intreat your helpe.

*Fer.* I'll stay the Foole :

And follow instantly.

*Mau.* Yes, pray, my Lord. *Exeunt Feren. et Mau.*

*Fer* How thriue your hopes now, Couzen ?

1695 *Ros.* Are we safe ?

Then let me cast my selfe beneath thy foot,  
True vertuous Lord : Know then, Sir, her proud heart  
Is onely fix'd on you, in such extremes  
Of violence and passion, that I feare,

1700 Or shee'll enioy you, or shee'll ruine you.

*Fer.* Me, Cooze ; by all the ioyes I wish to taste,  
Shee is as farre beneath thy thought, as I

In soule aboute her malice.

*Ros.* I obseru'd

- 1705 Euen now, a kind of dangerous pretence  
In an vn-ioynted phrase from *D'auolos* :  
I know not hir intent, but this I know,  
He has a working braine, is minister  
To all my Ladies counsels ; and (my Lord)  
1710 Pray heauen there haue not any thing befallne  
Within the knowledge of his subtile Art,  
To doe you mischife.

*Fer.* Pish ; should he or hell

Affront me in the passage of my fate,

- 1715 I'de crush them into Atomies.

*Ros.* I, doe ; admit you could, meane time, my Lord,

Be nearest to your selfe, what I can learne

You shall be soone inform'd of : here is all

We fooles can catch the wise in ; to vnknot

- 1720 By priuilege of coxcombes, what they plot. ——— *Exeunt*

*Enter Duke and D'auolos.*

*Duke.* Thou art a Traytor : doe not thinke the glosse

Of smooth euasion, by your cunning iests,

And coynage of your politticians braine,

- 1725 Shall jig me off : I'll know't, I vow I will.

Did not I note your darke abrupted ends

Of words halfe spoke ? your *wel's*, if *all were knowne* ?

Your short, *I like not that* ? your girds, and *Buts* ?

Yes (Sir) I did : such broken language argues

- 1730 More matter then your subtilty shall hide :

Tell me, what is't ? by Honors selfe I'll know.

*R.D.* What would you know, my Lord ? I confesse I owe  
my life and seruice to you, as to my Prince ; the one you haue,  
the other you may take from me at your pleasure : should I

- 1735 deuise matter to feed your distrust, or suggest likelihoods  
without appearance ? what would you haue me say ? I know  
nothing.

*Duke.* Thou ly'st, *dissembler* ; on thy brow I read  
Distracted horrors figur'd in thy lookes.

On

1740 On thy alleageance, *D'auolos*, as e're  
 Thou hop'st to liue in grace with vs, vnfold  
 What by thy party halting of thy speech  
 Thy knowledge can discouer : By the saith  
 We beare to sacred Iustice, we protest,

1745 Be it or good, or eui I, thy reward  
 Shall be our speciall thanks, and loue vn-term'd :  
 Speake, on thy duty, we thy Prince command.

*R.D.* Oh my disaster ! my Lord, I am so charm'd by those  
 powerfull repetitions of loue and duty, that I cannot con-

1750 ceale what I know of your dishonor.

*Duke.* Dishonor ! then my soule is cleft with feare :  
 I halfe presage my misery, say on ;  
 Speake it at once, for I am great with grieve.

*R.D.* I trust your Highnesse will pardon mee, yet I will  
 1755 not deliuer a sillable which shall be lesse innocent then truth  
 it selfe.

*Duke.* By all our wish of ioyes, we pardon thee.

*R.D.* Get from me cowardly seruility, my seruice is no-  
 ble, and my loyalty an Armour of brasse : in short, my Lord,  
 1760 and plaine discouery, you are a *Cuckold*.

*Duke.* Keepe in the word, — a *Cuckold* ?

*R.D.* *Fernando* is your Riual, has stolne your Dutchesse  
 heart, murther'd friendship, hornes your head, and laughs at  
 your hornes.

1765 *Duke.* My heart is split.

*R.D.* Take courage, be a Prince in resolution ; I knew it  
 would nettle you in the fire of your composition, and was  
 loath to haue giuen the first report of this more then ridicu-  
 lous blemish to all patience or moderation. But, oh my Lord,  
 1770 what would not a subiect doe to approue his loyalty to his  
 Soueraigne ? yet, good Sir, take it as quietly as you can : I  
 must needs say, 'tis a foule fault, but what man is hee vnder  
 the Sun, that is free from the Careere of his destiny ? may be  
 she will in time reclaime the errors of her youth : or 'twere  
 1775 a great happinesse in you, if you could not beleue it ; that's  
 the surest way, my Lord, in my poore counsell.

*Duke.*



*Duke.* The ycie current of my frozen blood  
 Is kindled vp in Agonies as hot  
 As slames of burning sulphure : oh my fate !  
 1780 A Cuckold ? had my Dukedomes whole inheritance  
 Beene rent, mine honors leueld in the dust,  
 So *she*, that *wicked woman*, might haue slept  
 Chast in my bosome, 't had beene all a sport.  
 And *he*, that *Villaine*, viper to my heart,  
 1785 That *he* should be the man !  
 That *he* should be the man ; death about vtterance !  
 Take heed you proue this true.

*R.D.* My Lord.

*Duke.* If not,  
 1790 I'le teare thee ioynt by ioynt. — Pew, me thinks  
 It should not be ; *Biancha* ! why, I tooke her  
 From lower then a bondage ; hell of hels ?  
 See that you make it good.

*R.D.* As for that, would it were as good as I would make  
 1795 it, I can (if you will temper your distractions) but bring you  
 where you shall see it ; no more.

*Duke.* See it ?

*R.D.* I, see it, if that be prooffe sufficient : I for my part,  
 will slacke no seruice that may testifie my simplicitie.

1800 *Enter Fernando.*

*Duke.* Enough : — what newes *Fernando* ?

*Fer.* Sir, the Abbot is now vpon arriual, all your seruants  
 Attend your presence.

*Duke.* We will giue him welcome  
 1805 As shall befit our loue and his respect :  
 Come mine owne best *Fernando*, my deere friend. — *Exeunt*

*R.D.* Excellent ! now for a horned Moone.

*Sound of Musicke.*

But I heare the preparation for the entertainment of this  
 1810 *great Abbot*, let him come and goe, that matters nothing to  
 this ; whiles hee rides abroad in hope to purchase a purple  
 hat, our Duke shall as earnestly heat the *pericranion* of his  
 noddle, with a yellow hood at home : I heare 'em comming.

Loud

Loud Musicke.

1815 *Enter 3. or 4. with Torches : after the Duke, Fernando, Biancha, Fiormonda, Petruchio, Nibrassa at one doore.*

*Enter at another doore, two Fryars, Abbot, and attendants : The Duke and Abbot meet and salute, Biancha and the rest salute, and are saluted; they ranke themselues, and goe out the Quire singing, D'auolos onely stayes.*

1820 *the Quire singing, D'auolos onely stayes.*

*R.D.* On to your vittailles ; some of yee, I know, feed vp-  
on wormewood. *Exit.*

*Enter Petruchio and Nibrassa with napkins, as from supper.*

*Petr.* The Duke's on rising ; are you ready ho ?

1825 *Within.* All ready.

*Nib.* Then, *Petruchio*, arme thy selfe with courage and resolution, and doe not shrinke from being stayed on thy owne vertue.

*Petr.* I am resolu'd.— fresh lights, I heare 'em comming.

1830 *Enter some with lights : the Duke, Abbot, Biancha, Fiormonda, Fernando and D'auolos.*

*Duke.* Right Reuerend Vncle, tho our minds be scanted  
In giuing welcome as our hearts would wish,  
Yet we will striue to shew how much we ioy

1835 Your presence, with a Courtly shew of mirth.

Please you to sit.

*Abbot.* Great Duke, your worthy honours to me,  
Shall still haue place in my best thanks :

Since you in me so much respect the Church,

1840 Thus much I'le promise ; at my next returne,

His *Holinesse* shall grant an Indulgence

Both large and generall.

*Duke.* Our humble duty

Seat you, my Lords : now let the Masquers enter.

1845 *Enter in an Anticke fashion, Ferentes, Roseilli, and Maurucio at seuerall doores, they dance a little : suddenly to them enter Colona, Iulia, Morona in odde shapes, and dance; the men gaze at them, are at a stand, and are inuited by the women to dance, they dance together sundry changes, at last they close Ferentes in, Maurucio and Roseilli being*

1850

H

shooke

*shooke off, and standing at seuerall ends of the Stage gazing: The women hold hands and dance about Ferentes in diuers complementall offers of Courtship ; at length they suddenly fall vpon him, and stab him, he fals downe, and they run out at seuerall doores.*

1855

Cease Musicke.

*Feren.* Vncase me ; I am slaine in iest, a pox vpon your outlandish feminine Antiks : pull off my Visor ; I shall bleed to death, ere I haue time to feele where I am hurt : Duke, I  
1860 am slaine, off with my visor, for heauens sake off with my visor.

*They vnmaske him.*

*Duke.* Slaine? take this visor off ; we are betray'd :  
Ceaze on them, two are yonder, hold, *Ferentes* ;  
Follow the rest, apparant treachery.  
1865 *Abbot.* Holy St. *Bennet*, what a sight is this ?  
*Enter Iulia, Colona, and Morona vnmask'd, euery one hauing a child in their armes.*

*Iul.* Be not amaz'd, great Princes, but vouchsafe  
Your audience ; we are they haue done this deed :  
1870 Looke here, the pledges of this false mans lust,  
Betray'd in our simplicities : He swore,  
And pawn'd his truth to marry each of vs ;  
Abus'd vs all, vnable to reuenge  
Our publike shames, but by his publike fall,  
1875 Which thus we haue contriu'd ; nor doe we blush  
To call the glory of this murther ours :  
We did it, and wee'll iustifie the deed.  
For when in sad complaints we claym'd his vows,  
His answer was reproach ; villaine, is't true ?

1880 *Col.* I was too *quickly wonne*, you slaue.

*Mor.* I was *too old*, you dogge.

*Iul.* I (and I neuer shall forget the wrong)  
I was not *faire enough*, not *faire enough*  
For thee, thou monster ; let me cut his gall, *she stabs him.*  
1885 Not *faire enough* ! oh scorne ! not *faire enough* ?

*Feren.* O, o, oh. ———

*Duke.* Forbeare, you monstrous women, doe not adde  
Murther

Murthor to lust : your liues shall pay this forfeit.

*Feren.* Pox vpon all Codpeece extrauagancy.

1890 I am pepper'd — oh,oh,oh — Duke forgiue me.

Had I rid any tame beasts,but Barbary wild Colts,

I had not bin thus jerk'd out of the saddle.

My forfeit was in my blood,and my life hath answer'd it.

Vengeance on all wild whores, I say, — oh 'tis true ;

1895 Farewell generation of Hackneyes. — ooh. *dyes.*

*Duke.* He is dead, to prison with those monstrous strumpets.

*Petr.* Stay, I'll answer for my daughter.

*Nib.* And I for mine : — oh well done, girles.

1900 *Fer.* I for yon Gentlewoman, Sir.

*Mau.* Good my Lord,I am an innocent in the businesse.

*Duke.* To prison with him ; beare the body hence.

*Abbot.* Here's fatall sad presages,but 'tis iust,

He dyes by murthor,that hath liu'd in lust. *Exeunt.*

1905

*Actus Quartus.*

*Enter Duke, Fiormonda,and D'auolos,*

*Fior.* **A**Rt thou *Caraffa*?is there in thy veynes  
One drop of blood that issued from the loynes

Of *Pauy's* ancient Dnkes ? or dost thou sit

1910 On great *Lorenzo's* seat,our glorious father,

And canst not blush to be so farre beneath

The spirit of Heroicke ancestors ?

Canst thou ingrosse a slauish shame ? which men,

Far far below the Region of thy state,

1915 Not more abhorre,then study to reuenge.

Thou an Italian ? I could burst with rage,

To thinke I haue a brother so befool'd,

In giuing patience to a harlots lust.

*R.D.* One, my Lord, that doth so palpably,so apparantly

H 2

make



1920 make her Adulteries a Trophey, whiles the potting-sticke to  
her vnsatiate and more then goatish abomination, jeeres at,  
and flouts your sleepish, and more then sleepish security.

*Fior.* What is she, but the sallow-coloured brat  
Of some vnlanded bankrupt? taught to catch  
1925 The easie fancies of young prodigall bloods,  
In springes of her stewe-instructed Art? Here's your most  
Vertuous Dutchesse, your rare peece.

*R.D.* More base in the infinitenesse of her sensuality,  
Then corruption can infect: to clip and inueagle  
1930 Your friend too, oh vnsufferable! A friend? how of  
All men are you most vnfortunate? to poure out  
Your soule into the bosome of such a creature,  
As holds it Religion to make your owne trust a key,  
To open the passage to your owne wiues wombe,  
1935 To be drunke in the priuacies of your bed:  
Thinke vpon that, Sir.

*Duke.* Be gentle in your tortures, ee'ne for pittie;  
For pittie's cause I begge it.

*Fior.* Be a Prince?  
1940 Th'hadst better, Duke, thou hadst bin borne a peasant.  
Now boyes will sing thy scandall in the streets,  
Tune Ballads to thy infamy, get mony  
By making Pageants of thee, and inuent  
Some strangely-shap'd *man-beast*, that may for hornes  
1945 Resemble thee, and call it *Pauy's Duke*.

*Duke.* Endlesse immortall plague.

*R.D.* There's the mischief, Sir:  
In the meane time you shall bee sure to haue a Bastard, (of  
whom you did not so much as beget a little toe, a left eare,  
1950 or halfe the further side of an vpper lip) inherit both your  
Throne and Name; this would kill the soule of very pati-  
ence it selfe.

*Duke.* Forbeare; the ashy palenesse of my cheek  
Is scarletted in ruddy flakes of wrath:  
1955 And like some bearded meteor shall sucke vp,

With

- With swiftest terror, all those dusky mists  
That ouercloud Compassion in our brest.  
You haue rouz'd a sleeping Lion, whom no Art,  
No fawning smoothnesse shall reclaime, but blood.
- 1960 And *Sister* thou, thou *Roderico*, thou,  
From whom I take the surfeit of my bane,  
Henceforth no more so eagerly pursue,  
To whet my dulnesse; you shall see *Caraffa*  
Equall his birth, and matchlesse in reuenge.
- 1965 *Fior.* Why now I heare you speake in maiesty.  
*R.D.* And it becomes my Lord most Princely.  
*Duke.* Does it? come hither, *Sister*; thou art neere  
In nature, and as neere to me in loue.  
I loue thee; yes, by yon bright firmament,
- 1970 I loue thee dearely: but obserue me well:  
If any priuate grudge, or female spleene,  
Malice, or enuy, or such womans frailty,  
Haue spurr'd thee on to set my soule on fire,  
Without apparent certainty; I vow
- 1975 And vow againe, by all Princely blood,  
Hadst thou a double soule, or were the liues  
Of fathers, mothers, children, or the hearts  
Of all our Tribes in thine, I would vnrip  
That wombe of bloody mischief with these nayles,
- 1980 Where such a cursed plot as this was hatcht.  
But *D'auolos*, for thee — no more; to worke  
A yet more strong impression in my braine,  
You must produce an instance to mine eye,  
Both present and apparent. — nay, you shall — or —
- 1985 *Fior.* Or what? you will be mad? be rather wise:  
Thinke on *Ferentes* first, and thinke by whom  
The harmlesse youth was slaughter'd: had he liu'd,  
He would haue told you tales: *Fernando* fear'd it;  
And to preuent him, vnder shew, forsooth,
- 1990 Of rare deuice, most trimly cut him off.  
Haue you yet eyes, *Duke*?  
*Duke.* Shrewdly vrg'd, — 'tis piercing.

*Fior.* For looking on a sight shall split your soule;  
You shall not care, I'll undertake my selfe

1995 To do't some two dayes hence, for need to night,  
But that you are in Court.

*R.D.* Right; wud you desire, my Lord, to see them exchange kisses, sucking one anothers lips, nay, begetting an heire to the Dukedome, or practising more then the very act  
2000 of adultery it selfe? Giue but a little way by a fained absence, and you shall find 'em — I blush to speake doing what: I am mad to thinke on't, you are most shamefully, most sinfully, most scornfully cornuted.

*Duke.* D'ee play vpon me? as I am your Prince,  
2005 There's some shall rore for this: why what was I,  
Both to be thought or made so vild a thing?  
Stay — *Madam Marquesse*, — ho *Roderico*, you Sir,  
Beare witnesse, that if euer I neglect  
One day, one houre, one minute, to weare out  
2010 With toyle of plot, or practice of conceit,  
My busie skull, till I haue found a death  
More horrid then the Bull of *Phalaris*,  
Or all the fabling Poets; dreaming whips:  
If euer I take rest, or force a smile

2015 Which is not borrowed from a Royall vengeance,  
Before I know which way to satisfie  
Fury and wrong: (nay kneele downe) let me dye  
More wretched then despaire, reproach, contempt,  
Langhter and pouerty it selfe can make me:  
2020 Let's rise on all sides, friends; now all's agreed;  
If the Moone serue, some that are safe shall bleed.

*Enter Fernando, Biancha, and Morona.*

*Bian.* My Lord the Duke.

*Duke.* *Biancha*! ha, how is't?

2025 How is't, *Biancha*? what *Fernando*? come,  
Shal's shake hands, sirs? faith this is kindly done:  
Here's three as one; welcome *deere Wife, sweet Friend*.

*R.D.* I doe not like this now, it shewes scuruiely to me.

*Bian.* My Lord we haue a suit, your friend and I.

*Duke*

- 2030 *Duke.* She puts my friend before most kindly still.  
*Bian.* Must ioyne.  
*Duke.* What must ?  
*Bian.* My Lord !  
*Duke.* Must ioyne, you say.
- 2035 *Bian.* That you will please to set *Maurncio*  
 At liberty : this Gentlewoman here,  
 Hath by agreement made betwixt them two,  
 Obtain'd him for her husband , good my Lord  
 Let me intreat, I dare ingage mine honour  
 2040 He's innocent in any wilfull fault.  
*Duke.* Your honour, Madam ! now beshrew you for't,  
 T' ingage your honour on so slight a ground :  
 Honour's a precious lewell, I can tell you ;  
 Nay, 'tis *Biancha*. — Goe too, *D'auolos*,  
 2045 Bring vs *Maurucio* hither.  
*R.D.* I shall, my Lord. ————— *Exit D'auolos.*  
*Mor.* I humbly thanke your grace.  
*Fer.* And, Royall Sir, since *Iulia* and *Colona*;  
 Chiefe Actors in *Ferentes* tragicke end,  
 2050 Were, through their Ladies mediation,  
 Freed by your gracious pardon ; I, in pittie,  
 Tendered this widowes friendlesse misery ;  
 For whose reprieue I shall in humblest duty  
 Be euer thankfull.
- 2055 *Enter D'auolos, Maurucio in poore rags, and Giacopo weeping.*  
*Mau.* Come you my learned Counsell, doe not rore ;  
 If I must hang, why then lament therefore :  
 You may reioyce, and both, no doubt, be great  
 To serue your Prince, when I am turn'd wormes meat.  
 2060 I feare my lands, and all I haue, is begg'd,  
 Else, woe is me, why should I be so ragg'd ?  
*R.D.* Come on, Sir, the Duke stayes for you.  
*Mau.* O how my stomacke doth begin to puke !  
 When I doe heare that onely word, the Duke.
- 2065 *Duke.* You, Sir, looke on that woman ; are you pleas'd,  
 If we remit your body from the jayle,

To



To take her for your wife.

*Man*, On that condition, Prince, with all my heart.

*Mor*. Yes, I warrant your grace, he is content.

2070 *Duke*. Why, foolish man, hast thou so soone forgot  
The publike shame of her abus'd wombe ?  
Her being mother to a Bastards birth ?  
Or canst thou but imagine she will be  
True to thy bed, who to her selfe was false ?

2075 *Gia*. Phew, Sir, doe not stand vpon that, that's a matter of  
nothing, you know.

*Mau*. Nay, and shall please your good grace, and it come  
to that, I care not ; as good men as I haue lyen in foule sheets  
I am sure ; the linnen has not beene much the worse for the  
2080 wearing a little : I will haue her with all my heart.

*Duke*. And shalt : *Fernando*, thou shalt haue the grace  
To ioyne their hands, put 'em together, friend.

*Bian*. Yes, doe my Lord, bring you the Bridegroom hither,  
I'll giue the Bride my selfe.

2085 *R.D.* Here's argument to jealousie, as good as drinke to  
the dropsie ; shee will share any disgrace with him : I could  
not wish it better.

*Duke*. Euen so : well, doe it.

*Fer*. Here, *Maurucio*, long liue a happy couple.

2090 *ioyne their hands.*

*Duke*. 'Tis enough, — now know our pleasure henceforth.  
'Tis our will, if euer thou, *Maurucio*, or thy wife,  
Be seene within a dozen miles at Court,  
We will recall our mercy : no intreat

2095 Shall warrant thee a minute of thy life :  
Wee'll haue no seruile slavery of lust  
Shall breath neere vs ; dispatch and get ye hence.  
*Biancha*, come with me. — oh my cleft soule !

*Exit Duke et Biancha.*

2100 *Mau*. How's that ? must I come no more neere the Court ?

*Gia*. O pittifull, not neere the Court, Sir.

*R.D.* Not by a dozen miles, indeed Sir : your only course  
I can aduise you, is to passe to *Naples*, and set vp a house of  
Carnality :

Carnality, there are very faire and frequent suburbs, and you  
2105 need not feare the contagion of any pestilent disease, for the  
worst is very proper to the place.

*Fer.* 'Tis a strange sentence.

*Fior.* 'Tis, and sudden too,  
And not without some mysterie.

2110 *R.D.* Will you goe, Sir.

*Mau.* Not neere the Court?

*Mor.* What matter is it, Sweet-heart, feare nothing,  
Loue, you shall haue new change of apparell, good dyet,  
wholesome attendance, and wee will liue like pigeons, my  
2115 Lord.

*Mau.* Wilt thou forsake me, *Giacopo*?

*Gia.* I forsake yee? no, not as long as I haue a whole eare  
on my head, come what will come.

*Fior.* *Maurucio*, you did once proffer true loue  
2120 To me, but since you are more thriftier sped,  
For old affections sake here take this gold,  
Spend it for my sake.

*Fer.* Madam, you doe nobly;  
And that's for me, *Maurucio*.

2125 *R.D.* Will ye goe, Sir?

*Mau.* Yes, I will goe; and I humbly thank your Lordship  
and Ladiship: *Pauy*, sweet *Pauy* farwel: come wife, come *Gia*—  
Now is the time that we away must lag, (copo.  
And march in pompe with baggage and with bag:

2130 O poore *Maurucio*! what hast thou mis-done?  
To end thy life when life was new begun.

Adew to all; for Lords and Ladies see  
My wofull plight; and Squires of low degree:

*R.D.* Away, away, sirs. ——— *Exeunt. manent Fior. et Fer.*

2135 *Fior.* My Lord *Fernando*.

*Fer.* Madam.

*Fior.* Doe you note my brothers odde distractions?  
You were wont to bosome in his Counsailes;  
I am sure you know the ground on't.

2140 *Fer.* Not I, in troth.

*Fior.* Is't possible ? what would you say, my Lord,  
If he, out of some melancholly spleene,  
Edg'd on by some thank-picking Parasite,  
Should now proue iealous? I mistrust it shrewdly.

2145 *Fer.* What Madam ? iealous ?

*Fior.* Yes ; for but obserue,  
A Prince, whose eye is chooser to his heart,  
Is seldome steddly in the lists of loue,  
Vnlesse the party he affects doe match  
2150 His ranke in equall portion, or in friends :  
I neuer yet, out of report, or else  
By warranted description, haue obseru'd  
The nature of phantasticke Iealousie,  
If not in him ; yet on my conscience now,  
2155 He has no cause.

*Fer.* Canse, Madam ! by this light  
I'll pledge my soule against a vse-lesse rush.

*Fior.* I neuer thought her lesse, yet trust me, Sir,  
No merit can be greater than your praise,  
2160 Whereat I strangely wonder ; how a man  
Vow'd, as you told me, to a single life,  
Should so much Deifie the Saints, from whom  
You haue disclaym'd deuotion.

*Fer.* Madam, 'tis true ;  
2165 From them I haue, but from their vertues neuer.

*Fior.* You are too wise, *Fernando* : to be plaine,  
You are in loue ; nay shrink not, man, you are :  
*Biancha* is your ayme ; why doe you blush ?  
She is, I know she is.

2170 *Fer.* My ayme ?

*Fior.* Yes, yours ;  
I hope I talke no newes : *Fernando*, know  
Thou runst to thy confusion, if in time  
Thou dost not wisely shun that *Circe's* charme.  
2175 Vnkindest man ! I haue too long conceal'd  
My hidden flames, when still in silent signes  
I Courted thee for loue ; without respect

To youth or state, and yet thou art vnkind.

*Fernando*, leaue that Sorceresse, if not

2180 For loue of me, for pittie of thy selfe.

*Fer.* Injurious woman, I defie thy lust :

'Tis not your subtile sifting shall creepe

Into the secrets of a heart vnsoyl'd :

You are my Princes sister, else your malice

2185 Had rayl'd it selfe to death ; but as for me,

Be record all my fate, I doe detest

Your fury or affection. — Iudge the rest.

*Exit Fer.*

*Fior.* What gone ! well, goe thy wayes ; I see the more

I humble my firme loue, the more he shuns

2190 Both it and me : so plaine ! then 'tis too late

To hope ; change peeuish passion to contempt :

What euer rages in my blood I feele,

Foole he shall know I was not borne to kneele,

*Exit.*

*Enter D'auolos and Iulia.*

2195 *R.D.* *Iulia* mine owne — speake softly.

What? hast thou learn'd out any thing of this pale widgeon?

Speake soft, what does she say ?

*Iul.* Fo, more then all ; there's not an houre shall passe,

But I shall haue intelligence, she sweares.

2200 Whole nights ; you know my mind, I hope you'll giue

The gowne you promis'd me.

*R.D.* Honest *Iulia*, peace : th'art a woman worth a king-

dome : let me neuer be beleueed now, but I thinke it will bee

my destiny to be thy husband at last : what tho thou haue

2205 a child, or perhaps two ?

*Iul.* Neuer but one, I sweare.

*R.D.* Well, one ; is that such a matter ? I like thee the

better for't : it shewes thou hast a good tenant-able and fer-

tile wombe, worth twenty of your barren, dry, bloodlesse

2210 deuourers of youth ; but come, I will talke with thee more

pruiately ; the Duke has a iourney in hand, and will not be

long absent : see, 'a is come already. — let's passe away

easily.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke and Biancha.*



- 2215 *Duke.* Troubled ! yes, I haue cause : O *Biancha* !  
 Here was my fate engrauen in thy brow,  
 This smooth faire polisht table ; in thy cheeks  
 Nature summ'd vp thy dower: 'twas not wealth,  
 The Mysers god, nor Royalty of blood,
- 2220 Aduanc'd thee to my bed ; but loue, and hope  
 Of Vertue, that might equall those sweet lookes :  
 If then thou shouldst betray my trust, thy faith,  
 To the pollution of a base desire,  
 Thou wert a wretched woman.
- 2225 *Bian.* Speakes your loue,  
 Or feare, my Lord ?  
*Duke.* Both, both; *Biancha*, know,  
 The nightly languish of my dull vnrest  
 Hath stampt a strong opinion ; for me thonght
- 2230 (Marke what I say) as I in glorious pompe  
 Was sitting on my Throne, whiles I had hemm'd  
 My best belou'd *Biancha* in mine armes,  
 She reacht my cap of State, and cast it downe  
 Beneath her foot, and spurn'd it in the dust ;
- 2235 Whiles I (oh 'twas a dreame too full of fate)  
 Was stooping downe to reach it ; on my head,  
*Fernando*, like a Traytor to his voves,  
 Clapt, in disgrace, a Coronet of horues :  
 But by the honour of anoynted kings,
- 2240 Were both of you hid in a rocke of fire,  
 Guarded by ministers of flaming hell,  
 I haue a sword ('tis here) should make my way  
 Through fire, through darknesse, death, and all  
 To hew your lust ingendred flesh to shreds,
- 2245 Pound you to morter, cut your throats, and mince  
 Your flesh to mites ; I will, — start not, — I will.  
*Bian.* Mercy protect me, will ye murder me ?  
*Duke.* Yes. — Oh ! I cry thee mercy. — how the rage  
 Of my vndreamt of wrongs, made me forget
- 2250 All sense of sufferance ! blame me not, *Biancha* ;  
 One such another dreame would quite distract

Reason

Reason and selfe humanity ; yet tell me,  
Was't not an ominous vision ?

*Bian.* 'Twas, my Lord ;

2255 Yet but a vision ; for did such a guilt  
Hang on mine honour, 'twere no blame in you  
If you did stab me to the heart.

*Duke.* The heart ?

Nay, strumpet, to the soule ; and teare it off  
2260 From life, to damne it in immortall death.

*Bian.* Alas, what doe you meane, Sir ?

*Duke.* I am mad. —————

Forgiue me, good *Biancha* ; still me thinkes  
I dreame, and dreame anew : now prethe chide me.

2265 Sicknesse, and these diuisions, so distract  
My senses, that I take things possible  
As if rhey were : which to remoue, I meane  
To speed me streight to *Luca* ; where, perhaps,  
Absence and bathing in those healthfull springs  
2270 May soone recouer me : meane time, deare sweet,  
Pitty my troubled heart ; griefes are extreame ;  
Yet, Sweet, when I am gone, thinke on my dreame.  
Who waits without, ho ? is prouision ready,  
To passe to *Luca* ?

2275 *Enter Petr. Nibr. Fior. D'auolos, Ros. & Fernando.*

*Petr.* It attends your Highnesse.

*Duke.* Friend, hold ; take here from me this lewel, this :  
*Giues him Biancha.*

Be she your care till my returne from *Luca* :

2280 Honest *Fernando*, wife respect my friend,  
Let's goe : but heare ye wife, thinke on my dreame.

*Exeunt omnes, but Ros. et Petr.*

*Petr.* Couzen, one word with you : doth not this Cloud  
Acquaint you with strange nouelties ? The Duke

2285 Is lately much distemper'd ; what he meanes  
By journeying now to *Luca*, is to me  
A riddle ; can you cleare my doubt ?

*Ros.* O Sir !

My feares exceed my knowledge, yet I note  
 2290 No lesse then you inferre : all is not well,  
 Would 'twere : whosoever thriue, I shall be sure  
 Neuer to rise to my vn-hop'd desires :  
 But Couzen, I shall tell you more anon ;  
 Meane time pray send my Lord *Fernando* to me,  
 2295 I couet much to speake with him.

*Enter Fernando.*

*Petr.* And see,  
 He comes himselfe ; I'll leaue you both together. *Exit.*  
*Fer.* The Duke is horst for *Luca* : how now Cooze,  
 2300 How prosper you in loue ?  
*Ros.* As still I hop'd :  
 My Lord you are vndone.  
*Fer.* Vndone ! in what ?  
*Ros.* Lost ; and I feare your life is bought and sold ;  
 2305 I'll tell you how : late in my Ladies chamber,  
 As I by chance lay slumbering on the mats,  
 In comes the Lady Marquesse, and with her,  
*Julia* and *D'auolos* ; where sitting downe,  
 Not doubting me, Madam (quoth *D'auolas*)  
 2310 We haue discouer'd now the neast of shame :  
 In short, my Lord, (for you already know  
 As much as they reported) there was told  
 The circumstance of all your priuate loue  
 And meetings with the Dutchesse ; when at last  
 2315 False *D'auolos* concluded with an oath,  
 Wee'll make (quoth he) his hart-strings crack for this.  
*Fer.* Speaking of me ?  
*Ros.* Of you : I (quoth the Marquesse)  
 Were not the Duke a baby, he would seeke  
 2320 Swift vengeance ; for he knew it long agoe.  
*Fer.* Let him know it ; yet I vow  
 Shee is as loyall in her plighted faith,  
 As is the Sunne in heauen : but put case  
 She were not ; and the Duke did know she were not,  
 2325 This Sword lift vp, and guided by this Arme,

Shall

Shall guard her from an armed troupe of Fiends,  
And all the earth beside.

*Ros.* You are too safe  
In your destruction.

2330 *Fer.* Dambe him, —— hee shall feele ——  
But peace, who comes ?

*Enter Colona.*

*Col.* My Lord, the Dutchesse craues a word with you.

*Fer.* Where is shee ?

2335 *Col.* In her chamber.

*Ros.* Here haue a plum for Ie'ee —

*Col.* Come foole, I'le giue thee plums enow, come foole.

*Fer.* Let slaues in mind be seruile to their feares,  
Our heart is high in-starr'd in brighter Spheres.

2340 *Exit Fer. et Colo.*

*Ros.* I see him lost already,  
If all preuaile not, we shall know too late,  
No toyle can shun the violence of Fate.

*Exit.*

*Actus Quintus.*

2345 *Enter aboue, Fiormonda.*

*Fior.* **N**OW fly reuenge, and wound the lower earth,  
That I, en-sphear'd aboue, may crosse the race  
Of Loue despis'd, and triumph o're their graues,  
Who scorne the low-bent thraldome of my heart.

2350 *A Curtaine drawne, below are discovered Biancha in her  
night attire, leaning on a Cushion at a Table, holding Fer-  
nando by the hand.*

*Bia.* Why shouldst thou not be mine? why should the laws  
The Iron lawes of Ceremony, barre  
2355 Mutuall embraces? what's a vow? a vow?  
Can there be sinne in vnity? Could I  
As well dispense with Conscience, as renounce

The



- The out-side of my titles, the poore stile  
Of *Dutchesse*; I had rather change my life
- 2360 With any waiting-woman in the land,  
To purchase one nights rest with thee *Fernondo*,  
Then be *Caraffa's* Spouse a thousand yeares.  
*Fior.* Treason to wedlocke, this would make you sweat.  
*Fer.* Lady of all, what I am, as before,
- 2365 To suruiue you, or I will see you first,  
Or widowed or buried; if the last,  
By all the comfort I can wish to tast  
By your faire eyes, that sepulcher that holds  
Your Coffin, shall encoffin me aliue :
- 2370 I signe it with this seale. ————— *Kisses her.*  
*Fior.* Ignoble strumpet.  
*Bian.* You shall not sweare, take off that oath againe,  
Or thus I will inforce it. ————— *Shee kisses him.*  
*Fer.* Vse that force,
- 2375 And make me periur'd; for whiles your lips  
Are made the booke, it is a sport to sweare,  
And glory to forswear.  
*Fior.* Here's fast and loose;  
Which for a Ducat, now the game's on foot.
- 2380 *Whiles they are kissing, Enter Duke with his sword drawne,*  
*D'auolos in like manner, Petruchio, Nibrassa, and a*  
*Guard.*  
*Colona within.* Helpe, helpe, Madam, you are betrayed, Ma-  
dam, helpe, helpe.
- 2385 *R.D.* Is there confidence in credit now, Sir? beleefe in  
your owne eyes? doe you see? doe you see, Sir? Can you be-  
hold it without lightning?  
*Col. within.* Helpe, Madam, helpe.  
*Fer.* What noyse is that, I heard one cry.
- 2390 *Duke.* Ha! did you? know you who I am?  
*Fer.* Yes; Th'art *Pauy's* Duke,  
Drest like a hangman: see, I am vnarm'd,  
Yet doe not feare thee; tho the Coward doubt  
Of what I could haue done, hath made thee steale

Th'ad-

- 2395 Th'aduantage of this time, yet Duke I dare  
 Thy worst, for murder sits vpon thy cheekes :  
 Too't man.  
*Duke.* I am too angry in my rage,  
 To scourge thee vnprouided ; take him hence :
- 2400 Away with him. ————— *They take hold on him,*  
*Fer.* Vn-hand me.  
*R.D.* You must goe, Sir:  
*Fer.* Duke, doe not shame thy manhood to lay hands  
 On that most innocent Lady.
- 2405 *Duke.* Yet againe :  
 Confine him to his Chamber. *Exit D'a.et guard, with Fer.*  
 Leaue vs all ;  
 None stay, not one, shut vp the dores. *Exeunt omnes, but*  
*Fio.* Now shew thy self my brother, braue *Caraffa.* *Du.et Bia*
- 2410 *Duke.* Woman, stand forth before me, —wretched whore,  
 What canst thou hope for ?  
*Bian.* Death ; I wish no lesse :  
 You told me you had dreamt ; and, gentle Duke,  
 Vnlesse you be mistooke, you are now awak'd.
- 2415 *Duke.* Strumpet I am, and in my hand hold vp  
 The edge that must vncut thy twist of life  
 Dost thou not shake ?  
*Bian.* For what ? to see a weake  
 Faint trembling arme aduance a leaden blade ?
- 2420 Alas good man, put vp, put vp ; thine eyes  
 Are likelier much to weepe, then armes to strike :  
 What wud you doe now, pray ?  
*Dnke.* What ! shamelesse harlot ;  
 Rip vp the Cradle of thy cursed wombe,
- 2425 In which the mixture of that Traytors lust  
 Impostumes for a birth of Bastardy :  
 Yet come, and if thou think'st thou canst deserue  
 One mite of mercy, e're the boundlesse spleene  
 Of jnst-consuming wrath ore-swell my reason,
- 2430 Tell me, bad woman, tell me what could moue  
 Thy heart to craue variety of youth ?

*Bian.* I tell yee, if you needs would be resolu'd,  
I held *Fernando* much the properer man.

*Duke.* Shamelesse intolerable whoore.

2435 *Bian.* What ayles you ?

Can you imagine, Sir, the name of Duke  
Could make a crooked leg, a scrambling foot,  
A tolerable face, a wearish hand,  
A bloodlesse lip, or such an vntrimm'd beard

2440 As yours, fit for a Ladies pleasure, no :

I wonder you could thinke 'twere possible,  
When I had once but look'd on your *Fernando*,  
I euer could loue you againe ? Fye, fie,  
Now by my life, I thought that long agoe

2445 Y' had knowne it ; and beene glad you had a friend  
Your wife did thinke so well of.

*Duke.* O my starres !

Here's impudence aboue all history :  
Why thou detested Reprobate in vertue ;

2450 Durst thou, without a blush, before mine eyes,  
Speake such immodest language ?

*Bian.* Dare ? yes faith,

You see I dare : I know what you would say now ;  
You would faine tell me how exceeding much

2455 I am beholding to you, that vouchsaf'd

Me, from a simple Gentlewomans place,  
The honour of your bed : 'tis true, you did ;  
But why ? 'twas but because you thought I had  
A sparke of beauty more then you had seene.

2460 To answer this, my reason is the like,

The selfe same appetite which led you on  
To marry me, led me to loue your friend :  
O hee's a gallant man ! if euer yet

Mine eyes beheld a miracle, compos'd

2465 Of flesh and blood, *Fernando* has my voyce.

I must confesse, my Lord, that for a Prince,  
Handsome enough you are, and no more :  
But to compare your selfe with him, trust me

You

You are too much in fault : shall I aduise you ?

2470 Harke in your eare ; thanke heauen he was so slow  
As not to wrong your sheets ; for as I liue,  
The fault was his, not mine.

*Fior.* Take this, take all.

*Duke.* Excellent, excellent ! the pangs of death are musick  
2475 Forgiue me, my good Genius, I had thought (to this.  
I matcht a woman, but I find she is  
A diuell, worser then the worst in hell.  
Nay, nay, since we are in, ee'ne come, say on,  
I marke you to a sillable : you say,

2480 The fault was his, not yours : why, *vertuous Mistresse*,  
Can you imagine you haue so much art  
Which may perswade me, you and your close *marke-man*  
Did not a little trafficke in my right ?

*Bian.* Looke what I said, 'tis true. For know it now,  
2485 I must confesse I mist no meanes, no time,  
To winne him to my bosome ; but so much,  
So holily, with such Religion,  
He kept the lawes of friendship, that my sute  
Was held but, in comparison, a iest ;  
2490 Nor did I offer vrg the violence  
Of my affection, but as oft he vrg'd  
The sacred vowes of faith 'twixt friend and friend :  
Yet be assured, my Lord, if euer language  
Of cnnning seruile flatteries, intreaties,  
2495 Or what in me is, could procure his loue,  
I would not blush to speake it.

*Duke.* Such another  
As thou art, (miserable Creature) would  
Sinke the whole sexe of women : yet confesse  
2500 What witch-craft vs'd the wretch to charme the art  
Of the once spotlesse temple of thy mind ?  
For without witch- craft it could ne're be done.

*Bian.* Phew—and you be in these tunes, Sir, I'le leaue :  
You know the best, and worst, and all.

2505 *Duke.* Nay then



- Thou tempt'st me to thy ruine ; come *blacke angell*,  
 Faire diuell, in thy prayers reckon vp  
 The summe, in grosse, of all thy vayned follies :  
 There, amongst other, weepe in teares of blood,
- 2510 For one aboute the rest ; *Adultery*,  
*Adultery, Biancha* ; such a guilt,  
 As were the sluces of thine eyes let vp,  
 Teares cannot wash it off : 'tis not the tyde  
 Of triuiall wontonnesse from youth to youth,
- 2515 But thy abusing of thy lawfull bed,  
 Thy husbands bed ; his , in whose brest thou sleep'st :  
 His, that did prize thee more then all the trash  
 Which hoarding worldlings make an Idoll of :  
 When thou shalt find the Catalogue enroll
- 2520 Of thy mis-deeds, there shall be writ, in Text,  
 Thy bastarding, the issues of a Prince.  
 Now turne thine eyes into thy howering soule,  
 And doe not hope for life : would Angels sing  
 A *requiem* at my hearse ? but to dispense
- 2525 With my Reuenge on thee, 'twere all in vaine :  
 Prepare to dye.  
*Bian.* I, doe ; and to the point  
 Of thy sharpe sword, with open brest I'le runne  
 Halfe way thus naked : doe not shrinke, *Caraffa*,
- 2530 This dants not me : but in the latter act  
 Of thy Reuenge, 'tis all the sute I aske  
 At my last gaspe, to spare thy noble friend ;  
 For life to me, without him, were a death.  
*Duk.* Not this ; I'le none of this : 'tis not so fit : { *casts away*  
 2535 Why should I kill her ? she may liue and change, { *his sword.*  
 Or ———
- Fior.* Dost thou halt ? faint Coward, dost thou wish  
 To blemish all thy glorious Ancestors ?  
 Is this thy Courage ?
- 2540 *Duke.* Ha ! say you so too ?  
 Giue me thy hand, *Biancha*.  
*Bian.* Here.

Duke

*Duke.* Farewell.

Thus goe in euerlasting sleepe to dwell : { *draws his ponyard*  
 2545 Here's blood for lust, & sacrifice for wrong { *and stabs her.*

*Bian.* 'Tis brauely done ; thou hast stricke home at once :  
 Liue to repent too late : Commend my loue  
 To thy true friend, my loue to him that owes it,  
 Ny Tragedy to thee, my hart to—to—*Fernand-oo oh. (dies*

2550 *Duke.* Sister she's dead.

*Fior.* Then, whiles thy rage is warme,  
 Pursue the causer of her trespasses.

*Duke.* Good : { *takes vp his*  
 I'le slake no time whiles I am hot in blood. { *sword & exit.*

2555 *Fior.* Here's royall vengeance : this becomes the state  
 Of his disgrace, and my vnbounded fate.— *recedet Fior.*

*Enter Fernando, Nibrassa, & Petruchio.*

*Petr.* May we giue credit to your words, my Lord ?  
 Speake on your honour.

2560 *Fer.* Let me dye accurst,  
 If euer, through the progresse of my life,  
 I did as much as reape the benefit  
 Of any fauour from her, saue a kisse :  
 A better woman neuer blest the earth.

2565 *Nibr.* Beshrew my heart, young Lord, but I beleeeue thee:  
 Alas, kind Lady, 'tis a Lordship to a dozen of poynts,  
 But the j alous mad man will in his fury,  
 Offer her some violence.

*Petr.* If it be thus, 'twere fit you rather kept  
 2570 A guard about you for your owne defence,  
 Then to be guarded for security  
 Of his Reuenge ; he's extreameley mou'd.

*Nibr.* Passion of my body, my Lord, if'a come in his odde  
 fits to you, in the case you are, 'a might cut your throat e're  
 2575 you could prouide a weapon of defence : nay, rather then it  
 shal be so, hold take my sword in your hand, 'tis none of the  
 sprusest, but 'tis a tough fox, wil not faile his master : Come  
 what wil come, take it, I'le answer't I; in the meane time, *Petruchio*  
 and I wil back to the Dutchesse lodging. — *he giues*

2580 *Fer.* his sword.

K 3

*Petr.*

*Petr.* Well thought on ; and in despite of all his rage,  
Rescue the vertuous Lady.

*Nibr.* Looke to your selfe, my Lord, the Duke comes.

*Enter Duke, his Sword in one hand, and in the other a  
2585 bloody Dagger,*

*Duke.* Stand, and behold thy executioner,  
Thou *glorious Traytor* : I will keepe no forme  
Of Ceremonius law, to try thy guilt :  
Looke here, 'tis written on my ponyards point,  
2590 The bloody euidence of thy vntruth,  
Wherein thy Conscience, and the wrathfull rod  
Of heauens scourge for lust, at once giue vp  
The verdict of thy crying villanies.

I see th'art arm'd ; prepare, I craue no odds,  
2595 Greater then is the iustice of my cause.

Fight, or I'll kill thee.

*Fer.* Duke I feare thee not :

But first I charge thee, as thou art a Prince,  
Tell me, how hast thou vs'd thy Dutchesse ?

2600 *Duke.* How ?

To adde affliction to thy trembling ghost,  
Looke on my daggers crimson dye, and indge.

*Fer.* Not dead ?

*Duke.* Not dead ? yes, by my Honor's truth : why foole,  
2605 Dost thinke I'll hug my iniuries ? no, Traytor ;  
I'll mixe your soules together in your deaths,  
As you did both your bodies in her life :  
Haue at thee.

*Fer.* Stay, I yeeld my weapon vp : — *he lets fall his weapon.*  
2610 Here, here's my bosome ; as thou art a Duke,  
Dost honour goodnesse, if the *chast Biancha*  
Be murther'd, murther me.

*Duke.* Faint hearted Coward,  
Art thou so poore in spirit ? Rise and fight,  
2615 Or, by the glories of my house and name,  
I'll kill thee basely.

*Fer.* Doe but heare me first,

Vnfortunate *Caraffa* ; thou hast butcher'd  
An Innocent, a wife as free from lust  
2620 As any termes of Art can Deifie.

*Duke.* Pish, this is stale dissimulation,  
I'le heare no more.

*Fer.* If euer I vnshrin'd  
The Altar of her purity, or tasted  
2625 More of her loue, then what without controule  
Or blame, a brother from a sister might,  
Racke me to Atomies : I must confesse  
I haue too much abus'd thee ; did exceed  
In lawlesse Courtship ('tis too true) I did :  
2630 But by the honour which I owe to goodnesse,  
For any actuall folly I am free.

*Duke.* 'Tis false : as much in death for thee she spake.

*Fer.* By yonder starry roofe 'tis true. *O Duke !*  
Couldst thou reare vp another world like this,  
2635 Another like to that, and more, or more,  
Herein thou art most wretched ; all the wealth  
Of all those worlds could not redeeme the losse  
Of such a spotlesse wife : glorious *Biancha*,  
Reigne in the triumph of thy martyrdome,  
2640 Earth was vnworthy of thee.

*Nib. et Petr.* Now on our liues we both beleeeue him.

*Duke.* *Fernando*, dar'st thou sweare vpon my sword  
To iustifie thy words ?

*Fer.* I dare : looke here, ————— *Kisses the Sword.*  
2645 'Tis not the feare of death doth prompt my tongue,  
For I would wish to dye ; and thou shalt know,  
Poore *miserable Duke*, since she is dead,  
I'le hold all life a hell.

*Duke.* *Biancha* chast !

2650 *Fer.* As vertues selfe is good,

*Duke.* Chast, chast, and kild by me ; to her { *Offers to stabbe*  
I offer vp this remnant of my ————— { *himselfe, and is*  
*Fer.* Hold, { *stayed by Fer.*

Be gentler to thy selfe.

*Petr.*



2655 *Petr.* Alas my Lord, this is a wise mans carriage.

*Duke.* Whither now,

Shall I run from the day, where neuer man  
Nor eye, nor eye of heauen, may see a dogge  
So hatefull as I am ? *Biancha* chaste,

2660 Had not the furie of some hellish rage  
Blinded all reasons sight, I might haue seene  
Her clearenesse in her confidence to dye.

—————yourleau————— *Kneeles downe, holds vphis  
hands speakes a little and riseth*

2665 Tis done, come friend, now for her loue,  
Her loue that praised thee in the pangs of death,  
Ile hold thee deere : Lords, do not care for me, *Ent. D'auolos*  
I am too wise to dye yet ——— oh *Biancha*.

*R.D.* The Lord Abbot of *Monacho*, sir, is in his return from  
2670 *Rome*, lodg'd last night late in the Citie, very priuately; and  
hearing the report of your journey, onely intends to visite  
your Dutchesse to morrow.

*Duke.* Slaue, torture me no more, note him my Lords,  
If you would choose a diuell in the shape

2675 Of man, an *Arch-arch-diuell*, there stands one.  
Weele meete our Vnckle—— order straight *Petruchio*  
Our Dutchesse may be coffin'd, 'tis our will  
She forthwith be interr'd with all the speed  
And priuacy you may, 'ith' Colledge Church

2680 Amongst *Caraffa's* ancient monuments.  
Some three daies hence wee'le keepe her funerall.  
Damn'd villaine, bloody villaine——oh *Biancha*,  
No counsaile from our cruell wils can win vs,  
“ But ils once done we beare our guilt within vs.

2685 *Exeunt omnes, manet D'auolos.*

*R.D.* God boyee. Arch-arch-diuell : why I am paid,  
Here's bounty for good seruice ; beshrew my heart it is a  
right princely reward : now must I say my prayers, that I  
haue liu'd to so ripe an age to haue my head stricken off ; I  
2690 cannot tell, 't may be my Lady *Fiormonda* will stand on my  
belhalfe to the Duke : that's but a single hope ; a disgrac'd  
Courtier

Courtier oftner findes enemies to sinke him when hee is falling, then friends to releue him : I must resolute to stand to the hazard of all brunts now. Come what may, I will not  
2695 dye like a Cow, and the world shall know it.——— *Exit.*

*Enter Fiormonda, and Roseilli discovered.*

*Ros.* Wonder not, Madam, here behold the man  
Whom your disdain hath metamorphosed :  
Thus long haue I bin clouded in this shape,  
2700 Led on by Loue ; and in that loue, despaire :  
If not the sight of our distracted Court,  
Nor pitty of my bondage, can reclayme  
The greatnesse of your scorne, yet let me know  
My latest doome from you.

2705 *Fior.* Strange miracle !

*Roseilli* I must honour thee : thy truth,  
Like a transparent mirror, represents  
My reason with my errors. Noble Lord,  
That better dost deserue a better fate,  
2710 Forgiue me ; if my heart can entertaine  
Another thought of loue, it shall be thine.

*Ros.* Blessed for euer, blessed be the words :  
In death you haue reuiu'd me.

*Enter D'auolos.*

2715 *R.D.* Whom haue we here ? *Roseilli* the supposed foole ?  
'Tis he ; nay then helpe me a brazen face ;  
My honourable Lord.

*Ros.* Beare off, blood-thirsty man, come not neere me.

*R.D.* Madam, I trust the seruice ———

2720 *Fior.* Fellow, learne to new liue the way to thrift  
For thee in grace, is a repentant shrift.

*Ros.* Ill has thy life beene, worse will be thy end ;  
Men flesht in blood, know seldome to amend.

*Enter Seruant.*

2725 *Ser.* His Highnesse commends his loue to you, and expects your presence : he is ready to passe to the Church, only staying for my *Lord Abbot* to associate him. Withall, his pleasure is, that you *D'auolos* forbear to ranke in this so-

L

lemnity

emnity in the place of Secretary, else to be there as a priuate  
 2730 man ; pleaseth you to goe. ——— *Exeunt. manet D'auolos.*

*R.D.* As a priuate man ! what remedy ? This way they  
 must come, and here I will stand to fall amongst 'em in the  
 reere.

{ *A sad sound of soft musicke.*  
 { *The Tombe is discouered.*

2735 *Enter foure with Torches, after them two Fryars, after the Duke  
 in mourning manner, after him the Abbot, Fiormonda, Co-  
 lona, Iulia, Roseilli, Petruchio, Nibrassa, and a guard. D'a-  
 uolos following behinde. Comming neere the Tombe they all  
 kneele, making shew of Ceremony. The Duke goes to the*

2740 *Tombe, layes his hand on it.*

*Musicke cease.*

*Duke.* Peace and sweet rest sleep here ; let not the touch  
 Of this my impious hand, prophane the shrine  
 Of fairest purity, which houers yet

2745 About those blessed bones in hearst within:

If in the bosome of this sacred Tombe,  
*Biancha* thy disturbed ghost doth range;  
 Behold, I offer vp the sacrifice

Of bleeding teares, shed from a faithfull spring ;

2750 Roaring oblations of a mourning heart.

To thee, offended spirit, I confesse  
 I am *Caraffa*, hee, that wretched man,  
 That Butcher, who in my enraged spleene  
 Slaughtered the *life of Innocence and Beauty* :

2755 Now come I to pay tribute to those wounds  
 Which I digg'd vp, and reconcile the wrongs  
 My fury wrought ; and my Contrition mournes.

So chaste, so deare a wife was neuer man,  
 But I, enioy'd : yet in the bloome and pride

2760 Of all her yeares, vntimely tooke her life.  
 Enough ; set ope the Tombe, that I may take  
 My last farewell, and bury griefes with her.

*One goes to open the Tombe, out of which ariseth Fernando in his  
 winding sheet, onely his face discouered; as Caraffa is go-  
 ing in, he puts him backe.*

2765

*Fer.*

*Fer.* Forbeare ; what art thou that dost rudely presse  
 Into the confines of forsaken-graues ?  
 Has death no priuilege ? Com'st thou, *Caraffa*,  
 To practise yet a rape vpon the dead ? Inhumane Tyrant ;  
 2770 Whats'euer thou intend'st, know this place  
 Is poynted out for my inheritance :  
 Here lyes the monument of all my hopes.  
 Had eager Lust intrunk'd my conquered soule,  
 I had not buried liuing ioyes in death :  
 2775 Goe, Reuell in thy pallace, and be proud  
 To boast thy famous murthers : let thy smooth  
 Low-fawning parasites renowne thy Act :  
 Thou com'st not here.

*Duke.* *Fernando*, man of darknesse,  
 2780 Neuer till now (before these dreadfull sights)  
 Did I abhorre thy friendship ; thou hast rob'd  
 My resolution of a glorious name.  
 Come out, or by the thunder of my rage,  
 Thou dy'st a death more fearefull then the scourge  
 2785 Of death can whip thee with.

*Fer.* Of death ? poore Duke :  
 Why that's the ayme I shoot at : 'tis not threats,  
 (Mauger thy power, of the spight of hell)  
 Shall rent that honour : let life-hugging slaues,  
 2790 Whose hands imbrued in Butcheries like thine,  
 Shake terror to their soules, be loath to dye :  
 See, I am cloath'd in robes that fit the graue :  
 I pittty thy defyanee.

*Duke.* Guard lay hands,  
 2795 And drag him out.

*Fer.* Yes, let'em, here's my shield { *As they goe to fetch him*  
 Here's health to Victory. ——— { *him out, he drinkes off a*  
 Now doe thy worst. { *Violl of poyson.*  
*Ferewell Duke, once I haue out-stript thy plots :*  
 2800 Not all the cunning *Antidotes of Art*  
 Can warrant me twelue minutes of my life :  
 It workes, it workes already, brauely, brauely. ———



- Now,now I feele it teare each seuerall ioynt :  
 O royall poyson ? trusty friend?split, split  
 2805 Both heart and gall asunder ; excellent bane !  
*Roseilli* loue my memory ; well search'd out  
 Swift nimble venome, torture euery veyne.  
 I, come *Biancha*, — cruell torment feast,  
 Feast on, doe ; Duke farewell. Thus I — hot flames  
 2810 Conclude my Loue—and seale it in my bosome, oh —*dies*.  
*Abbot*. Most desperate end !  
*Duke*. None stirre :  
 Who steps a foot, steps to his vtter ruine.  
 And art thou gone ? *Fernando*, art thou gone ?  
 2815 Thou wert a friend vnmatch'd, rest in thy fame.  
 Sister, when I haue finisht my last dayes,  
 Lodge me, my wife, and this vnequall'd friend,  
 All in one monument. Now to my vows :  
 Neuer henceforth let any passionate tongue  
 2820 Mention *Biancha's* and *Caraffa's* name,  
 But let each letter in that tragicke sound  
 Beget a sigh, and euery sigh a teare :  
 Children vnborne, and widowes whose leane cheeks  
 Are furrowed vp by age, shall weepe whole nights,  
 2825 Repeating but the story of our fates ;  
 Whiles in the period, closing vp their tale,  
 They must conclude, how for *Biancha's* loue,  
*Caraffa* in reuenge of wrongs to her,  
 Thus on her Altar sacrific'd his life. ——— *stabs himselfe*.  
 2830 *Abbot*. Oh hold the Dukes hand.  
*Fior*. Saue my brother, saue him.  
*Duke*. Doe, doe, I was too willing to strike home  
 To be preuented : Fooles, why could you dreame  
 I would out-liue my out-rage sprightfull flood  
 2835 Run out in Riuers ? oh that these thicke streames  
 Could gather head, and make a standing poole,  
 That jealous husbands here might bathe in blood.  
 So ; I grow sweetly empty ; all the pipes  
 Of life vn-vessell life ; now heauens wipe out

- 2840 The writing of my sinne : *Biancha*, thus  
 I creepe to thee — to thee — to thee *Bi— an— cha.* *dyes.*  
*Ros.* He's dead already, Madam.  
*R.D.* Aboue hope, here's labour sau'd, I could blesse the  
 Destinies.
- 2845 *Abbot.* Would I had neuer seene it.  
*Fior.* Since 'tis thus,  
 My Lord *Roseilli*, in the true requitall  
 Of your continued loue, I here possesse  
 You of the Dukedome ; and with it, of me,
- 2850 In presence of this holy Abbot.  
*Abbot.* Lady, then  
 From my hand take your husband ; long enioy { *hee ioynes*  
 Each to each others comfort and content. { *their hands.*  
*Omnes.* Long liue *Roseilli*.
- 2855 *Ros.* First thanke to heauen, next Lady to your loue ;  
 Lastly, my Lords, to all : and that the entrance  
 Into this principality may giue  
 Faire hopes of being worthy of our place,  
 Our first worke shall be justice.— *D'auolos*
- 2860 Stand forth.  
*R.D.* My gracious Lord.  
*Ros.* No, gracelesse villaine,  
 I am no Lord of thine : Guard take him hence,  
 Conuey him to the prisons top ; in chaines
- 2865 Hang him aliue ; whosoeuer lends a bit  
 Of bread to feed him, *dyes* : speake not against it,  
 I will be deafe to mercy. — Beare him hence.  
*R.D.* Mercy, new Duke : here's my comfort, I  
 make but one in the number of the Tragedy of Princes. *exit.*
- 2870 *Ros.* Madam, a second charge is to performe  
 Your brother's Testament ; wee'll reare a Tombe  
 To those vnhappy Louers, which shall tell  
 Their fatall Loues to all posterity.  
 Thus then for you, henceforth I here dismisse
- 2875 The mutuall comforts of our marriage-bed :  
 Learne to new liue, my vowes vn mou'd shall stand :

And since your life hath beene so much vn-euen,  
Bethinke, in time, to make your peace with heauen.

*Fior.* Oh me ! is this your loue ?

2880 *Ros.* 'Tis your desert :

Which no perswasion shall remoue.

*Abbot.* 'Tis fit :

Purge frailty with repentance.

*Fior.* I embrace it :

2885 Happy too late, since lust hath made me foule,  
Henceforth I'll dresse my *Bride-bed* in my soule.

*Ros.* Please you to walke, Lord Abbot.

*Abbot.* Yes, set on :

No age hath heard, nor Chronicle can say,

2890 That euer here befell a sadder day. ————— *Exeunt.*

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*F I N I S.*

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## APPENDIX.

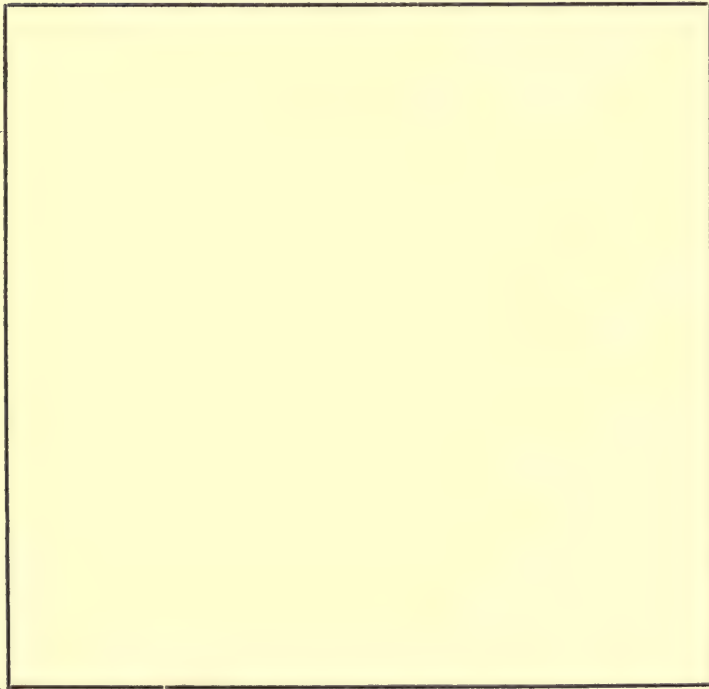


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# PENNY-VVISE POVND-FOOLISH

Or, a BRISTOVV Diamond, set in two  
Rings, and both Crack'd.

Profitable for Married men, pleasant for young men, and a  
rare example for all good Women.



At London Printed by *A.M.* for *Edward Blackmore*, and are to be  
sould in *Pauls Church-yard*, at the signe of the Angell. 1631.





To the Reader.

- 5 **T** *He Title of this Booke is Printed in many a mans face. Some walke early into the Fieldes to Glean Eares of Corne, who before the Haruest of their Wit was in, scattered abroad whole Sheaffes. Wealth is not regarded till we come to Beggerie; Beauty an enticing Bauin-fire to warme fooles, and not sette by, when tis out. Nay, life it selfe knowes not her owne pretious value, till Sicknesse layes it in the Ballance.*
- 10 *How many Courtiers may heere see their pictures? How many braue Souldiers? How many Cittizens? How many Countrey-men? All which, were drunke with pleasures, when they swumme in the full Sea of them; but now at a low ebbe, count a glasse of colde water more wholesome, than Healthes*
- 15 *in Canarie before. The lauish, and slauish, spending of pounds, begets but sorrow; the True sauing of a Penny, buyes Wisdom.* | A 3<sup>r</sup>
- In these few papers is the Map of the whole world; London, Bristow, and Venice, are (here) the Figures of all other Citties.*
- 20 *In all other Citties are Curtizans; and all Curtizans, haue Idolatrous fooles to Adore them. The Discourse is hid, (like our Ladies heads in Taffatie purse-nets) vnder the Masques of Ferdinand and Annabell. Their Liues and their Loues are enclosed in this Nut-shell: Which, if you Crack, without*
- 25 *hurting your Teeth, the Kernell is sweet in the Chewing. The Apples pluck'd from this little Tree, may serue to turne in the Fire, in your Christmasse Nights, and not much amisse all the Winter after. So fall to, and farewell.* | A 3<sup>v</sup>



*The Excellent worth  
of a Penny.*

30

35



Penny is a small piece of Siluer, and therefore soonest spent : a Penny is a very faithfull Messenger, & the best errand it goes vpon, is when a Rich man sends his commendations by it to a Beggar. The Rich-man giues and the Poore-man takes ; no, the Poore-man giues, and

the Rich-man takes, for the Prayers of the Poore, encrease the blessings of the Rich. Poore Penny, how much good therefore art thou able to doe ; nay, how much good doest thou daily and  
40 hourelly, when those that are thy betters , and a thousand times beyond thee in substance and estate, will not part from a farthing. A Penny is the Doale for which a wretched creature cries, Good Master bestowe a Penny vpon mee : hee does not begge Twopence, but a Penny, a single Penny. A Penny will content  
45 a Carier, when a pound will not satisfie a Curmudgeon.

Land in olde times no doubt was sold good cheape, for men vsed to say, They bought it with their Penny : But in these dayes the case is altred | (quoth *Ployden* ; ) Law hath taught A<sup>4</sup>  
Land-buyers to speake another Language. A Penny had wont  
50 to pay for a Pot of nappy Ale : but now a Pot of Ale defies the company of a Penny. And yet for all this, a Penny will be a braue companion still : olde men loue it, and are therefore called Penny-Fathers : Trades-men loue it, for they cry, Take it for a Penny more. Water-men loue it, for they aske but a  
55 Penny to crosse the Water, and when a man hath not a Penny in his purse, then he sweares hee hath not one crosse about him. So that as a Penny is the least Crosse that a man can carry, there can be no greater crosse than for a man to goe with-out a Penny. A Blacke Wench, if she be Penny-white ,



60 passes for current money , where a Faire Wench that hath no pence, shall be nayled vp for a counterfet.

A Penny then being in such extraordinary request , for the generall good it does to so many, how much more ought wee to make of it , when for a Penny a man may buy Wit ? That  
65 Market does now begin ; And how much Wit a Merchant had for so small a piece of Siluer, lend your Attention, and the History of that Penny-bargain, shall be worth at lest two-pence to any man that heares it. |

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sold in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1631.



## Penny-wise, Pound-foolish : Or

70 a *Bristow* Diamond set in two Rings,  
and both crackt.

75

I

IN the Citty of Bristow, not much about two  
twelve-moneths past, did liue a Merchant in  
the brauery of his youth, in the height of  
full fortunes, and in the excellency of all  
perfection, both for a comely proportion of  
body, and vnmatchable ornaments of minde.  
Hee had all those things, which in this world

make a man to be counted happy, and wanted none of those,  
80 the lacke of which teach men to beleue they are miserable.  
One onely Blessing was absent, whose possession would haue  
set a Crowne vpon all the other, And that was the mariage of  
some delicate faire young woman, to so wealthy and handsome  
a young man.

85 This Gentlemans name will wee call Ferdinand, (his true  
both Christian-name and surname for diuers reasons shall be  
concealed.) And albeit, he might haue had in Bristow the choise  
of many Maydens, both answerable to himselfe in state and  
beauty, (that Citty being as richly stored with faire and sweet  
90 proportioned women as any be in the world : yet M. Ferdinand  
vsing often (by way of Trafficke in Merchandize) to repaire to  
London, happened to cast his eye on the most beautifull face of  
a very worthy, and very wealthy Cittizens daughter of London,  
her name being Annabell, but how she was called otherwise,  
95 her succeeding fortunes forbid mee to discouer. |

B 1 r

The parents and friends of this beauteous Damozell (who  
was called the starre of this Citty, as well for her delicacie  
of body, as for modesty) giuing way to a Match to suitable to  
their owne desires, and their daughters liking, little wooing



100 needed, so that the marriage was not so ioyfully on all sides  
 appointed, as it was with pompous ceremony of friends inuited,  
 Feastings, Masques, Dauncing, and Reuelling solemnized. No  
 couple through the whole Citty of London, were held so happy  
 as these beauteous payre : Ferdinand and Annabell drew all  
 105 eyes after them wheresoeuer they went. But it was not enough  
 for Ferdinand to be thus followed with praises in London ; nor  
 to haue his delicate young wife gazed at , and enuiued by the  
 curious Dames of this Citty : No , there was a fire of Vaine-  
 glory in him, to haue all the eyes of Bristow behold what gallant  
 110 Prize he had taken at London , nor was the beauty of his faire  
 Bed-fellow behinde-hand with him, in the same pride and ambi-  
 tion. Her longings that way were as great as his.

Their desires thus spreading the same wing, the parents and  
 friends loath to loose two such Jewels , yet necessity snatching  
 115 them from them ; Away doe they hasten to Bristow. Wonder  
 there lookes vpon them , Joy and ten thousand welcomes em-  
 brace them : It was hard to tell whether the Merchants of that  
 Towne did think him more happy in being Master of such a  
 treasure, as so delicate a Wife, or whether the braue Dames of  
 120 that Citty did hold her more fortunate , in being lodged euery  
 night within the armes of so handsome a Husband. But Admir-  
 ation being neuer long-liu'd, let vs after a quarter or halfe a  
 yeares entertainment of Mistris Annabell, amongst her Husbands  
 friends in Bristow, leaue her there, attended vpon with all those  
 125 commendable glories which set forth excellent Women, whilst  
 we follow him backe againe from Bristow to London. |

B 1 v

Whither being come and welcommed by his Wifes father  
 and kindred, Joyes were redoubled to heare of her health, and  
 to see his welfare. In a short time had hee dispatched the busi-  
 130 nesse , for which he came touching his Merchandize , to finish  
 which he made the more hast, as thinking euery day spent here,  
 a thousand yeares lost at home, vntill againe hee might rest in  
 the bosome of his beloued, but though the Sayles of his desire  
 and affection were spread faire , yet the windes grew churlish,  
 135 they blusted and conspired to part our two new-married Louers  
 a sunder : For, the brauery of this Bristow-Merchants minde

being obserued by our Gallants here in the Citty, his comlinesse of person, affability in language, and royalty in expences, kindled a fire of good liking in many, to be partners in his  
140 society; And hee tooke as great a glory to enioy their appointments and meetings, as they did his.

Youth led him on to these ingagements of pleasure: New acquaintance (which still grew faster and faster vpon him) begat new inuitations, those inuitations brought forth new  
145 delights, and those delights, seru'd as pullies to draw on fresher and larger expences; All these seruing together as so many hookes, nay as so many cast-Anchors, to fasten him from setting forward in his intended voyage homeward.

In this multiplicity of acquaintance, Iollities and Iouiall  
150 meetings, Ferdinand did often happen into the familiarity of diuers Merchants Wiues of London, whose beauties (though they were excellent) and behaiours able to tempt any man, to admire and dote vpon them, yet to him they were but as colours to a blinde man; the musicke of their enchanting tongues but  
155 songs to the deafe: he had (as he thought) a brighter starre of his owne to sayle by: these painted fires gaue to him no heate, the sunne-beames that sent warmth to him, were those which were shot from the sparkling eyes of his | most dearly-beloued B 2<sup>r</sup> Annabell.

160 The Fates had spunne good and euen threeds for him, had they still continued winding vpon this white bottome, but then altdred the Distaffe, and so drew out his misery, and his Wiues misfortune.

This constancy of his, was but a watry sunne-shine; it  
165 seemed built vpon a rocke, but the foundation was not sound; this Oake that stode vp so high and strong, in resolution neuer to be shaken with any allurements, is now in danger to be riuen in sunder, and cleft euen to the roote, by the lightning flying from the eyes of a strange woman.

170 For one day chancing in a company of young Gallants like himselfe, to fall into priuate discourse, with a delicate creature, rich in Attire, costly in Jewels, rare in the proportion both of face and body, sweet in voyce, and of a winning bewitching

behaviour, Ferdinand was on a suddaine taken prisoner by her  
 175 beauty. Her charmes were strong , and hee lay fast bound in  
 them. Hee vpon this first comming into the field , made suite  
 to be her seruant, and she after a few slight skirmishing words,  
 yeelded her selfe to be his Mistresse. The next day, he wooed  
 his young Mistresse, that her seruant might be so happy, as to  
 180 be suffered to visite her at her own lodging : And she feeling  
 what fish nibled at her bayte , gaue him line and leaue enough  
 to play , and told him , she was not so vnworthy as not to bid  
 so new, and so noble a seruant welcome.

The day wearing away, and the assembly in which Ferdinand  
 185 and his new-found Lady had beene merry together, being weary  
 of their pleasures (as feasting, dancing, drinking healthes, cour-  
 ting, and such like,) the Spell brake, and dissolued those chaines,  
 which had almost a whole day bound them within this circle.  
 Night approached, and all parted.

190 Ferdinand being come home , and locking himselfe into his  
 priuate Chamber , hee begins thus to contemplate | vpon the B 2<sup>v</sup>  
 beauties, graces , and perfections of his rare and most admired  
 Mistresse : if euer man met an Angell vpon earth, in the shape  
 of a woman, this is shee : if euer woman was too worthy to be  
 195 touched by any man, this was shee. Had she beene borne when  
 Idolatry was first committed, to her onely had the heathen giuen  
 adoration. In fashioning her Idæa, or the figure of her body in  
 his phantacy , her eyes through the windowes of his soule ,  
 presented themselues to him like a paire of starres. Her face he  
 200 called the Master-peece of all Art, sweetnesse, and proportion,  
 to equall which, nay to come but neere it in picture, it was not  
 possible for any Painter in the world to doe it with his Pensill :  
 Her hand he called his booke of palmestry : her foote the first  
 steppe to the stateliest Measure , that euer was prosecuted by  
 205 Motion : In briefe, her whole body (to the eye of his imagination)  
 appeared a Mine , stored with treasures beyond all valuation.  
 No Arithmetick could summe vp her excellencies, no figures set  
 downe the hopes of that happinesse which he conceiued in his  
 vnmatchable Mistresse.

210 But after his cogitations had thus ranne diuision on her



praises, his Vnderstanding began to fall into another tune, and his Memory to be set to this Note, to call to minde his deare and disconsolated Annabell in Bristow; presenting her therefore to his Remembrance, and the full volume of all her Vertues,  
215 being printed in his soule, he thus brake forth into a passionate reprehension of his new-conceiued folly.

And shall thy youth, thy beauty, thy integrity, modesty, and innocence (O my dearest sweet-heart) be by me forgotten? can I proue a traytor to thy pillow, who (I dare sweare it) art most  
220 true to mine? Must all my vowes made to thee when I wooed thee, all those Matrimoniall obligations, which I sealed to thee before Angels in the holy Temple, and all those protestations I left in kisses vpon thy lips, when I late and last parted | from B<sup>3r</sup>  
thee, must all this be forgotten, al written in sand, and left  
225 floating on the water! O Villaine that I am, to fire mine eye on a Beade of worthlesse christall, and preferre it before the rarest Diamond in the world: this woman sure, who hath made choyse of mee to be her seruant, is some Mermayde enticing mee to runne vpon the rockes of destruction: Stop then thine eares,  
230 and auoyde the danger by not listning to her enchantments. A Goddesses is ready to receiue thee into her armes at home, and a painted Witch opens hers, to kill thee in her false embraces abroad; I will not be caught by this sorcerous woman, I must not, I dare not.

235 At this he fetched a deepe sigh, And then his soule and her entring into conference together; Why (quoth hee) though I haue all the delicatest meates standing on mine owne table, may not I sit downe at another mans boord. What Wife is true to her Husband; Why then should any Husband be true to his Wife?

240 Wee are all borne free, why should marriage make vs bond-slaues? Shall the ceremony onely of a golden Ring, be a charme to binde me from enioying my pleasures? I am satisfied with a Wife, cloyed with her enioymments, my appetite is young, and must tast varieties. The fishes in the sea are not married; birdes  
245 in the ayre choose their Valentines, and that's their wedding; All the beasts vpon earth haue a liberty in desires to range how they will, and to take whom they will, why then should man be



made a captiue to any woman ? O my sweetest , dearest , most  
 delicious Mistresse, I dye if I liue not to doe thee seruice, I cannot  
 250 be beaten from thee with frownes , with swords , with Death :  
 yes, Death onely can force our seperation, nothing else shall.

Hauing thus spent the night in these passionate perturba-  
 tions, the morning summoned him to appeare before the Saint  
 he so honoured. Vp in all hast hee rises , and hastens to the  
 255 lodging of his Mistresse, who not | willing to loose such a golden B<sup>3v</sup>  
 Flie , as she made account this her new Burring-seruant would  
 proue , was weauing her curious Loom-workes, with the best  
 and surest Art she could. For she left her bed betimes, to make  
 her face by painting shew more excellent, which of it selfe was  
 260 absolute before : He came, and saluted, and kist her, and in that  
 kisse, felt all his bloud put into a terrible burning : he saw her  
 in brauery, rich as a Queene , bright in Jewels as the morning-  
 sunne , breathing from her apparell , perfumes more pretious  
 than those which the Spring giues to the earth : hee saw her ,  
 265 and stooode astonished to behold her : hee saw her , and forgat  
 that euer he saw a Wife , to whom his eyes did owe that duty  
 and tribute which he payde to a Curtizan. But shee to put him  
 out of this traunce, tooke her Lute, which she touched sweetly,  
 and sung to it more sweetly , and by this striuing to awaken  
 270 him , shee cast him into a deeper sleepe : out of which againe  
 she startled him by the Magick of her enticing lips , on which  
 dwelling with a languishing delightfull pleasure , tasted , nay  
 was so filled with sweets , that he thought one Apple in this  
 Garden, worth a whole Orchard of his Wifes at home.

275 Dalliance thus charming them into a liking one of another ,  
 Ferdinand vowed euer to be hers, and none but hers, she swears  
 euer to be his, and none but his.

Dayes, weekes, and moneths were consumed between these  
 two vnchast Louers, in all kindes of varied pleasures, that ryot  
 280 could inuent. There was no new fashions in apparell , but she  
 had them : no lewell (how costly so euer) but shee was Mistresse  
 of it. A Caroach and Coach-horses he bought for her, in which  
 he and she together were sometimes whorried to Play-houses ,  
 somtimes to Brainford, to lye there, then to Barnet, to lye there,

285 then to Bow to be merry there , then to Black-wall to see the  
Ships there, and hen to Bloomesbury to solace themselues there.  
And so to all bawdy Bees lying neere and about London. | B 4 r

His Wife seeing her Beloued stay beyond the time limited by  
himselfe for his returne, at first began to wonder, then to mistrust,  
290 then to lament for his absence. But ill newes being swifter of  
wing than any other bird, came flying into Bristow, and alighting  
in Annabells eare, (that was open day and night listning for some  
good tydings of her lost Husband) did there sing to her a sad  
note of the lewd and lasciuious courses of Ferdinand with a  
295 Courtizan. Hereupon shee tore her haire, beat her white breasts,  
cursed her hard fortunes , and wish'd that either she had beene  
borne deformed, that none might euer haue loued her, or that her  
face had been made as enticing as that Strumpets, on whom her  
Husband doates , for then she had kept him to her selfe, where  
300 now in this wandring shee is in danger to loose him for euer.  
To poast after him to London , would but proclaime his faults,  
which shee was willing to hide from the world : to come and  
teare out those bewitching eyes of his Harlot , she had not a  
heart to hurt , that which her Husband had chosen to loue so  
305 dearely. Wauering thus betwixt many doubts & feares, fed with  
hopes, that yet he would come home, & frighted with despaire,  
that she should neuer more see him , (for sinne is a luscious  
meate , and the more we taste it , the more we desire it : It is a  
Sea, and being once got into it, (without a good Pilot) tis not so  
310 easie to returne againe to shoare :) vpon these considerations ,  
she writ many louing Letters , to call and recall her deare Hus-  
band home. But he (as the papers came) still shewing them to  
his Mistresse , the passions of a Wife , were commicall Playes  
to a Strumpet : the teares which the one sent , dropping on the  
315 Letters as she writ them, were pledg'd in kisses by the other, on  
her Husbands cheekes, and in Claret-wine and Sugar. The young  
Womans Father and friends likewise hearing of these dissolute  
courses taken by Ferdinand , found him out , and both by soft  
perswasions , | and harsh threatnings did their best to winne B 4 v  
320 him to his Wife, but he laugh'd to scorne their counsell.

At last , the bonfires of his prodigality being almost burnt

out, his purse shrinking, his money melting, his credite decaying,  
 and his debts encreasing to such a mountaine, it was not possible  
 for him to climbe well ouer them, without tumbling into one of  
 325 the Coumpters, hee priuately with many ostentations and oathes  
 to his Mistresse, to returne from Bristow so soone as hee could  
 furnish himselfe there with moneyes, tooke his leaue of her, she  
 distilling from her eyes some fewe drops of hot waters, which  
 her faigned sorrow dranke off to him, to comfort his heart, at  
 330 the farewell : but she hauing other Sickles to cut downe her  
 corne than his, the shower of teares which she rayned vpon her  
 whorish cheekes being soone dried vp, the storme was quickly  
 blowne ouer, and she was to prouide for another golden haruest.

But leaue we her, plucking pleasure and diseases out of one  
 335 and the same Well : and let vs follow him to Bristow : whither  
 being secretly come, and with all expressions of a noble, louing,  
 and forgiuing Wife, welcommed by the vertuous Annabell : shee  
 weeped for ioy, and as she weeped, mildly chid him, and as she  
 chid him, gaue him a thousand kisses.

340 He ashamed to abuse such an excellent Goodnesse, shut vp  
 his wrongs to her in as sweete language, as he could hansomly  
 meete with ; and told her, there was no staying for him in safety  
 either in Bristow or London : his estate (he said) was weake,  
 yet not so weake, but that he had a staffe to hold it vp from  
 345 falling, and that was certaine bagges of money, left in a trusty  
 friends hands, when he departed for London, which money hee  
 would closely, and instantly disburse in Merchandize, and in  
 some good Shippe (of which he himselfe would be Captaine)  
 and with a Ging of good fellowes, try his fortune at Sea : Shee  
 350 vnwillingly-willing, yeelds to this, so in- | to the Straights hee C<sup>1</sup>  
 ventures.

At Scanderoone hee goes on shore, and vents such Commo-  
 dities as hee had by Carauans, vp at Aleppo, amongst the  
 Turkes, and such Christian Merchants as there were in Trafficke :  
 355 in so much, that by his industrie and knowledge in Commerce,  
 he might haue made a reasonable good voyage, if vpon the sale  
 of his Wares brought thither, and lading his Ship with Commo-  
 dities from thence, hee had returned home, without encountring



any second fortune. But Heauen smiling vpon him, appointed a  
360 Turkish Pirate (richly furnished) to set vpon our Captaine of  
Bristow, and his mad merry company : who were all English-  
men, couragious, skilfull, resolute, and tall Sea-men, euery one  
of them swearing to liue and dye with their noble Captaine.

The Turke set vpon them, they brauely returned an English  
365 defiance. The Turkes called vpon Mahomet, the Christians cried  
St. George, but called vpon Him whom they knew could helpe  
them. The Fight was short, but cruell, the victory doubtfull,  
but speedy ; for the Turkish Pirate being boarded, and as fast  
throwne ouer-board, as the English could enter, a noble and  
370 rich spoile was made, the true man robd the thiefe : Captaine  
Ferdinands Ship was doubly laden, with treasure, and with  
acclamations of ioy, the Turkes went sneaking to their holes,  
and the English put in at a hither part of Christendome, to  
refresh their wounded men, and to giue them good victuals.

375 I must here put you in minde of one thing, which before when  
Ferdinand was to come from Bristow, I should haue remembred,  
and that was this : At the time when he was ready to prepare  
for his Sea-voyage, he told his Wife, All that he could get  
together, was little enough to furnish him forth for so waighty  
380 a businesse, yet hee would leaue sufficient to maintaine her in  
his absence : And then merrily asking her what shee would  
venture | with him, she answered, shee would aduenture all C<sup>1v</sup>  
that she had, and that was her body, and her poore life : no,  
sayes her Husband, you shall not : I will not hazard all our  
385 substance in one bottome : Why then, quoth shee, though my  
body must stay at home, my heart shall goe with you, and vpon  
what shoare so euer you land, my good wishes for your  
prosperity, and prayers for your health shall euer wayte vpon you  
as your seruants : And yet because it shall not be said, but that  
390 both by Sea and Land, my fortunes shall still set their foote by  
yours, I will put in my share in your Aduenture : What (my  
good sweet-heart said her Husband :) Sir, replied his Wife,  
you haue often layd out much money, which neuer brought  
home any profit, I dare therefore not trust you with much : All  
395 that I put into your hands, is onely one single penny. Hee



smiling vpon her, asked what he should doe with that penny ,  
 marry (quoth shee) onely buy and bring home for that mony a  
 penny-worth of wit. Hee glad to see her so pleasantly conceited,  
 protested hee would lay out her money, to the best aduantage  
 400 he could : and so tooke his leaue of her.

You heard before, that after the Fight was ended betweene  
 Ferdinand and the Turkish Pirates our Bristow Captaine went  
 on shoare to refresh his men. During his absence in a Port-  
 towne of Spaine (called Saint Lucer de Barameda in Andaluzia,  
 405 for there his Ship put in,) one of the Marriners who stayd  
 aboard, (being a merry conceited fellow, and one that knew  
 all the passages of Ferdinands life, all his wilde humours, and  
 mad fits playde betweene him, his Wife, and his Curtizan)  
 intending to pin some merriment vpon his Captaines shoulder,  
 410 disguised his face like to a tann'd Gipse, and put himselfe into  
 nothing but ragges, like a begger, and in this manner stode  
 waiting on the shore, till his Captaine was to come backe to  
 take shipping : Ferdinand being then passing by him, this  
 supposed Roague, setting | out a wide throate , cryed out in a C<sup>2r</sup>  
 415 bigge voyce , Noble Captaine, braue honest Captaine, bestowe  
 one single penny vpon a poore man, vpon an Englishman, vpon  
 your Country-man ; that shall pray you may haue a boone  
 voyage , good worthy Captaine , one penny, one poore single  
 penny.

420 Ferdinand hearing the name of English-man, and that word,  
 single penny, cast his eye backe vpon my counterfet beggar ,  
 and the sound of single penny put him in minde of his Wife ,  
 and her venture of a penny , and what he was to buy with it.  
 So, turning to the Fellow, Troth honest Countrey-man (said he)  
 425 for so I perceiue thou art by thy tongue ; what thou begg'st for  
 I haue about me, and so drew forth his Wifes penny ; looke thou,  
 here's a new single penny, but I haue other imployment for it,  
 than to bestow it on a Beggar, for it is an aduventure put into  
 my hands by my Wife, and I am to buy with it, for her, a penny-  
 430 worth of wit.

O Master, cries the Begger, you were better giue me the  
 penny, than trauaile so long, till you buy so rich a commodity

- as Witte, for so poore a summe of money. Many come into this  
Country, and others on this side the Seas, and spend they care  
435 not what, onely to get wit, and knowledge, and experience, but  
in the end returne home as arrant Coxcombes as I did, when I  
came from trauell. Many a thousand pound haue I layde out  
to purchase Wit, but I could neuer reach to so much as a  
farthings worth. Thou many a hundred pounds (said Ferdinand,)  
440 Yes Captaine (answered the Begger) no dispraise to your person,  
I once held myselfe as braue a Gallant as your selfe : my Silkes  
and Sattins on my backe, men at my heeles, roaring Boyes at  
my beck, my Comrades at a call. And how (quoth the Captaine)  
commest thou to be so poore : I will tell you how (said tother.)  
445 One part of my mony ranne away with Come on sixe, and Come  
on seuen : I could play at Novum, | Passage, In and In, Mum C 2<sup>v</sup>  
Chance, at Tables, Irish, Tick-tack, any thing, at Cardes, Maw,  
Sant, Primero, Primauiста, Gleeke, Poast and Paire, Whiske,  
all Games, Noddy, and any Game where a Knaue was to be  
450 turn'd vp. All the money I either woonne or lost this way, went  
sure to the Deuill, for I had it with damnable swearing, and  
parted from it, with abominable tearing of God, blasphemy,  
and cursing. Another part of my money melted away in Sack  
and Claret, but I lick'd my lips prettily well at this Feast, for I  
455 met for my money, Wine, good Cheere, good Fires, good  
Wenches, good Musick, and good knocking Reckonings. A third  
part of my money I spent, nay, cast away vpon a Whore, a  
dainty one, a young one, a proud-one. So long as my siluer  
lasted, her brazen-face was alwayes at my nose, kissing me :  
460 but when my cheekes grew leane, and my Pockets empty,  
away flies my Wag-tayle. Now my noble Captaine, if (as I  
know most of our English Gallants doe) you haue a liquorish  
tooth in your head, and keepe a Punk, hang her, dam her, trust  
her not, sheele graze vpon thy meddow so long, as there's a  
465 blade of grasse, that gone, shee leapes ouer hedge and ditch  
into any Butchers Pasture. But if (my braue Captaine and  
Country-man) thou hast a Wife, kisse her, coll her, trust her,  
try her, for shee will runne for Aqua-vita to recouer thy fortunes,  
when thy Cockatrice shall cast them into a swound. Should thy

470 Shippe lye here vpon a sand, and could not stirre for want of  
water to fetch thee off, thy Strumpet would not throw out the  
Bason in which shee washes her hands (vnlesse for her owne  
benefit) where thy Wife (If thou hast a good-one) would draw a  
sea out of her eyes to saue thee from sinking.

475 The Captaine hearing the Begger-man talke thus, with a  
smiling countenance, gaue him his Wifes single penny, and  
told him, he did not thinke, but that the mo- | ney was layde C<sup>3r</sup>  
out as she desired: for that penny should peradventure send  
him and his Ship home with a richer Lading, than fiue hundred  
480 pound could furnish him with: And so thanking the poore  
Fellow for his Discourse, hee gaue him besides at parting, foure  
peeces of Eight for a farewell to drinke his Health, which the  
Begger swore he would doe. Ferdinand presently gets aboard  
to make for England, and the mad Marriner as nimbly teares  
485 off his ragges (vnknowne to any man) and leapes into the Ship  
almost as soone as the Captaine.

In this interim of Ferdinands being at Sea, his faire Mistresse,  
wondring at his long absence, considering his vehement oathes  
(with all speede possible to returne) and being loath to loose  
490 such a Gold-Finch, that sung so sweetly in her eare: shee  
(partly for a kinde of loue shee bare him (he being a very proper  
man) but chiefly for his estate, which she knew was great, and  
to catch which she did angle) came in her thundering Caroach  
like some great Lady to Bristow, with this resolution, If Ferdi-  
495 nand were there, then to enioy him as before, if not there, yet  
she would repaire her losses and charge of the Iourney vpon  
any other whom she next lighted on, fit to be made a property,  
as no doubt but Bristow had store of such tame fowle, as well  
as any other Citty. Her wishes and intentions hit the markes  
500 she shot at: for Tarsell-gentle, in abundance came to the fist  
of our shee-Faulkconer.

By this time, (winde and weather fauouring him) Ferdinand  
is as secretly arriued at Bristow, as hee departed closely from  
thence: and stepping priuately to a deare friend, enquires what  
505 newes in the Towne, how all the mad Girles did, and what new  
Wenches were come to Bristow; so that in the end by way of



merry Discourse , and descanting vpon other Women , he perceiu'd (but conceal'd it) that his Mistresse had followed him thither , and his heart (leaning to his old byas) began almost C<sup>3v</sup>  
510 to leape for ioy, to thinke that hee found his noble sweet-heart so kinde. But then remembring his Wifes single penny, and the Beggers counsaile , hee meant to make triall what his Wifes Venture would come to ; and so putting himselfe into ragges like a Begger , with a short Cudgell in his hand , he found out  
515 her lodging, and knock'd to speake with her. One of her seruants seeing such a totterdemalion Rascall , enquired scuruiely what he would haue ; tother replied as scuruiely , I must speake with your Lady or Mistresse : Away you lowzie Slaue , cried the Pandar , my Mistresse a companion for such a Nitty-breech as  
520 thou art, to talke to her ! but my counterfet Bristow-Maunderer, in a very pittifull voyce told him, that hee had Letters from one Ferdinand a Merchant , and somewhat else by word of mouth to deliuer to her.

Vpon this he was called vp into her Chamber , and then  
525 requesting to deliuer his message in priuate ; all were commanded out of the roome, but himselfe and her, and then asking, if she knew him not by his voyce, (for by his tattred attire and face she could not) he told her , he was that Ferdinand , whom once she loued so dearely , and shee that Mistresse of his that  
530 commanded both his life and fortunes ; all the happinesse hee had on earth, was to enioy her presence : tells her how he was taken Prisoner by the Turke, made a Gally-slaue, tugg'd at the Oare , had an hundred blowes on the naked backe with a Bulls peeze, fed on course browne-bread and water, and hardly got  
535 away (but most miraculously) with life : entreates her (what needes intreaties) hee presumes shee is so noble , that she will lodge him in her bosome as shee had woont ; prayes her to send into the Towne for cloathes to make him braue, for good cheere to fill his belly, forsome cleane linnen , for he was lowzie , and  
540 that hee might haue a good fire to shift himselfe by : But she casting an eye of scorne at his basenesse, re- | uiled him, kick'd C<sup>4r</sup>  
at him , bid him Auant , called for her seruants to thrust him out of dores : but he falling on his knees, begg'd as shee was a Woman, to let him lye in some Hay-loft , in some Stable, vpon



545 a heape of Horsedung , for since his comming to shoare , hee  
 had killed a man that misused him ; and if shee turned him out  
 of dores, it was his assured death and confusion. Nay, you base  
 scum (cried she) and so tumbling him into the street , shut the  
 dores vpon him.

550 He then (all ragged as he was) went in priuate home to his  
 Wife ; shee for all the misery round about him , knew his face,  
 hung about his necke , wept for ioy , and enquired what mis-  
 chance sent him to her in this pittifull estate. He told her , his  
 Ship was burnt by Pirates, his Goods taken from him, his men  
 555 slaine, and himselfe onely scaped with life. And that's all (quoth  
 his Wife) which I desire : let Ship, Goods, and all be lost , so I  
 finde thee : my Rings, Jewels, Plate, nay, my owne apparell Ile  
 presently pawne, or sell out-right, to furnish my deere Husband  
 fitting to his worth : but he ouer-ioyed at this her admirable  
 560 loue, and vnfaigned expressions of a noble Wife, pluck'd off his  
 ragges, and vnder them discouered a faire habite ; but entreating  
 her, to pardon his absence for an houre or two, for the dispatch  
 of a most especiall businesse, hee leaues her full of ioy, both at  
 his vnexpected Arriual, and at his prosperous Voyage, of which  
 565 in some fewe words, hee gaue her a firme assurance.

Ferdinand then richly attiring himselfe , and taking foure or  
 fiue of his Marriners, neatly apparelled, passed by the Curtizans  
 dore once or twice ; shee spying him, sent after him, the seruant  
 saying , his Mistresse entreated him by any meanes to come  
 570 backe, and speake with her. He did so, when she at his entrance  
 into her Chamber, ranne and fell vpon his cheekes, printing on  
 them and his lips an 100. kisses , and telling him that a base  
 Rascall | <sup>1)</sup> deare as shee could hold it vp) agreed with Ferdi- C 4 v  
 nand, that for 500 crownes a moneth, hee should Inioy her body,  
 575 her bed, her house, and all that belonged to her command. The  
 greatest Magnifico in Venice (shee told him) would bee glad to  
 bee sharer with two more, and so inioy her by tournes, yet each  
 of them to allow her so poore a Summe : nay the brauest Clar-  
 issimo, to inioy her, as now shee comes to him , (alone) would

<sup>1)</sup> Hier eine Lücke den ganzen Bogen D umfassend.

580 into her Apron euery moneth cast a thousand crownes, but hee  
being an englishman, and gracious in her eye, shee would exact  
but that slender hire : It being the custome of Venice, that what-  
soeuer a Courtizan, and a whoremaster bargaynes for, (be it for  
585 her side to recouer it, and make him pay it, and she is his (for  
that time) as absolutely as a beast bought in Smythfield, or a  
rotten ioynt of mutton sold at pye-corner : Her Enamorado being  
likewise (during the continuance of this agreemēt) more sure of  
his Itliā hackney, thā many englishmen are of their wiues, though  
590 a houshold full of eyes be fixed vpon them ; for if shee flyes out  
from him to any other, an action at the case here is nothing to  
that case, which the Bona roba, shall be in there, if once shee be  
found faulty : moneths, and moneths were consumed in libidinous  
and adulterous embraces, by these two ; Ferdinand, euer and  
595 anon, sending into England some slight Italian toyes to his wife  
with letters, expressing his great care to increase his estate, kept  
him so long from her, and that the delight hee tooke in seeing  
those Cities, and noble entertainment hee found amongst those  
Merchants, had caryed him vp higher into the countrey, but that  
600 hee would shorten his iourney and cut off much of his imployment,  
out of a desire to be agen in the armes of his Annabell.

Shee good soule belieued all this, vpon receipt of her hus-  
bands letters ; but he intended no such matter. Hee | was too fast E 1 r  
entangled in the allurements of a Wanton, and too farre engaged  
605 in purse and reputation to get off without exceeding losse, if not  
danger of life. For when an Italian Strumpet feeles her Louer  
flying from her, and in disdaine leauing her, a poysoned banquet,  
or a stab from a Panderly Brauo, soone ends her discontentment.

But our Bristow Merchant was too farre plunged in affection,  
610 to fall off, or grow coole in desires to her, vpon whose beauties  
he did more than doate : And therefore to shew that he was a  
right English-man, who will venture life and liuing, and all that  
hee hath in the world, before hee will loose his Wenche, hee not  
onely (more than his bargaine tyed him, of 500. crownes a  
615 moneth) had in banquets, costly Dinners and Suppers, and rich  
new Gownes and Tires for her, spent a world of money vpon

her : but also,(the faster as he thought to tye her to him,though he could not easily shake her off ) hee bestowed a company of admirable faire Jewels vpon his dearest Liuia.

- 620 Faire were those Jewels in outward shew ( as the wearer of them was) but many (or rather most) of the Stones were counterfet. For Ferdinand,by meanes of keeping company with many braue Italian Merchants, came acquainted with a Venetian Jew, (whose name was Caleb Mosolomon. This Jewe was wondrous
- 625 wealthy and wondrous wary,and as wicked in his wayes to get mony ( especially from Christians ) as any of his Hebrew tribes could be. Ferdinand came oft to his house , and was as often welcommed , but this feast of Jewish welcomes should be paid for at last in the tale of the reckoning. Mosolomon had abundance of as costly, true, and pretious Jewels of all fashions, as could be made,or bought for gold and siluer in the world, for it was his trade to deale with most Princes in Christendome by his Factours for such Commodities ; but as | amongst men and E 1 v  
women some are good , some bad : So Caleb (our subtill Jew)
- 635 perceiuing Ferdinand to be an vnthrif,that his Ships rich lading was swallowed vp , in a Venetian gulph , (a Venetian Whore) and that to fill such a Barne, a foole cared not,what corne field hee reaped , nor from whose Sheafes he stole ( were it but a handfull) hee saw he would sinke , and therefore to rid him out
- 640 of his paine,hee would tye some of his Plummets to his heeles. Hereupon,shewing one day,to our Bristow Lapidarie (that dealt in none but false Stones) a goodly heape of counterfet Jewels , (as faire to the eye , as any that were worne in Italy , and the falshood not easie to be found out,but by a very cunning work-
- 645 man) hee liked them so well , that being wondrous importunate to buy them , albeit the Jew held them at an vnreasonable rate, yet he had them for Time , a Bond being drawne to pay to Mosolomon, double the value, if he had not his mony iust vpon the day. The match pleased them both, the Jew laughed in his
- 650 sleeue, to see how hee had ouerreached a leacherous Christian, and the other as proudly hastned to his Italian Hen-Sparrow,to shew what costly and glorious Feathers he had bought to stick her with ; the Jewels were with thousands of thanks receiued ,



and as many kisses payd backe to him on his lips , which he  
655 accepted as a sufficient satisfaction.

The day of payment for these Jewels-being come , the Jew  
(as busie as a Kite ouer his prey ) soares ouer Ferdinands  
lodging, still looking when the money would be tendred : but a  
day or two being past ouer , and no Cash appearing , Caleb  
660 leapes for ioy, that now he shall haue the double : the Forfaiture  
to him would be as a feast ; a Christian to lye in Prison at his  
Suite , was a brauer triumph than when Turkish Gallies boord  
English Pirates : he sweares by his Hebrew Tribe from whence  
he is descended : hee will flea him alieue with miseries, if he hath  
665 not his monies : not a Christian | Farthing of Copper, or Brasse, E<sup>2</sup>  
no, not an olde Leaden Chandlers Token should be abated.

An Officer , ( nay a whole kennell of Hounds are let loose to  
seize vpon him , and to dragge him to Prison. But Ferdinand  
being an Englishman , and vnderstanding by his experience of  
670 London and Bristow, what it was to fall into Catchpoles hands,  
and how such Beagles where they fastned , did not onely bite,  
but draw bloud , kept himselfe out of the way , so that Ben  
Mosolomon was ready to runne mad with anger : that Jewes-  
trump in his mouth (his tongue) playd nothing but curses , his  
675 great nose swell'd twice so much as it was before , by his  
thumping and plucking it, almost off from his face, in rage , to  
thinke he should be so cousoned by a wenching Rascall , a  
Christian Whoremaster , and yet he said to himselfe, It was no  
wonder for him to be so gull'd, sithence 'twas too well knowne  
680 that English-men are as cunning as any Cheaters in the world.

In this interim of Ferdinand his wasting of his youth , his  
estate, and his honour, and the hazarding both of life and soule  
vpon an enticing Strumpet ; Did one Signior Iouanni Guidanes,  
returne to Venice from trauell : hee had before he went , made  
685 choise (amongst all the faces in that Citty) of this Liuia Fera-  
mouti to be his Mistresse,

Shee perceiuing by the Jew and others of whom Ferdinand  
had taken vp round summes of money , how the windes blew ,  
and that the breath of his fortunes grew colder and colder , and  
690 being glad to heare that Iouanni was come home , writ a few



wanton, but witty Verses, (for the Italian Women are excellent in those qualities) to welcome him from Trauell, and to inuite him to her lodging, vnknowne to her English sweet-heart, who now hung the wing, as being full of sicke feathers. |

E 2<sup>v</sup>

695 A stately Banquet (one appointed euening) was prepared at the Curtizans House, to which Signior Iouanni, attended vpon with one man onely, came, with resolution to renew his loue to his sweetest Mistresse, and that night to pay such tribute to her embraces, as was due to her by his so long absence.

700 Ferdinand not daring in the day to walke the streetes, came mufled in his cloake in the darke, with a Rapier by his side, to visite his Lady; and spying euery roome so full of lights, as if all the Starres had forsooke the Moone, to come and shine in her lodging, and (withall) hearing admirable voyces and instruments within, for shee had prouided all content, to please Iouanni: Ferdinand boldly knock'd at dore, presuming he had payd deere enough for the opening of her Wicket.

A Brauo, or ruffianly hee-Bawde, comes, and tels him, there was no Cushion for him to sit vpon to night; another was made  
710 Doctor of his Italian Chaire; the Ring-taile which hee lou'd to cut vp, was to be seru'd vp, and be layd on a Venetian Gentlemans Trencher (one Signior Iouanni Guidanes, Sonne to rich Antonio Guidanes, one of the chieftest Clarisimo's) and so bidding him to be packing, or if he were so hot for a Whore, there were  
715 enough i'th Citty, and if hee could not fall vpon them, Stand there still and coole his heeles, and (with that) shut the dores vpon him.

Iealousie and Reuenge, the Furies that haunt euery Italian, layd-hold (vpon this base affront of the Pandar) on Ferdinand,  
720 the custome of the people, and the inconstancy of the Women, teaching euen Strangers, if they dwell but a while amongst them, to snatch the fire-brandes out of those two Furies hands, and to be as madde as the Venetians them- | selues. Taking therefore  
this abuse offered to him by the Brauo, for an act of the Mistris,  
725 as knowing hee durst not haue done so without her consent, hee vows to kill this Iouanni, whatsoever hee should be, leauing his body at her very dores, as the monument of a Strumpets

E 3<sup>r</sup>

falseshood, and an englishmans noble reuenge vpon a corriuall,  
and this done by the ayde of darknes to escape, get a gundelo,  
730 and so shifting from Venice to fly first into France , ouer the  
Alpes, & after that into England. For this purpose the Spleene-  
full Ferdinand, walkes vp and downe, watching when this gallant  
should come forth ; but hee was too fast lockd in his Mistresses  
armes , to take any danger from a naked rapier : yet going to  
735 bedde with his beloued Madona, hee commanded his man to get  
him to his lodging, and attend for him next morning.

The fellow being lighted out of dores , and Ferdinand , who  
stood watching , not knowing the Master from the man , tooke  
this to bee the gentleman that wrongd him , and so running at  
740 him, the glimpse of the candle made him spie the weapon, which  
nimble though hee put by, yet was hee wounded in two or three  
places , murder then being cryed, and more candles being held  
out at seuerall windowes, the seruant that was hurt, was carryed  
off, and Ferdinand haled to prison.

745 The next morning , criminall Judges hauing the examination  
of this businesse, the Brauo giuing in euidence that he came to  
his Mistresses house, to quarrell, and doe some mischiefe, and  
Ferdinand being halfe mad that his reuenge fell so vnluckily on  
a poore vnworthy fellow, his aime being (as hee confest freely)  
750 to haue sped that Iouanni, who lodged there that night , in the  
armes of a Strumpet , whose flesh hee had bought , and paid  
dearely for: the matter then | grew more fowle in that besides E 3<sup>v</sup>  
the drawing blood from one , his intent was to murder another,  
yea and to murder such a gentleman so nobly descended as  
755 Guidanes was , for the loue , which all Venice bare , both to  
father , and sonne, the whole senate set a heauy fine on Ferdi-  
nands head , for his intent of murder , and albeit the fellowes  
wounds were not mortall , yet was hee (besides a doome \*of  
imprisonment) adjudged to pay for the cure , and to satisfie the  
760 seruant for his hurts.

The Jew (hearing of this imprisonment) laughed , and leaped  
for ioy, that the great fish was taken , which brake through his  
net , but sithence hee was in , hee would weare out his fingers  
ends, with tying knots, but hee should be fast enough, and so

765 layd an Action vpon him of 14000. crownes.

He then hoping for all this to finde some comfort at his Mistrisses hands, writ in Italian to her, but shee vnderstood not his language : to him shee could not send , (without loosing an Italian-friend worth twenty English) and come to him shee

770 would not.

Vpon this, casting his eyes backe at his fore-passed fortunes, and his now present miseries, hee began to thinke that heauen had iustly layd this shame and these crosses vpon him , for not still making vse of that counsell which the Marriner in shape of

775 a Beggar , gaue to him for his wifes single Penny : had hee followed it, comming to this Curtizan in Venice, as hee did when hee tryed that other in England, hee had neuer met such occasion to curse his folly, in making himselfe a mockery to all his country-

780 chants in Bristow. To call to minde the wrongs done to his wife, was to him more then a death : to thinke what summes of money his lust, and riot had in Venice consumed, euery piece of siluer fetchd drops | of blood from his heart. Hee that flung E 4 r  
away pounds , would now bee glad of a Penny : hee wished

785 himselfe in his owne countrey, sitting in some high way begging one single farthing, with no worse a conscience than those poore wretches , his country-men doe , that so liue vpon good mens charity : would hee (hee cryes out) had liued so euer: hee should not then answere for the lauish wasting of that , which was

790 sufficient to maintaine thousands ; where now, the remembrance of those fond expences as much torment his soule , as the want of the money afflicts his body ; happy , he protests , are those that begging a farthing-token, and making vp , foure of them , peraduenture sit now in England by a good fire , with a cuppe  
795 of strong drink in their hand , where I in this noisome and stincking dungeon, would be glad of cleane water to quench my thirst, and of a coale of fire to blow my nayles ouer.

Being driuen almost to the very dores of despaire , by these miseries , the last refuge hee had was to send for his wife from  
800 Bristow, and to perswade her with all possible speede to turne all the estate hee left with her , all his plate , all her chaynes,



rings , and iewells , yea euen to sell all his houshold-stuffe , to  
turne it into money, and if euer shee loued him, now to shew it,  
by redeeming him from a miserable captiuity : That word , if  
805 euer shee did loue him , was a charme strong-enough to make  
her fly ouer worlds of waters, and wildernesses of land to finde  
him out, and found, to set him at liberty, and being free from  
Jewes, Harlots, hard-hearted Christians, to lay him in her warme  
bosome , to forgiue whats past , to vpbrayd him with nothing,  
810 and in his wants to loue him as dearely, as euer shee did in his  
greatest abundance. And all this did the vertuous woman ( his  
wife.)

Suppose then you see them both come frō beyond | seas, not so E 4<sup>v</sup>  
beaten with windes and waues, as bitten by hunger. His dissolute  
815 courses causing all his owne friends to scorne to cast an eye of  
pitty on him, and the constant loue shee carryed to her distressed  
husband , taking from her friends all desire to helpe or comfort  
her, lest hee should be a sharer in those benefits. So that not a  
Sunne-beame of compassion shining from any friends, kindred,  
820 or acquaintance vpon either of them , in the end they both, (by  
the intercession , and teares , and modest countenance of the  
woman, got to be trusted with a few pipes, a little tobacco, and  
a small narrow shop, which was both their hall, bed-chamber,  
kitchin and Celler.

825 This was but a poore liuing for him, that had wont to freight  
ships with rich commodities, now to sit filling a pipe of tobacco;  
and for a penny , that single penny comes oft into his minde ,  
and vpbrayds him with his ill husbandry. The world is changed  
with him, it runs not now vpon wheelles, as once it did : hee that  
830 was wont to make Tauernes reare with the noise of gallon pots,  
and drawers to run vp stayres, and downe stayres, crying anon,  
anon , onely at his call , is now glad without any roaring or  
noyse-making , to be any mans drawer for a penny-pot of ale :  
his braue fires in a Tauerne chimney, are turned to a little panne  
835 of small coales, ouer which hee sits blowing, to light his customers  
pipes ; his riotous dinners and Suppers are forgotten, and instead  
of them, a poore dinner of sprats, now and then, for fish dayes,  
and a sheepes Geather or a sheepes head on fleshdayer, and very



good cheere too : in former times, neither hee or his wife could  
 840 tell what a fasting day meant, but now they could hardly meete  
 with any other ; and albeit a man that has euer gon with full  
 pockets, continually fed at full tables, and neuer felt what want  
 was, could not without much repining, cursing, and disdaine ,  
 vndergoe so low and wretched a course of life : yet with such a  
 845 noble patience did his vertuous wife , | both beare her owne F I r  
 sorrowes, and councelled him not to sinck vnder his, that hee by  
 her example was as louiall, in this his pouerty , as euer before  
 hee was in plenty , and ( how great soeuer their wants were  
 knownen to themselues ) yet would shee sett a good face vpon ,  
 850 and not once shew a sad or heauy countenance , for feare to  
 displease, or discomfort her husband.

It was a wonder to see, and heare, how people would descant  
 vpon these two, for their making shift to liue in this order : Some  
 laughed him to scorne, and said , pride had now caught a fall,  
 855 the Peacocks fethers were plucked , and such like, others were  
 glad to see him take any honest course to liue , considering in  
 what high brauery hee spread his sailes before , but all persons  
 ( both men and women , did mightily commend the wife , who  
 in all these misfortunes was neuer seene to knit a brow, or heard  
 860 to vpbrayd her husband with any of his dissolute former courses,  
 by which they were both brought to this beggery. It being then  
 bruted vp and downe the City, that Ferdinand, the braue young  
 Merchant that came from Bristow, was fallen to decay, and liude  
 in that meane manner as you haue heard before , a gentleman  
 865 who knew him when hee was in his lollity, and had taken notice  
 of the state hee was in now, came to the Courtizan vpon whom  
 hee spent so much in London, when he called her Mistris, and  
 as a most strange newes told her , that her seruant Ferdinand,  
 (whom she followed to Bristow) was in London, but exceeding  
 870 poore. A pox on him quoth shee) so when I was in Bristow, hee  
 put a trick vpon mee , and came like a roague to mee in his  
 plymouth-cloake , and cheated mee of all the rings , Jewells ,  
 bracelets , and any thing of any worth , that euer he gaue me,  
 sending me home like a sheepe new shorne with scarce any  
 875 wooll on my back : why then said the gentleman, hees payd in

the same-crackd money , which hee deliuered to you : Hee that  
shaued is now shauen, | and so close cut, that what wooll, you F 1 v  
carried on your back , I know not , but I feare hee has scarce  
wooll, or skin on his back, for hee is so poore that his wife and  
880 he are glad to keepe a tobacco-shop : a tobacco-shop (cryed his  
quondam Mistris) O strang. It shall neuer be said, that I loued  
a man , in his brauery , and would not looke vpō him in his  
necessity , the iniury he did me at Bristow, I deserued it , and  
pardon it : his wrongs I forget , but not him , the many iouiall  
885 dayes and nights hee and I haue spent together, are so freshly,  
and deeply printed in my memory , that if I should not with  
gladnesse call them to minde,I would count my selfe ingratefull.  
It shall neuer be reported that a man , a gentleman , a noble-  
minded young fellow,spent his money vpon mee,when hee was  
890 full of golden pieces, and let them fly, but now hee wants those  
pieces, and is become poore, I will spend part of what I haue,  
vpon him. This is not the common humor of mad wenches (such  
as I am) about the Citie , that get their liuing by the labour of  
their thighes, and care not so they suck mens estates (like their  
895 bodies) to the bare bones : I am altred from the creature, I was  
at Bristow,and so, intreating the gentleman, to direct her to the  
shoppe which Ferdinand kept,shee making herselfe very gallant,  
went thither, whom hee beholding, blushed, as red as fire , for  
shame shee came vpon him so vnwares,into so homely a roome,  
900 his wife and hee being so meanely habited : But this Mistris of  
his , ( being a wench of a lusty spirit ) stepd to his wife , and  
kissing her , told her , shee was come to begge pardon for a  
robbery shee had committed,in stealing away her husband,some  
dayes from her board , and some nights from her pillow : but  
905 protests hee shall neuer play the trewant more with her : is sorry  
for what was past ; and wishes hee had layd out his riots at no  
worse a market in Venice, then hee met with, in London , and  
that his Italian banquet had beene no dearer then that which | F 2 r  
shee inuited him to in England. Annabell in a milde voice, tels  
910 her partner, that shee has crost the booke of all former reckon-  
ings : the debt of her anger (both at her,and her husband) is all  
payd, shee forgiues them both, so, they runne no more vpon a

- new score with her, which both of them vow neuer to doe, and then the Courtizan swearing likewise neuer againe to breake  
 915 into her orchard to steale a way those apples, which are for her owne eating, nor if shee can helpe it, neuer hereafter to come into the company of her husband, in some part of satisfaction towards all expences betweene them, shee deliuers to his wife as a free gift, twenty Pieces, and so takes her leaue in this  
 920 vnexpected kindnesse, conquering all ill opinion conceiued against her, and that small summe of money of twenty peices, redeeming all the lauish spendings vpon his Mistris, and making more amends to Ferdinands wife, then all his riotous layings out, did doe her hurt before.
- 925 Misfortunes sildome walke alone, and so when blessings doe knocke at a mans dore, they lightly are not without followers and fellowes. For iust vpon this golden visitation (not vsually put in practice by creatures of her quality) came home Theobald, the Marriner from Sea, vpon whom our Bristow Merchant at his  
 930 Wifes request, bestowed one hundred pound, for the good he receiued by the single Penny, and trusted him with another hundred pound to be repayed, if euer heauens should send him a Boone voyage, that he might be able to spare it: With those two hundred pounds this Marriner playing the good Husband  
 935 beyond the Seas, in Barbary, and other places within the Straights, had so encreased his Stocke, that hee was esteemed a rich man, and his credite very good vpon the Exchange: He comming to this Tobacco-Shop, his face much sunne-burnt with trauell, and his cheekes growne ouer with haire, called for a  
 940 Pipe of smoake, and was not knowne. Fer- | dinand perceiuing F 2<sup>v</sup>  
 by his tann'd complexion, and habite, that he was a Sea-man, asked in what part of the world he had lately beene, and the other replying, both in Barbary, and some other places within the Straights, Ferdinand prayes him to tell him, if hee knowes  
 945 not one Theobald, and whether he saw him not in Barbary, yes (quoth Theobald) I both knew him, and saw him; but now hee's past either my knowledge or sight in this world, for these very hands help'd to bury him in the bottome of the Sea, where he dyed. Ferdinand started at this, and looking pale, with a deepe



950 sigh from his heart, exprest a great deale of sorrow for the losse  
of so faithfull and honest a friend ; and his Wife hearing the sad  
Storie, clapping her hand on her knee (as she sate) O sweet heart  
(said she) if Theobald begone, the best of our hopes lye a dying :  
for it was likely, if euer heauen had prospered him, he would not  
955 haue showne himselfe vnthankfull to you or to me, for the cour-  
tesies you and I did him. No remedy (quoth her Husband) wee  
must all dye one day, and since one of our best Cards is out of  
the bunch, let vs shuffle and cut in the world as well as wee can :  
one good, true friend as he was, (reckoning the treachery amongst  
960 men in these dayes) is worth a rocke of Diamonds, and though  
we are cheated of him by death , yet let vs two be true to one  
another , for the loue of man and wife is the noblest friendship.

By this time, our Marriner, or rather now our Merchant, had  
whiff'd off three Pipes of Tobacco , for which he was to pay  
965 three pence. And drawing out a whole handfull of gold , told  
them, he had no white mony, & they could not change any one  
peece ; yet looking in another pocket , hee asked if they would  
take Tokens, yes (said Ferdinand) they are as welcome to mee  
now , as Angels and double Soueraines haue beene in diebus  
970 illis, in my mad dayes, (for I haue spent some.) The other then  
told him, he could make but eight Tokens , and that was | but F 3 r  
two pence, a penny lesse than his due ; no matter Sir (answered  
our new Tobacco-man ) for his sake whom you say you knew,  
and saw him buried at Sea, let it alone, you shall pay nothing,  
975 and if you please , drinke as much more : nay , cryed tother ,  
shall I goe a'th score, or drinke in forma pauperis , my Pockets  
hauing such gay lynyngs in them.

See, see, I now can make vp your money , for there's eight  
Tokens , and a single penny in siluer (looke you) tyed with a  
980 string through the hole in it , for feare of running away, and I  
can tell you, I part very vnwillingly with that Penny : Ferdinand  
and his Wife seeing the silke string , and noting the Penny, O  
(cryed she) Husband , this is the single Penny you had of me,  
when you went to Sea, and which afterwards you tyed about his  
985 arme that is dead. I did indeede (said he) and he swore, it should  
neuer from his arme, so long as there was any breath in his body.



- He was as good as his word then (replied Theobald) for when he yeilded vp the ghost , I (as before he bid me) tooke it from his arme : And because you shall know I am no counterfet
- 990 Messenger, looke vpon me well , hath my kissing the sunne so altred my face, I am that Theobald, this is the same Penny, for which you gaue me an hundred pound in gold , for the good it did you : that Penny hath done me good too, I am a made man by it, and shall not onely my selfe euer loue a Penny, but counsell
- 995 euery man else to make much of a Penny when he hath it ; It is a Beggers stock , and a rich mans stewardship. You my noble Captaine, and worthy Master, made one lucky Voyage with it, and brought home Witte for it, (though since I heare, by your trauellling without it , you came home a looser: ) I haue made
- 1000 another Voyage with the same Penny , and praise be giuen to heauen, I haue brought home wealth by it : Much am I in your debt, but am come honestly to pay you all : you bestowed this | F 3<sup>v</sup> single Penny vpon me, when you tooke me for a Begger, I returne your owne Penny backe againe vpon you, whom I now take, not
- 1005 to be very rich : the one hundred pound my good Mistresse woo'd you to giue me, behold I lay for them an hundred golden pictures in her lap , with the other hundred pound you trusted me with , to be payd , when the Seas and I playing together, I should get a lucky hand : that houres come, I now haue it, and
- 1010 all that I am owner of , comming to mee by your meanes , not onely euery Penny that is mine shall be yours, but euery pound be sent of an errand to fetch in profit. Hee was as good as his word , for he lent them so much money, as put him againe into his trade of
- 1015 Merchandize, and at this houre is he  
a very worthy Merchant  
in London.

*FINIS.*

F 4<sup>r</sup>

Materialien zur Kunde  
des  
älteren Englischen Dramas

# Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas

UNTER MITWIRKUNG DER HERREN

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BEGRUENDET UND HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

W. BANG

o. ö. Professor der Englischen Philologie an der Universität Louvain

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VIERUNDZWANZIGSTER BAND

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LOUVAIN  
A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG  
O. HARRASSOWITZ

LONDON  
DAVID NUTT

1909

# EVERYMAN

REPRINTED BY

W. W. Greg

FROM THE EDITION BY JOHN SKOT

IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. A. H. HUTH

*No plates*

98563  
24/9/09.

LEIPZIG  
O. HARRASSOWITZ

LOUVAIN  
A. UYSTPRUYST

||  
1909

LONDON  
DAVID NUTT






## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The edition of *Everyman* by Skot, preserved in the Britwell library, was reprinted as the fourth volume of this series in 1904. At the time Skot's other edition, one of the many treasures of the Huth library, happened not to be available, hence the delay in the issue of the present reprint of that text. There remain the two editions by Pynson, fragmentary copies of which are extant in the British Museum and Bodleian libraries. It is proposed to issue reprints of these together with certain critical apparatus in a third and final volume.

The present reprint aims at reproducing the Huth text exactly, and three pages are given in photographic facsimile. The original is a small and thin quarto with the collation A<sup>6</sup> B<sup>6</sup> D<sup>4</sup>, the first two quires each containing a sheet and a half, and there being no signature C. As in Skot's other edition, there are neither running-titles, page-numbers nor catchwords, but only signatures and signature-titles.

The two main woodcuts on the title-pages of the two editions are the same, but the ornaments and letter press differ, while the Huth edition introduces the name "Eueryman." on the label to the smaller cut, which is void in the Britwell edition. On the verso of the title-page, which is blank in the Britwell edition, the Huth has five woodcuts containing six figures, one being a repetition of the small cut on the title-page. There is one female figure labelled

## VIII

“Beauty” ; the five male figures are labelled “Felawshyp” “Eueryman.” “Dyscrecyō.” “strengthe.” “ Kynne.” respectively. The text begins without headtitle on recto A2 and ends on D4 recto. There is no colophon in the Huth edition, but the verso of the last leaf (D4) is occupied by a large device bearing Skot’s name and monogram, different from that in the Britwell edition, with ornaments above and below it.

The original volume in the Huth library measures  $184 \times 131$  mm., and the page of print, including speakers names and signatures,  $157 \times 111$  mm., the type being the same as in the Britwell edition. The whole title-page measures  $153 \times 89$  mm., the large cut alone  $100 \times 52$  mm. The total area covered by the cuts on the verso of the title-page is  $155 \times 92$  mm.; the device measures  $96 \times 86$  mm., the device and ornaments together  $140 \times 88$  mm.

The editors desire to express their cordial thanks to Mr. A. H. Huth for his kindness in placing the original at their disposal.

March 1909.

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**T**here begynneth a treatyse how the  
hye fader of heuen sendeth de the  
to somon euery creature to  
come and gyue a counte  
of theyr lyues in this  
worlde and is in ma-  
ner of a morall  
playe.







I

Pray you all gyue your audyence  
 And here this matter with reuerence  
 By fygure a morall playe  
 The somonȳg of eueryman called it is

- 5 That of our lyues and endyng shewes  
 How transytory we be all daye  
 This matter is wonderous precyous  
 But the intente of it / is more gracyous  
 And swete to bere awaye
- 10 This story sayeth man in the begynnynge  
 Loke well & take good hede to the endyng  
 Be you neuer so gaye  
 Ye thynke synne in the begynnynge full swete  
 Whiche in the ende causeth thy soule to wepe
- 15 Whan the body lyeth in claye  
 Here shall you se how felawshyp and iolyte  
 Bothe strengthe / pleasure / and beaute  
 Wyll vade from the as floure in maye  
 For ye shall here / how our heuen kenge
- 20 Calleth eueryman to a generall rekenynge  
 Gyue audyens and here what he wyll saye  
 ¶ God speketh.
- ¶ Iperceyue here in my maiestye                      God.  
 How that all creatures / be to me vnkynde  
 Lyuyng without drede / in worldely prosperytye
- 25 Of ghostly syght / the people be so blynde  
 Drowned in synne / they know me not for ther god  
 In worldely ryches is all theyr mynde  
 They fere not my ryghtwysenes / that sharpe rod  
 My lawe that I shewed / whan I for them dyed
- 30 They forgot clene / & sheddynge of my blod so redde  
 I hanged bytwene two theues / it caunot be denyed  
 The summenynge                      A.ii.

- To get them lyfe I suffrede to be deed  
 I heled theyr fete / with thornes hurt was my heed  
 I coude do nomore than I dyde truely  
 35 And now I se the people do clene forsake me  
 They vse the seuen deedly synnes dampnable  
 As pryde / couetyse / wrathe / and lechery  
 Now in the worlde be made commendable  
 And thus they leue of aungeles ẏ heuenly cōpany  
 40 Eueryman lyueth so after his owne pleasure  
 And yet of theyr lyfe they be not sure  
 I se the more that I them forbere  
 The worse they are from yere to yere  
 All that lyueth apperyth faste  
 45 Therfore I wyll in all the haste  
 Haue a rekenynge of euery mannes persone  
 For and I leue the people thus alone  
 In theyr lyfe and wycked tempestes  
 Verely they wyll be cume moche worse than bestes  
 50 For now one wolde by enuy another vp ete  
 Charytye they all do clene forgete  
 I hoped well that eueryman  
 In my glorye shulde make his mansyon  
 And therto I had them all electe  
 55 But now I se that lyke traytours deiecte  
 They thanke me not for the pleasure ẏ I to thē mēt  
 Nor yet for theyr beynge that I them haue lente  
 I profered the people great multytude of mercy  
 And fewe there be that asketh it hertely  
 60 They be so cumbred with worldly ryches  
 That nedes on them I must do iustyce  
 On eueryman lyuyng without feare  
 Where art thou deth ẏ myghty messengere



¶ Deth.

¶ Almyghtygod I am here at your wyll  
65 your commaundemente to fulfyll

¶ Go thou to eueryman

God.

And shew hym in my name

Apylgrymage / he must on hym take

Which he in no wyse may escape

70 And that he brynge with hym a sure rekenynge  
Without delay or ony taryenge

¶ Lorde I wyll in the worlde go ren ouer all

Deth.

And truely out serche bothe great and small

Eueryman I wyll be set that lyueth beestly

75 Out of goddes lawes / and dredeth not foly

He that loueth ryches I wyll stryke with my darte

His syght to blynde / and from heuen depart

Excepte that almes dedes be his good frende

In hell for to dwell / worlde without ende

80 Loo / yonder I se eueryman walkynge

Full lytell he thynketh on my cummynge

His mynde is on fleshely lustes / and his treasure

And great payne / it shall cause hym to endure

Before the lorde heuen kynge

85 Eueryman / stonde styll / whether arte y<sup>u</sup> goynge

Thus gayly Hast thou thy maker forget

¶ Eueryman.

¶ Why askest thou

Woldest thou wete

¶ Ye syr I wyll shew you

Deth.

90 In great hast I am sende to the

From god out of his maiestye

¶ What / sende to me

¶ Ye certaynly

euery man

Deth.

The somonyng.

A.iii.



- Though thou haue forgete hym here  
 95 He thynketh on the in the heuenly spere  
 As or we departe thou shall knowe  
 euery man ¶ What desyreth god of me  
 Deth. ¶ That shall I shewe the  
 A rekenynge he wyll nedes haue  
 100 Without lenger respyte  
 euery man ¶ To gyue a rekenynge longer layser I craue  
 This blynde mater troubleth my wytte  
 Deth. ¶ On the thou must take a longe Iourney  
 Therfore thy boke of counte w<sup>t</sup> the thou brynge  
 105 For turne agayne thou can not by no waye  
 And loke thou be sure of thy rekenynge  
 For before god shalte thou answeare and shewe  
 Thy many badde dedes and good but a fewe  
 How thou hast spede thy lyfe and in what wyse  
 110 Before the chefe lorde of paradyse  
 Haue a do that we were in that waye  
 For wete y<sup>e</sup> well thou shalte make none attournay  
 euery man ¶ Full vnredy I am suche rekenyuge to gyue  
 I knowe the not what messenger arte thou  
 Deth. ¶ I am dethe that no man dredeth  
 For euery man I rest and none spareth  
 For it is goddes commaundement  
 That all to me sholde be obedyent  
 euery man ¶ O deth thou cūest what I had y<sup>e</sup> leest in mynde  
 120 In thy power it lyeth me to saue  
 Yet of my good wyll I gyue the yf ye wyll be kynde  
 Ye a thousande pounce shalte thou haue  
 And dyfferre this mater tyll another daye  
 Deth. ¶ Euery man it may not be by no waye  
 125 I set not by golde syluer nor rychesse

- Ne by pope / emperoure / kynge / duke / ne prynces  
 For and I wolde receyue geftes great  
 All the worlde I myght gete  
 All my custome is clene contrary
- 130 I gyue the no respyte come hens and not tary  
 ¶ Alas shall I haue no longer respyte      euery man  
 I may saye deth geueth no warnynge  
 To thynke on the it maketh my herte s:cke  
 For all vnredy is my boke of rekenynge
- 135 But .xii. yere and I myght haue a bydynge  
 My countynge boke I wolde make so clere  
 That my rekenynge I sholde not nede to fere  
 Wherefore deth I praye the for goddes mercy  
 Spare me tyll I be prouyd of remedy
- 140 ¶ The auayleth not to crye wepe and praye      Deth.  
 But hast the lyghtly that y<sup>u</sup> were gone y<sup>e</sup> Iournaye  
 And proue thy frendes yf thou can  
 For wete you well the tyde abydeh no man  
 And in the worlde eche lyuyng creature
- 145 For adams synne must dye of nature  
 ¶ Deth yf I sholde this pylgrymage take      euery man  
 And my rekenynge surely make  
 Shewe me for saynt charyte  
 Sholde I not come agayne shortly
- 150 ¶ No eueryman and thou be ones there      Deth.  
 Thou must neuer more come here  
 T rust me veryly  
 ¶ gracyous god in hye sete celestyall      euery man  
 Haue mercy on me in this moost nede
- 155 Shall I haue no company fro this vale terestyall  
 Of myne aqueyntaunce that waye me to lede      Deth.  
 ¶ Ye yf ony be so hardy

- That wolde go with the / and bere the cumpany  
 Hye the that y<sup>n</sup> were gone to goddes magnyfycens
- 160 Thy rekenynge to gyue before his presence  
 What / wenest thou thylyfe is gyuen the  
 And thy wordely gooddes also
- euery man ¶ I had wende so verely
- Deth. ¶ Ney nay / it was but lend the
- 165 For as sone as thou arte go  
 A nother a whyle shall haue it / & than go therfro  
 Euen as thou hast done  
 Euenyman thou arte mad / y<sup>t</sup> hast thy wyttes fyue  
 And here on erth / wyll not amende thy lyue
- 170 For sodenly I do cume.
- euery man ¶ Oo / wretched caytyfe whether shall I flee  
 That I myght scape this endles sorow  
 Now gentyll deth spare me tyll to morow  
 That I may amende me
- 175 With good aduysemente.
- Deth. ¶ Nay therto I wyll not consent  
 Nor noman wyll I respyte  
 But to the harte sodenly I shall smyte  
 Without any aduysement
- 180 And now out of syght I wyll me hye  
 Se thou make the redy shortely  
 For thou mayst saye this is the day  
 That no man lyuyng may scape awaye
- euery man ¶ Alas I may well wepe with syghes depe  
 Now haue I no maner of cumpany  
 To helpe me in my iourney / & me to kepe  
 And also my wrytynge is full vnredy  
 How shall I do now / for to excuse me  
 I wolde to god I had neuer be gete

190 To my soule a great profyte it had be  
 For now I fere paynes huge and great  
 The tyme passeth / lorde helpe that all wrought  
 For though I mourne it aualet hought  
 The day passeth / and is almost ago

195 I wot not well what to do  
 To whome were I best my complante to make  
 What and I to felawshyp therof spake  
 And shewed hym of this sodayne chaunce  
 For in hym is all myne affyaunce  
 200 We haue in the worlde so many a daye  
 Be good frendes in sporte and playe  
 I se hym yonder cartaynely  
 I truste that he wyll bere me cumpany  
 Therefore to hym wyll I speke to ease my sorow

205 Well met god felawshyp and good morowe.

☞ Felawshyp speketh.

☞ Eueryman good morowe by this daye  
 Syr why lokest thou so pyteously  
 If any thyng be amys / I pray the me saye  
 That I may helpe to remedy

Felawe.

210 ☞ Ye good felawshyp ye  
 I am in greate ieoparde

euery man

☞ My true frende / shew to me your mynde  
 I wyll not forsake the / vnto my lyues ende  
 In the way of good cumpany

Felawe.

215 ☞ That is well spoken and louyngly  
 ☞ Syr I must nedes know your heuynes  
 I haue pytye to se you in any destresse  
 If any haue you wronged ye shall reuenged be  
 Though I on the grounde be slayne for the

euery man

Felawe.

220 Though that I knowe before that I shulde dye



euery man ¶ Veryly felawshyp gramercy

Felawe. ¶ Tusshe / be thy thanks I set not a straw  
Shewe me your grefe / and say nomore

euery man ¶ Yf I my herte shulde to you breke

225 And than you to turne your mynde from me  
And wold not me cōforte / when you here me speke  
Than shulde I ten tymes soryer be

Felawe. ¶ Syr I say as I wyll do in dede

euery man ¶ Than be you a good frende at nede

230 I haue founde you true here before

Felawe. ¶ And so ye shall euermore

For in fayth and thou go to hell  
I wyll not forsake the by the waye

euery man ¶ Ye speke lyke a good frende / I beleue you well

235 I shall deserue it and I maye

Felawe. ¶ I speke of no deseruyng / by this daye

For he that wyll saye / and nothyng do  
Is not worthy with good company to go  
Therefore shew me the grefe of your mynde

240 As to your frende moste louynge and kynde

euery man ¶ I shall shewe you how it is

Commaunded I am to go a iournaye  
A longe waye / herde and daungerous  
And gyue a straye counte without delaye

245 Before the hye Iuge adonay

Wherefore I pray you / bere me company  
As ye haue promysed in this iournaye

Felawe. ¶ That is matter in dede / promyse is duyte

But & I shulde take suche a vyage on me

250 I know it well / it shulde be to my payne

Also it maketh me aferde certayne  
But let vs take counsell here as we can

- For your wordes wold feare a stronge man  
 ¶ Why / ye sayd yf I had nede euery man
- 255 Ye wolde me neuer forsake / quicke ne deed  
 Though it were to hell truely  
 ¶ So I sayde certeynly Felawe.  
 But suche pleasures be set asyde / the sothe to say  
 And also yf we toke suche a iournay
- 260 Whan shulde we cume agayne  
 ¶ Nay / nyuer agayne / tyll the day of dome euery man  
 ¶ In fayth than wyll not I cume there Felawe.  
 Who hath you these tydynges brought  
 ¶ In dede deth was with me here euery man  
 265 ¶ Now by god that all hath bought Felawe.  
 If dethe were the messengere  
 For no man that is lyuynge to daye  
 I wyll not go that lothesom iournay  
 Not for the father that begat me
- 270 ¶ Ye promysed me other wyse parde euery man  
 ¶ I wot well I sayd so truely Felawe.  
 And yet / yf y wylte ete & drynke & make good chere  
 Or haunte to women / that lusty company  
 I wolde not forsake you / whyle the daye is clere
- 275 Truste me veryly  
 ¶ Ye therto ye wolde be redy euery man  
 To go to myrthe / solace / and playe  
 Your mynde to folye wyll soner aply  
 Than to bere me company in my longe iourney
- 280 ¶ Nay in good faythe / I wyll not that waye Felawe.  
 But and thou wylte murdre / or any man kyll  
 In that I wyll helpe the / with a good wyll  
 ¶ O that is a symple aduysen in dede euery man  
 Gentyll felawe helpe me in my necessitye

- 285 We haue loued longe and now I nede  
 And now gentyll felawshyp remembre me
- Felawe. ¶ Whether ye haue loued me or no  
 By saynt Johñ I wyll not with the go
- euery man ¶ Yet I pray the take the laboure & do so moche for  
 290 To brynge me forwarde for saynt charyte (me  
 And comforte me tyll I come without the towne
- Felawe. ¶ Nay and thou wolde gyue me a new gowne  
 I wyll not one fote with the goo  
 But and y<sup>u</sup> had taryed I wolde not a left the so
- 295 And as now god spede the in thy iourney  
 For from the I wyll departe as fast as I may
- euery man ¶ Whether awaye felawshyp / wylt y<sup>u</sup> forsake me
- Felawe. ¶ Ye by my faye / to god I betake the
- euery man ¶ Farwell good felawshyp for the my herte is sore
- Felawe. ¶ Adewe for I shall neuer se the no more
- euery man ¶ In fayth eueryman farwell now at the ende  
 For you I wyll remembre y<sup>u</sup> partynge is mournyge  
 Alacke shall we thus departe in dede  
 O lady helpe without ony more comforte
- 305 Lo felawshyp forsaketh me in my moste nede  
 For helpe in this worlde whether shall I resorte  
 Felawshyp here before with me wolde mery make  
 And now lytell sorowe for me doeth he take  
 It is sayd in prosperyte men frendes may fynde
- 310 Whiche in aduersytye be full vnkynde  
 Now whether for socoure shall I flee  
 Syth that felawshyp hath forsaken me  
 To my kynnesmen I wyll truely  
 Prayenge them to helpe me in my necessitye
- 315 I beleue that they wyll do soo  
 For kynde wyll crepe where it may not go



- I wyll go saye / for yender I se them go  
 Where be ye now my frendes and kynnesmen  
 ¶ Here be we now at your commaundemente Kynred.
- 320 Cosyn I praye you shewe vs your intende  
 In ony wyse and do not spare  
 ¶ Ye eueryman and vs to declare Cosyn.  
 Yf ye be dysposed to go ony whether  
 For wot you well / we wyll lyue & dye to gyther
- 325 ¶ In welthe & wo / we wyll with you holde Kynred.  
 For ouer his kynne a man may be bolde  
 ¶ Geamercy my frendes & kynnesmen kynde euery man  
 Now shall I shew you the grefe of my mynde  
 I was commaunded by a messengere
- 330 That is an hye kynges chefe offycere  
 He bad me go a pylgrymage to my payne  
 But I know well I shall neuer cume agayne  
 Also I must gyue rekenynge strayte  
 For I haue a great enemy / that hath me in wayte
- 355 ¶ Whiche intendeth me for to hyndre Kynred.  
 ¶ What a counte is that / whiche ye must rendre  
 That wolde I knowe  
 ¶ Of all my workes I must shewe euery man  
 How I haue lyued / and my dayes spent
- 340 Also of yll dedes / that I haue vsed  
 In my tyme / syth lyfe was me lente  
 And of all vertues / that I haue refused  
 Therefore I praye you / go thether with me  
 To helpe to make myne accounte / for saynt charytie
- 345 ¶ What to go thether / is that the matter Cosyn.  
 Nay eueryman I had leuer fast breed & water  
 All this fyue yere and more  
 ¶ Alas that euer I was borne euery man  
 The somonyng.



For now shall I neuer be mery

350 Yf that you forsake me

Kynred. ¶ A syr what ye be a mery man

Take good herte to you / and make no mone

But one thyng I warne you / by saynt Anne

As for me / ye shall go alone

euery man ¶ My cosyn / wyll you not with me go

Cosyn. ¶ No by our lady / I haue the crampe in my to

Trust not to me / for so god me spede

I wyll deceyue you / in your moste nede

Kynred. ¶ It auayleth not vs to tyse

360 Ye shall haue my mayde / with all my herte

She loueth to go to festes / there to be nyce

And to daunce / and a brode to sterte

I wyll gyue her leue / to helpe you in that iurnay

If that you and she may agree

euery man ¶ Nw shewe me the very effecte of your mynde

Wyll you go with me / or abyde behynde

Kynred. ¶ Abyde behynde / ye that wyll I & I may

Therfore farwell / tyll a nother daye

eueryman ¶ How shulde I be mery or gladde

370 For fayre promyses / men to me do make

But whan I haue moste nede / they me forsake

I am deceyued that maketh me sad

Gosyn. ¶ Cosyn eueryman farwell now

For verely I wyll not go with you

375 Also of my owne / an vnredy rekenynge

I haue to accounte / therfore I make taryenge

Now god kepe the / for now I go

euery man ¶ A Iesus is all cume hereto

Loo / fayre wordes maketh fooles fayne

380 They promyse / & nothyng wyll do certayne

- My kynnesmen promysed me faythfully  
 For to abyde with me stedfastly  
 And now fast awaye do they flee  
 Euyne so felawshyp promysed me  
 385 What frende were best me of to prouyde  
 I lose my tyme here longer to abyde  
 Yet in my mynde a thyng there is  
 All my lyfe I haue loued ryches  
 If that my good now helpe me / myght  
 390 It wolde make my herte full lyght  
 I wyll speke to hym / in this dystresse  
 Where arte thou my goodes and ryches.  
 ¶ Who calleth me (eueryman) what hast <sup>u</sup> haste      Goodes.  
 I lye here in corners trussed and pyled so hye  
 395 And in chestes I am locked full fast  
 Also sacked in bagges / thou mayste se <sup>w</sup> thyne eye  
 I cannot stere / in packes low I lye  
 what wolde ye haue / lyghtly mesaye  
 ¶ Cume hyther good / in all the hast thou may      euery man  
 400 For of counsell I must desyre the  
 ¶ Syr & ye in the worlde haue trouble or aduersyte      Goodes.  
 Than can I helpe you / to remedye shortely  
 ¶ It is a nother dysease that greuyth me      euery man  
 In this worlde it is not / I tell soo  
 405 I am sende for another waye to go  
 To gyne a straye accounte generall  
 Before the hyghest Iupiter of all  
 And all my lyfe / I haue had ioye & pleasure in the  
 Therefore I praye the go with me  
 410 For perauenture thou mayest before god almyghty  
 My rekenynge helpe to clene and purifye  
 For it is sayd euer amonge  
 The sommenynge      B.ii.

- That money maketh all ryght / that is wronge  
 Goodes. ¶ Nay eueryman / I synge a nother songe  
 415 I folow no man in suche vyages  
 For and I wente with the  
 Thou shuldest fare moche the worse for me  
 For by cause on me thou dyde set thy mynde  
 Thy rekenynge I haue made / blotted and blynde  
 420 That thyne accounte thou cannot make truely  
 And that haste thou for the loue of me  
 euery man ¶ That wolde greue me full sore  
 Whan I shulde cum to that ferefull answer  
 Vp let vs go thyther to gyther  
 Goodes. ¶ Nay not so I am to bryttell I may not endure  
 I wyll folow no man one fote be thou sure  
 euery man ¶ Alas I haue the loued & had great pleasure  
 All my lyfe dayes on good and treasure  
 Goodes. ¶ That is to thy dampnacyō without lesynge  
 430 For my loue is contrary / to the loue euerlastynge  
 But yf thou had me loued moderately durynge  
 As to the poore to gyue parte for me  
 Than shouldest thou not in this doloure be  
 Nor in this great sorow and care  
 euery man ¶ Lo now / I was deceyued or I was ware  
 And all I may wyte my spendynge of tyme  
 Goodes. ¶ What wenest thou that I am thyne  
 euery man ¶ I had wente so  
 Goodes. ¶ Nay eueryman I say noo  
 440 As for a whyle I was lente the  
 A season thou haste had me in prosperytye  
 My condycyons is mannes soule to kyll  
 Yf I saue one / a thousande I do spyll  
 Wenest thou that I wyll folowe the



445 From this worlde nay verely

¶ I had wende otherwyse

euery man  
Goodes.

¶ Therefore to thy soule good is a thefe

For whan thou orte deed this is my guyse

A nother to deceyue in the same wyse

450 As I haue done the / & al to his soules reprefe

¶ O false good cursed thou be

euery man

Thou traytour to god / thou hast deceyued me

And caught me in thy snare

¶ Mary thou brought thy selfe in care

Goodes.

455 Where of I am gladde

I must nedes laugh / I cannot be sad

¶ A good thou hast had my hartely loue

euery man

I gaue the that whiche shulde be the lordes aboue

But wylt thou not go with me in dede

460 I praye the truthe to saye

¶ No so god me spede

Goodes.

Therefore farwell and haue good daye

¶ O to whome shall I make my mone

euery man

Forto go with me / in that heuy iournaye

465 Fyrst felawshyp / he sayd he wolde with me go

His wordes were very plesaunte and gaye

But afterwarde he lefte me alone

Than spake I to my kynnysmen all in despayre

And also they gaue me wordes fayre

470 They lacked no fayre spekyng

But all forsake me in the endynge

Than wente I to my goodes that I loued best

In hope to haue cumforte / but there had I leest

For my goodes sharpely dyd me tell

475 That he bryngeth many in hell

Than of my selfe I was a shamed

The summonynge

B.iii.



- And so I am worthy to be blamed  
 Thus may I well my selfe hate  
 Of whome shall I now counsell take  
 480 I thynke that I shall neuer spede  
 'Tyll that I go to my good dede  
 But alas she is so weke  
 That she can no ther go nor speke  
 Yet wyll I ventre on her now  
 485 My good dedes where be you  
 Good dede ¶ Here I ly colde in the grounde  
 Thy synnes haue me so sore bounde  
 That I cannot stere  
 euery man ¶ O / good dedes I stonde in feare  
 490 I must you praye of counsell  
 For helpe now shulde cum ryght well  
 Good dede ¶ Eueryman I haue vnderstandynge  
 That thou arte somoned a counte to make  
 Before Messyas of Ierusalem kynge  
 495 And you do by me / that iournaye w<sup>ch</sup> you wyl I take  
 euery man ¶ Therefore I cum to you / my mone to make  
 I pray the to go with me  
 Good dede ¶ I wolde full fayne / but I cannot stonde verely  
 euery man ¶ Why is there any thyng on you fall.  
 Good dede ¶ Ye syr / I may thanke you of all  
 Yf ye had perfytely chered me  
 Your boke of accounte / full redy now had be  
 Loke the bokes of your workes & dedes eke  
 Beholde how they lye vnder the fete  
 505 To your soules heuynes  
 euery man ¶ Our lorde Iesus helpe me  
 For one letter herein can I not se  
 Good dede ¶ There is a blynde rekenynge in tyme of dystresse

- ¶ Good dedes I praye you helpe me in this nede      euery man  
 510 Or els I am for euer damned in dede  
 Therefore helpe me to make my rekenynge  
 Before the redemer of all thynges  
 That kynge is and was and euer shall  
 ¶ Eueryman I am sory of your fall      Good dede  
 515 And fayne wolde I helpe you & I were able  
 ¶ Good dedes your counsell I pray you gyue me      euery man  
 ¶ That shall I do verely      Good dede  
 Though that on my fete I may not go  
 I haue a syster that shall with you also  
 520 Called knowlege / which shall with you abyde  
 To helpe you to make that dredfull rekenynge  
 ¶ Eueryman I wyll go with the / and be thy guyde      Knowlege  
 In thy moste nede to go by thy syde  
 ¶ In good condycyon I am now in euery thynges      euery man  
 525 And am holy contente with this good thynges  
 Thankyd be god my creature  
 ¶ And whan he hath brought the there      Good dede  
 Where thou shalte heale the of thy smarte  
 Than go thou with thy rekenynge & thy good dedes  
 530 For to make the ioyfull at the harte      (to gyther  
 Before the blessyd trynytye  
 ¶ My good dedes I thanke the hartfully      euery man  
 I am well contente certaynly  
 With your wordes swete  
 535 ¶ Now go we thether louyngly      Knowlege  
 To confessyon that clensyng ryuere  
 ¶ For ioye I wepe I wolde we were there      euery man  
 But I praye yon to instructe me by intellection  
 Where dwellyth that holy vertue confessyon  
 540 ¶ In the house of saluacyon      Knowlege

We shall fynde hym in that place  
 That shall vs cumforte by goddes grace  
 I oo this is confessyon / knele downe & aske mercy  
 For he is in good conceyte with god almyghty  
 euery man ¶ O glorious fountayne y<sup>e</sup> all vncleines doth clarify  
 Wasshe from me the spottes of vyces vncleane  
 That on me no synne may be sene  
 I cum with knowlege for my redempcyon  
 Redempe with herte and full of contrycyon  
 550 For I am commaunded a pylgrymage to take  
 And great accountes before god to make  
 Now I praye you shryfte mother of saluacyon  
 Helpe my good dedes / for my petyous exclamacyon  
 Confessyō ¶ I know your sorowe well / eueryman  
 555 Bycause with knowlege ye cum to me  
 I wyll you comforte as well as I can  
 And a precyous Iewell I wyll gyue the  
 Called penaunce voyder of aduersytye  
 Therwith shall your body chastysed be  
 560 With abstynence & pseueraunce in goddes seruyce  
 Here shall you receyue that scourge of me  
 Whiche is penaunce stronge that ye must endure  
 To remembre thy sauoure was scourged for the  
 With sharpe scourges and suffered it pacyently  
 565 So must y<sup>e</sup> or thou scape that paynful pylgrymage  
 Knowlege hym and kepe hym in this vyage  
 And by that tyme good dedes wyll be with the  
 But in any wyse be sure of mercy  
 For your tyme draweth fast / and ye wyll saued be  
 570 Aske god mercy and he wyll graunte truely  
 Whan w<sup>th</sup> the scourge of penaunce man doth h<sup>y</sup> bynde  
 The oyle of forgyuenes than shall he fynde

- ¶ Thanked be god for his gracyous werke      euery man  
 For now I wyll my penaunce begynne  
 575 This hath reioysed and lyghted my herte  
 Though the knottes be paynfull & harde within  
 ¶ Eueryman your penaunce loke that ye fulfyll      Knowlege  
 What payne that euer it to you be  
 And knowlege wyll gyue you counsell at wyll  
 580 How your accounte ye shall make crelery  
 ¶ O eternall god / o heuenly fygure      euery man  
 O way of ryghtwysenes / o goodly vysyon  
 Whiche descended downe in a vyrgyn pure  
 Bycause he wolde eueryman to redeme  
 585 Whiche Adam forfeited by his dysobedyens  
 O blessyd godhede electe and hye deuyne  
 Forgyue me my greuous offence  
 Here I crye the mercy in this presence  
 O ghostly treasure / o raunsomer & redemer  
 590 Of all the worlde / hope and conductor  
 Myrrour of ioye / and founder of mercy  
 Whiche enlumyneth heuen and erth therby  
 Here my clamorous complaynte / though it late be  
 Receyue my prayers of thy benygnytye  
 595 Though I be a synner moste abhomynable  
 Yet let my name be wryten in moyses table  
 O mary pray to the maker of all thyng  
 Me for to helpe at my endyng  
 And saue me from the power of my enemy  
 600 For deth assayleth me strongly  
 And lady that I may by meane of thy prayer  
 Of thy sonnes glory to be parte taker  
 By the meane of his passyon I it craue  
 I beseeche you helpe my soule to saue



- 605 Knowlege gyue me the scourge of penaunce  
 My flesshe therwith shall gyue a quytaunce  
 I wyll now begynne yf god gyue me grace  
 Knowlege ¶ Euery man / god gyue you tyme and space  
 Thus I bequethe you in the hādes of our sauoure
- 610 Thus may you make your rekenynge sure  
 euery man ¶ In the name of the holy trynitye  
 My body sore punysshed shalbe  
 Take this body for the synne of the flesshe  
 Also thou delytest to go gaye and fresshe
- 615 And in waye of dampnacyon y<sup>u</sup> dyd me brynge  
 Therfore suffre nowe strokes and punysshenge  
 Now of penaunce I wyll wade the water clere  
 To saue me from hell and from the fyre
- Good ded ¶ I thanke god now I can walke and go  
 620 I am delyuered of my sekenesse and wo  
 Therfore with eueryman I wyll go and not spare  
 His god workes I wyll helpe hym to declare
- Knowlege ¶ Now eueryman be mery and gladd  
 Your good dedes do come ye may not be sadde
- 625 Now is your good dedes hole and sounde  
 Go ynge vpryght vpon the grounde  
 euery man ¶ My herte is lyght and shall be euermore  
 Now wyll I smyte faster than I dyd before
- Good ded ¶ Eueryman pylgrym my specyall frende  
 630 Blessyd be thou without ende  
 For the is prepared the eternall glory  
 Ye haue me made hole and sounde  
 Therfore I wyll abyde with the / in euery stounde
- euery man ¶ Welcume my good dedes now I here thy voyce  
 635 I wepe for very swetenes of loue  
 Knowlege ¶ Be nomore sad / but euer more reioyce

- God seeth thy lyuynge in his trone aboue  
 Put on this garment / to thy behoue  
 Whiche with your teres is now all wete  
 640 Lest before god / it be vnswete  
 Whan you to your iourneyes ende cume shall  
 ¶ Gentyll knowlege / what do ye it call      euery man  
 ¶ It is the garmente of sorowe      Knowlege  
 From payne it wyll you borow  
 645 Contrycyon it is  
 That getteth forgyuenes  
 It pleasyth god passynge well  
 ¶ Eueryman wyll you were it / for your hele      Good dede  
 ¶ Now blessyd be Iesu maryes sonne      euery man  
 650 For now haue I on true contrycyon  
 And let vs go now / without taryenge  
 Good dedes / haue we clere oure rekenynge  
 ¶ Ye in dede I haue it here      Good dede  
 ¶ Than I trust we nede not fere      euery man  
 655 Now frendes let vs not parte in twayne  
 ¶ Nay eueryman / that wyll we not certayne      Kynred.  
 ¶ Yet must thou lede with the      Good dede  
 Thre persones of great myght  
 ¶ Who shulde they be      euery man  
 660 ¶ Dyscressyon and strengthe they hyght      Good dede  
 And thy beautye may not abyde behynde  
 ¶ Also ye must call to mynde      Knowlege  
 Your fyue wyttes / as for your counsellors  
 ¶ You must haue them redy / at all houres      Good dede  
 665 ¶ How shall I get them hyther      euery man  
 ¶ You must call them all to gyther      Kynred.  
 And they wyll here you in contynent  
 ¶ My frendes cume hyder and be present      euery man

- Dyscresson / strength / my fyue wyttes & beautye  
 Beautye. ¶ Here at your wyll we be redy  
 What wolde ye that we shalde do
- Good ded ¶ That ye wold with eueryman go  
 And helpe hym in his pylgrymage
- 674 Aduyse you / wyll ye with hym or not / in y vyage  
 Strength ¶ We wyll brynge hym all thether  
 To his helpe & cumforte / ye may beleue me
- Descressiō ¶ So wyll we go with hym all to gyther  
 euery man ¶ Almyghty god / loued may thou be  
 I gyue the laude / that I haue hether brought
- 680 Strength / dyscressyō / beaute / & fyue wyttes lac I  
 And my good dedes / with knowlege clere (nought  
 All be in cumpany at my wyll here  
 I desyre no more to my besynes
- Strength ¶ And I strength wyll stonde by you in destresse  
 685 Thoughe y woldest in batayll fyght on y grounde  
 v. wyttis. ¶ And though it were throughe the worlde rounde  
 We wyll not departe for swete nor soure
- Beautye. ¶ No more wyll I vnto dethes houre  
 What so euer therof befall
- Discressiō ¶ Eueryman aduyse you fyrst of all  
 Go with a good aduysement / & delyberycyon  
 We all gyue you vertues monycyon  
 That all shall be well
- euery man ¶ My frendes herken what I wyll tell  
 695 I pray god rewarde you / in his heuenly spere  
 Now herken all that be here  
 For I wyll make my testament  
 Here before you all presente  
 In almes half my good I wyll gyue w my handes
- 700 In the waye of charytye with good entent (twayne

And the other halfe styll shall remane  
 In quyete to be returned there it ought to be  
 This I do in despyte of the fende of hell  
 To go quyte out of his parell

705 Euer after and this daye.

¶ Eueryman herken what I saye  
 Go to pryesthode I you aduyse  
 And receyue of hym in ony wyse  
 The holy sacramente / and oyntment to gyther

Knowlege

710 Than shortely se ye turne agayne hyder  
 We wyll all abyde you here.

¶ Ye eueryman hye you / that ye redy were  
 Theyr is no emperour / kynge / duke / ne baron  
 That of god hath commysyon

v. wyttes.

715 As hath the leest pryest in the worlde beynge  
 For of the blessyd sacramentes pure & benyng  
 He bereth the keyes & therof hathe he cure  
 For mannes redempcyon it is euer sure  
 Whiche god for our soules medycyne

720 Gaue vs out of his harte with great pyne  
 Here in this transytory lyfe / for the and me  
 The blessyd sacramentes seuen there be  
 Baptym / confymacyon / with pryesthode good  
 And y sacrament of godd precyous flesshe & blode

725 Maryage the holy extreme vnccyon and penaunce  
 These .vii. be good to haue in remembraunce  
 Gracyous sacramentes of hye dyuynyte

¶ Fayne wolde I receyue that holy body  
 And mekely to my ghostly father I wyll go

euery man

730 ¶ Eueryman that is the best that ye can do  
 God wyll you to saluacyon brynge  
 For good pryesthod excedeth all other thyng

v. wyttes.

The somonyng.

D.i.



- To vs holy scrypture they do teche  
 And conuerteth man from synne heuen to reche
- 735 God hath to them more power gyuen  
 Than to ony angell that is in heuen  
 With .v. wordes he may consecrate  
 Goddes body in flesshe and bloode to make  
 And handeleth his maker bytwene his handes
- 740 The pryest byndeth and vnbyndeth all bandes  
 Bothe in erth and in heuen  
 Thou mynysters all the sacrementes seuen  
 Though we kysse thy fete thou were worthy  
 Thou arte surgyon that cureth synne deedly
- 745 No remedy we fynde vnder god  
 But all onely pryesthode  
 Eueryman god gaue pryest that dygnyte  
 And setteth them in his stede amonge vs to be  
 Thus be they aboue angelles in degre
- Knowlege ¶ If pryestes be good it is so surely  
 But whan Iesu henge on y crosse w great smarte  
 There he gaue out of his blessyd herte  
 The same sacrament in great tourment  
 He solde them not to vs that lorde omnipotent
- 755 Therefore saynt Peter the apostle doth saye  
 That Iesus curse hathe all they  
 Which god theyr sauour do bye or sell  
 Or they for ony money do take or tell  
 Synfull pryestes gyueth the synners example bad
- 760 Theyr chyl dren sytteth by other mēes fyres I ha-  
 And some haunteth womens company (ue herde.  
 With vnclene lyfe as lustes of lechery  
 These be with synne made blynde
- v. wyttes. ¶ I trust to god no suche may we fynde

- 765 Therefore let vs pryesthode honoure  
 And folow theyr doctryne for our soules socoure  
 We be ther shepe and they shepeherders be  
 By whom we all be kepte in suertye  
 Peas for yender I se eueryman cume
- 770 Which hath made true satysfaccoon  
 ¶ Me thynketh it is he in dede      Good dede  
 ¶ Now Ihesu cryst be your alder spede      euery man  
 I haue receyued the sacramente for my redempeyō  
 And thou myne extreme vnccyon
- 775 Blessyd be all they that counceyled me to take it  
 And now frendes let vs go without longer respyte  
 I thanke god that ye haue taryed so longe  
 Now set eche of you on this rodde your honde  
 And shortly folwe me
- 780 I go before there I wolde be / god be our guyde  
 ¶ Eueryman we wyll not from you go      Strength  
 Tyll ye haue gone this vyage longe  
 ¶ I dyscressyon wyll hyde by you also      Descressiō  
 ¶ And though this pylgrimage de neuer so stronge      Knowlege
- 785 I wyll neuer parte you fro  
 Eueryman I wyll be as sure by the  
 As euer I dyd by Iudas machabe  
 ¶ Alas I am so faynt I may not stande      euery man  
 My lymmes vnder me do folde
- 790 Frendes let vs not turne agayne to this lande  
 Not for all the worldes golde  
 For into this caue must I crepe  
 And turne to the erth & there to slepe  
 ¶ What in to this graue alas      Beautye.
- 795 ¶ Ye there shall you consume more & lesse      euery man  
 ¶ And what shulde I smoder here      Beautye.
- The sommonyng      D.ij.

euery man ¶ Ye be my fayth and neuer more appere  
In this worlde lyue nomore we shall

799 But in heuen before the hiest lorde of all

Beautye. ¶ I crosse out all this / adewe by saynte Iohn  
I take my cap in my lap and am gone

euery man ¶ What beautye whether wyll ye

Beautye. ¶ Peas I am defe / I loke not behynde me  
Not & thou wolde gyue me all the golde in thy chest

euery man ¶ Alas wherto may I truste

Beautye goeth fast awaye and from me  
She promysed with me to lyue and dye

Strength ¶ Eueryman I wyll the also forsake & denye

809 Thy game lyketh me not at all

euery man ¶ Why / than ye wyll for sake me all  
Swete strength tary a lytell space

Strength ¶ Nay syr by the rode of grace

I wyll hye me from the fast  
Though thou wepe tyll thy harte brast

euery man ¶ Ye wolde euer byde by me ye sayd

Strength ¶ Ye I haue you ferre ynough conuayed  
Ye be olde ynough I vnderstande  
your pylgrymage to take on hande

819 I repente me that I hether came

euery man ¶ Strength you to dysplease I am to blame  
wyll you breke promyse / that is dette

Strenght ¶ In fayth I care not

Thou arte but a foole to co mplayne  
You spende your speche and waste your brayne

825 Go thyrst the in to the grounde

euery man ¶ I had wende surer I shulde you haue founde  
He that trusteth in his strength  
She hym deceyueth at the length

- Bothe strength and beautye forsaketh me  
 830 Yet they promysed me fayre and louyngly  
 ¶ Eueryman I wyll after strength begone Descressiō  
 As for me I wyll leue you alone  
 ¶ Why descressyon wyll ye forsake me euery man  
 ¶ Ye in fayth I wyll go from the Discressiō  
 835 For whan strength goeth before  
 I folow after euermore  
 ¶ Yet I pray the for the loue of the trynytye euery man  
 Loke in my graue ones pyteously  
 ¶ Nay so nye I wyll not cume Descressiō  
 840 Farewell euerychone  
 ¶ O all thyng fayleth saue god alone euery man  
 Beautye / strength / and descressyon  
 For whan deth bloweth his blaste  
 They all renne from me full fast  
 845 ¶ Eueryman of the now my leue I take v. wyttis.  
 I wyll folow the other for here I the forsake  
 ¶ Alas than may I wayle and wepe euery man  
 For I toke you for my best frende  
 ¶ I wyll no lenger the kepe v. wyttes.  
 850 Now farwell and there an ende  
 ¶ O Iesu helpe all hath forsaken me euery man  
 ¶ Nay eueryman I wyll byde with the Good ded  
 I wyll not forsake the in dede  
 Thou shalte fynde me a god frende at nede  
 855 ¶ Gramercy good ded now may I true frendes se euery man  
 They haue forsaken me euerychone  
 I loued them better then my good dedes alone  
 Knowlege wyll ye forsake me also  
 ¶ Ye eueryman whan ye to deth do go Knowlege  
 860 But not yet for no maner of daungere  
 The somonyng. D.iii.



- euery man ¶ Gramercy knowlege with all my herte  
 Knowlege ¶ Naye yet I wyll not from hens departe  
 Tyll I se where ye shall become  
 euery man ¶ Me thynketh alas that I must be gone  
 865 To make my rekenynge and my dettes paye  
 For I se my tyme is nye spenta awaye  
 Take example all ye that this do here or se  
 How they that I loued best do forsake me  
 Excepte my good dedes that bydeth truly  
 Good ded ¶ All ertly thyng is but vanyte  
 Beaute strength and discrecyon do man forsake  
 Folysshe frendes and kynnesmen that fayre spake  
 All fleeth saue good dedes and that am I  
 euery man ¶ Haue mercy on me god moost myghty  
 875 And stande by me thou moder & mayde holy Mary  
 Good ded ¶ Fere not I wyll speke for the  
 euery man ¶ Here I crye god mercy  
 Good ded ¶ Shorte oure ende and mynysshe our payne  
 Let vs go and neuer come agayne  
 euery man ¶ In to thy handes lorde my soule I commende  
 Receyue it lorde that it be nat lost  
 As thou me boughtest so me defende  
 And saue me from the fendes boost  
 That I may appere with that blessed hoost  
 885 That shall be saued at the dome  
 (In manus tuas) of myghtes moost  
 For euer (commendo spiritum meum)  
 Knowlege ¶ Now hath he suffred that we all shall endure  
 The good dedes shall make all sure  
 890 Now hathe he made endynge  
 Me thynketh that I here angelles synge  
 And make great loye and melodye

Where euery mannes soule shall receyued be

¶ Cume excellent electe spouse to Iesu

Aungell.

895 Here aboue thou shall go

By cause of thy synguler vertue

Now thy soule is taken thy body fro

Thy rekenyng is crystall clere

Now shalt thou into the heuenly spere

900 Vnto the whiche all ye shall cume

That lyueth well / before the day of dome.

¶ This memoryall men / may haue in mynde

Doctoure

Ye herers take it of worth olde and yonge

And forsake pryde / for he deceyueth you in y<sup>e</sup> ende

905 And rememlre beautye / fyue wyttes / strength / and

They all at y<sup>e</sup> last / do eueryman forsake (dicressiō

Saue his good dedes / there dothe he take

But beware / for and they be small

Before god / he hath no helpe at all

910 None excuse may be there / for eueryman

Alas how shall he do than

For after deth / amendes may no man make

For than mercy and petye doeth hym forsake

If his rekenyng be not clere / whan he do cume

915 God wyll saye (ite maledicti in ignem eternam.

And he that hath his accounte hole & sounde

Hye in heuen / he shall be crounde

Vnto the whiche place / god brynge vs all thether

That we may lyue / body and soule to gyther

920 Therto helpe the trynytye

Say ye for saynte charytye.

A

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Ben Jonson's The fountaine  
of self-love

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